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Pluralist

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THE
CRIMES
OF
THE CLERGY,
OR THE
PILLARS OF PRIEST-CRAFT SHAKEN;
WITH
AN APPENDIX,
ENTITLED THE
SCOURGE OF IRELAND;

AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENORMOUS REWARDS RECEIVED BY THE CLERGY,
TO INDUCE THEM TO DO THEIR DUTY TO GOD AND MAN.

TO THE BENCH OF BISHOPS I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

W. BENDOW.

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CHANDLER

THE CHANDLER

CHANDLER'S CHANDLER

AN APPEAL

THE CHANDLER

THE CHANDLER

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ADDRESS.

“I have fought the good fight: I have finished my course.”
ST. PAUL.

We are now arrived at the close of a book which we confidently state has no parallel in the annals of literature. The “Crimes of the Clergy” are in general so similar in character, that to put on record all the instances of individual clerical depravity that have come to our knowledge, would be to present our readers a nauseating list of crimes from which human nature shrinks, and of vices, which nought but pampered luxury and idleness could contrive.

We have been, throughout the progress of this work, completely impartial; we have been also close advocates of the Protestant religion; we have endeavoured to bar the flood-gates of innovation, and have placed before our readers the barriers of penitence and peace. And what are we to do, when encircled by these barriers? why,

stand upon the pillar of truth ! hold out the right hand, and say, the throne we honour is the people's choice ; the laws we reverence, our brave fore-fathers' legacy ; the faith we follow, teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of life beyond the grave.

With these sentiments we shall take leave of our readers. We have done all that we pledged ourselves to do ; exposed the crimes of the vicious part of the clergy, and exalted the reputation of the Established Church. Whether it may have any good effect, time alone can develope. We relinquish the publication of this work at a period when it is called for in every part of the United Kingdoms ; and when we have communications that would fill volumes ; but we never wielded the scourge in malice, nor has revenge any place in our mind. We have suffered deeply from church oppression ; or, rather we might say, from clerical rancour, and our person has been thrown into a dungeon. However, when these gentlemen see that we have the mercy to forgive them, they should know we have also the power to chastise them whenever we please.

It was our intention to give a list of Pluralists ; the list would occupy too much space, and can give no satisfaction to any of our readers. Suffice it, that there are on the church establishments of England eleven hundred men, who hold above four benefices each ; and three thousand, who hold two and more. The duty these men do must, ad-

mitting they attempt to do their duty, be confined to one parish church ; but nine out of ten employ vulgar and ignorant curates to run over the service, and satisfy the parishioners.

In the closing remarks we are about to offer on the church establishments, we do not intend meddling with the national religion ; there are perhaps a hundred different sects of Christians in this country, and it would be presumptive in us to attempt to decide which mode of worship is the most consonant with scripture. We have been obliged to expose men, who ought not, from their situation and profession in life to be afraid of exposure ; and we trust that the time may come, when the church will neither merit censure, or be indebted to praise and power for its existence.

Many immoral practices have lately been exposed in the Members of the Protestant Church ; aware of those facts, we look upon them with horror, and we spurn them with indignation ; but we do not think the worse of a religion for the unworthiness of its ministers. A purer, a more sublime faith, is not to be found than that of primitive Christianity ; whether we consider Jesus as a man upon an equality with ourselves, or whether we consider him as a divine being, is not in our opinion (though we have a settled one) of very much importance, if we follow his maxims and tread in his steps ; were we Infidels, born in the utmost extremes of Tartary, and transplanted to Europe, we think we would, after reading the

New Testament, place our hands upon it and say, "by the moral lessons contained in this book, will we regulate our conduct in life, and in a conviction of its religious truths, we will die."

Such are our opinions; and when we lash the Church, it is only the vile part of it; the ministers who have erred and strayed like lost sheep, and who would stamp disgrace even on the Mosques of Mahomet; in pointing out a few of the evils attendant upon our Established Church, and wishing, not hoping, for their remedy, we do no more than justice; and the Ministers of Religion should be the last to shrink from a trial in the crucible of virtue.

In closing this work we have to bid a kind farewell to our numerous readers; and at the same time to say, we hope we have done good. We published it with a pure intention, and as it floats along the stream of Time, we are content to share in its disgrace, or to pursue the triumph, and partake the gale. We neither fear for the future, or lament the past; and the tablet, which is emblazoned with "The Crimes of the Clergy," is overshadowed by the immortal and ever-green laurels that spring from the root of Faith, and which never will decay while common sense and moral virtue exists in a Briton's bosom.

As a proper Appendix to "The Crimes of the Clergy," we subjoin "The Scourge of Ireland;" shewing the cause of all the miseries of that unhappy country; and it also may be applied to our

own. It is admitted now that Church Property is Public Property; no one contends that Tithe is of Divine authority; even Bishop Beresford has given up the position. There never was a religion, either Jew or Gentile, that could legally claim a tenth of the yearly produce of land labour. For the clergy to be entitled to a tenth, they ought to form one-tenth of the population; but there never was a mode of worship which required one-tenth of the population to be teachers and ministers.

Christianity contains less authority for tithe than Judaism. Christ and his Apostles unceasingly taught poverty and humility to their followers, and contempt of worldly goods. Hear their exhortations: "Carry neither scrip nor shoes; into whatever house ye enter, say, Peace." "Take no care what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, nor for your bodies what ye shall put on." "Beware of covetousness; seek not what ye shall eat, but seek the kingdom of God." "Give alms; provide yourselves with bags that wax not old, a treasure in Heaven that faileth not." Again, "Distribute unto the poor, and seek treasures in Heaven." And, again, "Take care that your hearts be not charged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life."

In all this there is no authority for tithing, and the fathers of the Church were equally hostile to this species of extortion. The council at Antioch, in the fourth century, allowed the bishops to distribute the goods of the Church, but to have no

part to themselves. "Have food and raiment, be there with content," says the canon. It was only as real Christianity declined that tithing began. When the simple worship of Christ was corrupted by the adoption of Jewish and Pagan ceremonies; when the Saints and Martyrs were put in the room of the Heathen Deities; when the altars, the bishops, prebends, and other corruptions were introduced; then tithes commenced to support the innovations on the primitive faith. They were first, demanded as charity, and held as a trust for the poor. They were introduced into England by murder; Offa, king of Mercia, granted the tithe of his subjects' goods to expiate the murder of Ethelbert, king of the East Angles. In France, in England, and probably in all Christian countries, they were divided into four portions; one for the bishop, one for the poor, one for the repair of the Church, and one for the priest.

They have always been considered the property of the State, as well as other branches of ecclesiastical revenue. This position clearly appears from the proceedings at the reformation of the Church, in the reign of Henry VIII. At that period a commission was appointed to investigate the abuses of the Church; a return was made of the value of all monasteries and religious houses, of parochial livings, episcopal and cathedral dignitaries, and every other species of ecclesiastical revenue, and the whole entered in a book called *Liber Regalis*, or the King's Book. It is the only authentic sur-

vey of the revenues of the Church; and the result was an entire new disposition of ecclesiastical property. Large masses of it were given to courtiers and noblemen; a portion of it was retained in the hands of the king; and the remainder appropriated to the maintenance of the reformed religion. It is calculated *one-fourth* of the titles and abbey-lands passed into the hands of *laymen*. No claim appears to have been set up that the property was *sacred*, and in every succeeding period it has been treated in a similar manner.

The rights and constitution of the Established Clergy resembles those of the Army; they have their own laws, and may be tried by their own courts. A regular subordination exists from the lowest to the highest; from the curates, who are privates in the ecclesiastical corps, to the rectors and vicars, who are regimental officers; from thence to the bishops and archbishops, who are generals and field-m Marshals: there are, also, district generals, inspectors, and quarter-masters, under the names of archdeacons, deans, and prebends. The bishops have their regular staff of commissaries, chaplains, secretaries, and apothecaries. No clergyman can be absent without leave, and is liable to be broke or cashiered for neglect of duty. The king is the supreme head of the Church and the Army, and appoints to all the principal commissions. Supplies are voted by the Lower House for both branches of service; either may be augmented or diminished, or en-

tirely discontinued, as circumstances require. Lastly, the military have the same property in their muskets, barracks, and accoutrements, that the clergy have in their pulpits, tithes, and cathedrals: both, we suspect, may be sold like old stores, when the good of the state requires it.

By a display of the enormous temporalities attached to the Irish Church, we proceed to shew how well the Clergy are paid for being good and virtuous; instead of wicked, lazy, and horrible as many of them have been shewn in the preceding pages.

Estimates of the Revenues and Property of the Established Church in England and Wales.

Annual value of the gross produce of England and Wales	- -	£150,000,000
One-third of the land of England and Wales not subject to tithe for the clergy, being either tithe-free or lay-impropriations	- -	50,000,000
Leaving the amount on which tithes for the clergy are levied	- -	100,000,000
Supposing the clergy to levy one- sixteenth they get	- -	6,250,000
Tithes	- -	6,250,000

THE CRIMES OF THE CLERGY.

“ Since first man’s reason own’d a saving power
And Mercy’s beams flash’d through the darken’d hour,
Our Gospel Ministers have mostly been
True sons of Belial, advocates for sin;
Preaching religion, still they practise evil:
And make God’s word subservient to the devil.”

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

WERE we to adopt the prevailing opinion amongst the multitude, not a word of preface would be necessary to a work bearing our title; but we will not “follow the multitude to do evil,” nor can we ever assent to a sweeping condemnation of a whole for the crimes of a few. Men whose extension of thought reaches not beyond the time of their own being, view things in a narrow compass; and in a *Civil*, as well as *Religious* point of view, applaud or condemn from the objects passing in array before them; and because there are Ministers of the Gospel in the present day who are a disgrace “to any cause,” would soon condemn the primary Apostles; and disbelieve that doctrine which was once preached in its purity from an unpolled source, and has been corrupted by the various channels through which it has flowed; and where, even a Divine essence could not have passed without contagion.

Were we to adopt the principles of men gifted with talent, and favoured with rank and fortune, we should be no better than *Atheists* or at best *Sceptics*, who, whilst deliberating which way to turn for safety, are lost in the wide-spreading torrent of infidelity.

We adopt neither the opinions of the ignorant or the learned; but we pursue a course pointed out by sound reason, and long reflection. We presume to judge, “aware that we shall be

judged ourselves, and we proceed to shew that the only true religion has fallen into disrepute, "has sunk in the estimation of many learned and unlearned, not from the feebleness of its doctrines, the want of solidity in its foundation," or the beauty of its hopes; ("nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his; and let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity;"*) but from a want of real moral integrity, and the common honesty of a disciple of Jesus Christ; "then are ye my disciples, indeed, when ye do the things that I say." The character of a Minister, appointed to inculcate the blessed principles of the Gospel into the minds of men, has been very properly delineated by St. Paul.

Clergymen often assume to themselves a character nearly apostolical; wrapt in the garb of sanctity, they appear pure without, but many of them are like the painted sepulchre, "full of rottenness within;" remove the veil from them, and they will appear in their real characters—wolves in sheep's cloathing, and are sevenfold more the children of the *Devil* than they who make no profession of having been *called*.

In this work, the Clergy will be considered merely as *men*, divested of all the sacredness of character which superstition throws round her unhallowed idols; great has been the benefits these *Select Men* have derived from the people, and they have ill repaid the benevolence lavished upon them.

To point out characters that are eminent in crime is a duty we owe to our neighbour: and to tear the false covering from *hypocrisy* is doing a service to the rising generation, acceptable in the eyes of God, and which the common charity of all mankind will receive with approbation.

Our selection is not made with much labour; there are so many materials scattered in the way, that, if they were picked up with religious assiduity, to use the words of Revelation, "the world could not contain the books that might be written upon them." The *demoralizing and persecuting disposition of the*

* 2 Tim. ii Chap. v. 19.

Clergy has done more to shake the pillars of religions in the estimation of many, than all the reasoning of a Hume, a Gibbon, a Priestly, or a Paine, ever spoke or wrote. We have political, puritanical, proud, gambling, drunken, boxing, and fox-hunting Parsons in abundance, who blazon their deeds to the world; but how few are the really devout ministers, who act upon the doctrines laid down by our blessed Redeemer. The task of setting an example by word and by deed; to tread in the steps of Jesus; to be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre, but patient; not a brawler, nor covetous, one that takes care of the Church of God; to labour and to suffer reproach, trusting in the living God; according to Paul's description of a minister, (see 1 Timothy, Chaps. ii. and iii.) is, in the estimation of many, too hard to be practised by them, in what they would have us to believe, is their high calling.

It will be our painful task to record many, who are "lovers of themselves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having the form of godliness, but denying the power; led away with divers lusts, men of corrupt minds, and reprobates concerning the faith; but who, nevertheless, are priests after the order of Melchisedeck, in their own estimation, and really do exercise the divine right to take tithes of all we possess.

Upon them all the precepts of the New Testament are lavished in vain. They know not "what manner of men they should be:" they content themselves with talking of subjects of the day, which make no impression when the day is gone by. A clergyman should not only recapitulate the past, but be a monitor for the future: a pilot who is capable of guiding the labouring vessel through contending elements; and a beacon whose distinguished light should appear over the storm, and point her way to the haven of safety. Many of them are even too indolent to open their mouths. The church is filled with those "dumb dogs" spoken of by the Prophet Isaiah, who will not even bark to save the vineyard, that yields them support from being over-run. "His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant; they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping,

lying down, loving to slumber. Yea; they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, every one from his quarter. Come ye, (say they,) we will fetch wine and we will fill ourselves with strong drink, and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." (Isaiah, Chap. lvi. Ver. 10, 11, 12.) Nothing can be more monstrous than the practice of holding pluralities: many parsons have livings from which they derive immense profits, that they never have seen; they undertake the cure of souls by proxy, and are named shepherds of a flock, whom they leave unprotected for the wolf Satan to devour. They eat the bread of idleness, and drink the cup of iniquity; they do not, like their Divine Master, go about doing good; they rest in evil, receive the produce of the land, and fatten on the fruits of other men's labours; their spiritual exertions are as a lighted candle, put under a bushel, unknown, unseen, and of no benefit to "point out the way of truth" to those that have erred, and are out of the way. The prevailing immorality amongst the clergy of all sects and denominations, is so gross—so glaring, that "he who runs may read." Solitary instances of back-sliding parsons are not now quoted with sorrow; they thicken, they swarm like locusts in the field; they are a pestilence visibly destroying by day, and a meteor consuming by night. When the Revolution of 1688 was brought round, a deluge of parsons at once burst in upon the Established Church, men of talent, but not of integrity. The way to a church benefice then was by a total neglect of religious duties, and a slavish attention to politics. It is impossible to read the lives of such men as Swift without disgust, when they reflect that he was a minister of God, yet neglecting the sacred duties of his high calling, became the slave of ambition, avarice, and pride; striving by every means, but the way of truth, to obtain a mitre; not that he might, when he got it, have it in his power to do more good than he might, by his example and influence, spread the light of the Gospel over a darkened generation, and prove an illuminator of mankind. No; he, like many others, aimed at the possession of a mitre to uplift his political reputation; to advance his worldly purposes, and aid his power. His time was occupied in state con-

troversies and writing satires to abuse and vilify, not to instruct and improve human nature ; and, whoever peruses the life of Dean Swift, and bears in mind that he was a clergyman, will find in every part of it the exact picture of what a Minister of the Gospel ought not to be.

Bishop Warburton, author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*, acted as though his legation were to tyrannize and oppress, not to comfort and support the weak-hearted. A more intolerant Protestant bigot never existed than this great pillar of the church at the Reformation.

We have a few observations to make before we proceed to lay in detail before our Readers a particular account of those men eminent for crimes that have brought their order into disrepute, like true sons of their father, the Devil, whose work they do. The influence of the clergy, and any good effect they can produce, materially, if not wholly, depends on the respect in which they are held by those within their several churches, and in the general estimation of them, public opinion—where pluralities and non-residencies are permitted, how can any body of men respect those who they never have seen, and who they never hear of, except through the medium of a tithe proctor, or on account of trials at the bar of the King's Bench of Old Bailey.

The Church of England is far from spotless : in many instances its purity is sullied by filth and abominations, that make the Christian's heart burn within him. All admit that there are grave abuses in the English church, and we mean to prove from whence these abuses spring. It is lamentably true, that the distribution of her revenues are very unequal. The manner of collecting tithes, revolting to the feelings, and severe upon the cultivator of the soil, are amongst the minor causes that help to bring the Church into disrepute. But the want of that charity which hopes all things, and less of the disposition of Calvin, who caused Servetus to be burned to death for a mere difference of opinion, is the chief reason of the ascendancy of sectarianism.

The Gospel is the same to-day as yesterday, and will for ever remain unchanged ; but alas ! for the expounders of the holy doctrines, they are rapidly growing from bad to worse : who can wonder at the

refusal manifested by many to receive the doctrine delivered by men notorious for setting them at nought. It is monstrous to hear a person harangue against fornication, who has just come reeking from an adulterous bed; against covetousness, when he is hoarding up the exactions of the poor, that he receives with greediness, and for which he makes no return. We neither want additional new churches, nor new-fangled doctrines; we want men to stand before the people and inculcate the spirit of the Holy Scriptures, "not only with their lips but in their lives;" men who are not ashamed to practice what they preach, and be in reality what they would wish us to believe. The garden of Truth is defiled; it is time that it was weeded; the walls are nearly broken down, and the gardener leans on his spade, heedless of the ruin occasioned by his idleness and neglect. The inferior ministers are nearly one and all selfish and corrupt; fleecing their flocks, and not feeding them; the superior Clergy, with a few exceptions, are all political demagogues; dissipation of the most extravagant kind has spread through all branches of the church—we mean not only the holy church as established by law, but every sect who occupy places of public worship in these kingdoms—amongst Dissenters the vice of hypocrisy prevails so as to create disgust, and will assist in working his own ruin, but amongst *beneficed* divines, that poisoned garment is seldom put on; they even scorn to disguise their infamous conduct, and in the face of day commit sins of every denomination. Pure and undefiled religion is an object of our admiration, and to save religion by an exposure of those who try to ruin it by their unhallowed ways, is the chief object of this work.

We address ourselves in the outset to a *Society* ostensibly founded for the *Suppression of Vice*—amongst them men greater in rank, fortune, and frailty, than in any other society, with whose existence we are acquainted. They have injured the cause of religion, by cruel and unjust persecutions of better men than themselves, and with the spirit of demons have tortured, to serve base and malignant purposes, the mild doctrines of Christianity. Many of the members belonging to this self-elected junta of oppressors we shall be under the necessity of exposing amongst the monsters who disgrace the name of men; they have brought the evil upon their own heads, and they have the remedy in

their own power by a reformation of their own lives, before they presume to sit in judgment upon the lives of other men. The greatest enemies to the church are cherished in its bosom.

The method we shall pursue, will be to give such accounts as may arise in the course of publication, and intersperse the work with Anecdotes of characters that have been notorious in past ages. Neither my *Lord Bristol* nor the *Lord Bishop of Clogher*, shall be made pre-eminent, except their vices entitle them to a first place in the long living annals of infamy—every one dead—or living shall have ample justice done to their characters, we will—

“Nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice,”

but with all possible accuracy—

“A round unvarnished tale deliver,”

with such comments, animadversions, and candid observations, as may appear to us necessary for the purpose of creating in the bosom of our readers an abhorrence of vice and a love for virtue. We trust that much good may accrue to the Church and its Reverend Pastors, who are not entirely lost, from this exposure of their sunk and degraded brethren, and that many of them, by witnessing the *public disgrace* attendant on the practice of *private lusts* and other shameful obscenities, may be able to put their hands on their hearts and say “For though we walk in the flesh, we do not walk after the flesh, for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal.” 2d Corinthians.

We have now done with our prefacial observations; and hope no one will attempt to misconstrue our good intentions. The only question, as to why we publish these enormities, is a plain and simple one; are there, or are there not, infamous abuses amongst the Ministers of the Gospel of Christ? It is admitted on all sides that there are—then, who are the real enemies of religion? They who point out the evil and endeavour by animadversion to effect a remedy, or they who preserve silence and allow full scope to its operation?

We now proceed to delineate those notorious characters, who, by lives of infamy, have damned themselves to everlasting fame, and we will pursue our course with vigour, animated with zeal in a good cause, heedless of personal inconvenience, and unbiassed by interested motives.

WM. BENBOW.

CHARACTER AND CRIMES OF
THE REV. JOHN FENWICK, B. A.

And formerly Vicar of Byall, in the County of Northumberland, who absconded for the Crime of Sodomy, in the year 1797, and now resides at Naples.

“There shall not be a Whore of the Daughters of Israel, nor a Sodomite of the Sons of Israel.”—Deuteronomy, ch. 23, v. 17.

THOSE who can peruse the life of this man, without evincing symptoms of horror, deserve to be as despicable as he is.

John Fenwick was the second son of Walter Fenwick, Esquire, of Byall, a gentleman, whose fortune exceeded 4000*l.* per annum. At an early age he was placed in the grammar-school at Haughton, under the care of the Rev. Doctor Bates, a gentleman, whose classical qualifications were universally acknowledged to be of the first rate. With this worthy divine young Fenwick remained till he reached his thirteenth year, and was considered qualified to enter College. There had been many complaints made of his private conduct to the Master, and several of his school-fellows absolutely refused to admit him into their parties of pleasure. Mr. Bates, unwilling to offend, or give pain to his patron, the boy's father, endeavoured to correct his vices by admonition and correction, in which he partially succeeded. When young Fenwick left Haughton, he was the first scholar in the school; his parts were brilliant; his attention great; and he never sat down to a task he did not perform with ease and ability, far beyond what might have been expected from his years.

Fortunately his speedy removal from Haughton prevented a disclosure, which would have barred his entrance into the University; but the evil day was only retarded; it had to come in a more gloomy shape. He remained seven years at College, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in Wadham school. Few excelled him in literary attainments, and he gained three prizes, the only ones he ever contended for; the last, was a Greek poem, on the subject of “Aratus and the Achæan League,” which gained him the applause of all who were unacquainted with his vices.

He was a skilful musician, and his apartments were frequented

by fiddlers and singers of the lowest class in Oxford: with one of these fellows, named Laurence, he was in those habits of disgusting intimacy, that their connexion was soon betrayed, and serious consequences likely to ensue. The washerwoman surprised Mr. Fenwick and his musician in bed together, at mid-day, and immediately spread the tale over all the University. Mr. Fenwick was denied admission to the College-Hall, and placed in Coventry; but when his conduct came to be enquired into, the girl denied on oath all she had voluntarily asserted, *viva voce*: no doubt she had been tampered with, and the miscreant again escaped unpunished. He ventured after this, once to dine in the Hall, where no one spoke to, nor noticed him, but with looks of contempt. Mr. Fenwick had got all he wanted of the College—a degree—and the living of Byall, in his father's gift, becoming vacant, he took possession of a benefice worth 700*l.* a year.

The elder brother of Mr. Fenwick was drowned, in endeavouring to cross the river Weasbeck, by means of stepping-stones, on a stormy night. He was an amiable young man, and beloved by all who knew him. The news of his fate was brought to the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, as he sat in the reading-desk of his church, whilst his Curate preached the sermon, a duty he never performed but twice during seven years he held the vicarage. When he had perused the note, he left the seat and went home, and the words which he uttered to his housekeeper are fresh in the memory of the inhabitants of the parish he disgraced as a Minister. "Well, Jane, Walter is gone; the devil has only to take the Old Boy, and I shall be a demi-god at Byall." The wish of the villain was soon accomplished, for the father died of a broken heart, occasioned as much by regret for a good son as sorrow for the bad one he left behind. Old Mr. Fenwick willed all his personal property to distant relatives, and the entailed estate alone remained to the *Reverend John Fenwick*. He refused to have any thing to do with his father's funeral, who was buried by his afflicted tenants, and on the same day his son attended a horse-race at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and in the evening went to the theatre.

'Squire Fenwick, as he was now called, had no one to controul him; his mother, fortunately for her, died in his childhood. He removed

to the hall, and placed a Curate in the Vicarage house, named Johnston, who married his housekeeper, a woman every way infamous, and who was openly accused of poisoning her brother to obtain possession of a small annuity.

The Bishop of Durham, who had ordained *'Squire Fenwick*, made a proposition to him about surrendering the Vicarage: this he refused to comply with, though the Bishop was his very intimate friend, brother cock-fighter, and horse racer, and imagined he could turn him any way he pleased: his refusal occasioned an order to reside on his benefice; this he easily complied with, by sleeping once a week at the Vicarage house, only distant half a mile from his paternal mansion.

'Squire Fenwick lived in a style of the greatest luxury. He kept no carriage, but a fine stud of hunters, and a pack of hounds: at Newmarket "he kept in play" some of the finest bloods on the turf. He sported high, and was generally very successful: finally he became a complete hero of the turf, and rode supreme on every course; in the northern counties, he has been observed on the ground at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, giving and taking small bets of five and ten shillings, and stripping to box for the decision of a wager.

He would, at the same time risk hundreds with those able and willing to stake against him; but he was famed for his dishonesty, and for many seasons previous to his self-exile, no one would bet with him; he had numerous actions at law for gambling debts, many of which he recovered.

A neighbour of his had a small estate of 300*l. per annum*, which the *'Squire* swindled him out of on the course and at the Hazard table. The owner committed suicide, and the *'Squire* made his brother huntsman to his pack of hounds, in which situation he lived and died.

About the beginning of the year 1795, *'Squire Fenwick* resided, for the benefit of sea bathing, at the village of Newbegin, and there he was arrested and conveyed before a Magistrate, for violating the person of a child, nine years old; he was removed in custody to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where no one appeared to substantiate the charge, nor was the little girl ever heard of more; her mother also removed from the neighbourhood, having received a handsome sum to screen the violator of her daughter's innocence.

'Squire Fenwick, was at this time very active in procuring recruits for the army, and a raw countryman preferred a charge against him similar to that made by Byrne, as to the Bishop of Clogher, with this addition, that Harpell (the name of the recruit) had to jump out of the Squire's library window, and escape through a pond, to avoid his nauseous embraces.

The charge was treated with ridicule by the Magistrate (a brother fox hunter), and the recruit had his bounty given to him, and also his discharge; not satisfied with this seeming generosity, he bent his way to the county town, resolved to appeal to the Judge who was then holding the court of Assize.

A press-gang seized poor Harpell in the street; he was hurried on board a Man of War and fell in battle shortly after: thus perished an innocent man, to save the life of a miscreant, who, under the cloak of his riches, committed crimes every day worthy of the most disgraceful death.

The *Reverend* 'Squire Fenwick was now suspended from his living, and an enquiry instituted into his moral conduct; no one doubted but his gown would be pulled over his head, when, by the arts of Johnston, the resident Curate, and his own influence, as landlord of "all the country round," he obtained a good character, signed by 1500 individuals out of a parish only containing 1502 adults: owing to this he was restored to his sacred functions, and preached at a country town, what is termed the visitation sermon before the bishop, and attended him at the confirmation of a hundred innocent children.

To complete this farce, 'Squire Fenwick found a woman possessed of so little delicacy that she married him:---she had no portion save her beauty, and was a reputed neice of a Mr. S. Barrington, though in truth, she was his cast off mistress, and no doubt was entertained, but that the marriage was an agreement made when the *Reverend Squire* was restored to his vicarage.

At the Races, held near the town of Morpeth, Mr. Fenwick, as usual, had horses which carried the day:—he was known as a cheat, and Mr. Williamson taxed him with tampering with the jockeys: high words ensued; Mr. Williamson called him by the most opprobrious name the lips of man can utter, and then proceeded to horse-whip him before the stand.

Fenwick had always displayed courage as a boxer, and it was believed no human danger could appal him ; but on this occasion, like Bobadil in the play of "*Every man in his Humour*," he seemed to be "under a planet," and submitted to be beaten without raising a hand in his own defence—conscious guilt, no doubt, operated on his conscience, and unstrung his nerves : aware that he merited the title given to him, and fearing discoveries, he stood the convicted villain and paltry coward—his fame now left him for ever, and his name was echoed with detestation in every part of the county. He had, however, the assurance to attend a Ball at Durham, when Mr. Frank Johnston, master of the ceremonies, politely took him by the collar of his coat and asked him, whether he chose to walk quietly down stairs or to be thrown out of the window ?—used as he was to dangerous leaps in his fox-hunting excursions, he had no inclination to try a leap into the street, and very discreetly took his leave by the way he came. Still he carried on his career at *By-all-Hall*, and his wife, whatever were her failings before marriage, did ample penance for his sins---he used her like a brute, and has been known, in a state of intoxication, to turn her out of his bedchamber, forcing her to arise at the hour of midnight, and then lock himself and his Curate inside, where they remained till morning, *tete-a-tete*.

These enormities could not be much longer endured---society called aloud for a termination of such hideous examples as these miscreants held forth to all near them, and a warrant was issued by a bench of Magistrates, for the apprehension of *Squire Fenwick* and his Curate ; the latter was secured---the former made his retreat good into France. Johnston was discharged after a year's confinement in gaol, and now resides near Arbroath, in Scotland, on a pension of 100*l.* per annum, settled on him by his paramour many years ago. Mrs. Fenwick resides upon the estate, and conducts herself properly---he receives his rents duly, and is so far from having repented of his sins, that he glories in, and practises them in a country where such monsters are tolerated, and even esteemed---Naples.

The Reverend Mr. Fenwick (for very strange as it must appear, he has never been publicly degraded from his dignities as a Clergyman of the Church of England) lives on a fine estate at *Ponte de Avernum*, and has a town-house near the *Castel de Nova*, in the city of Naples.

The late Lady Hamilton was partial to this fellow's society---and he, with his bosom friend, Captain Sawyer,* once of the Royal Navy, attended her as *cicesbeos* almost daily;---during the revolutions that have affected Naples, he has remained stationary---he visited Murat as a private friend, and as it is supposed, carried on a correspondence for him with England; he is quite Italianized, and so familiarized with crime, that not even a death-bed repentance can be expected from him.

This man bears no inconsiderable share of The Crimes of the Clergy upon his ill-starred head; no one of his stamp was ever more fortunate in carrying on, as it were in the face of the world, and in defiance of the laws, his abominable schemes---his fortune enabled him to bribe his companions in guilt, and his connection with the Church screened him from accusation---respect for "*the cloth*"--saved the man, and by means of a *black coat*, he committed with impunity crimes of the *blackest* complexion, and for which any one in a *lighter* coloured suit would have expiated their offence on a gibbet.

If the pillars of Priestcraft are not shaken by such details as these, they must have a foundation fixed on another world than that reared by

* Captain Sawyer commanded the *Blanche* Frigate of 32 guns, and was tried by a Court Martial on the Mediterranean station, in the year 1796; had he been tried for Sodomy, nothing could have saved his life, but by one of those quibbles *sea lawyers*, as well as those on land, are ready to discover in a rich client's favour, he was found guilty and sentenced to be dismissed from his Majesty's service, for "*indecent familiarities with Mankind.*" The father of Captain Sawyer was a rich Prebendary, and his two brothers also Parsons, one of whom was on board the frigate when these crimes were committed, which the strange sentence so smoothly glossed over: he appeared as the only evidence in his brother's behalf; but the Court stopped him in the midst of his deposition, declaring they totally disbelieved every word he said. This man was ordered on shore at Saint Fiorenzo, for he was only a visitor on board his brother's ship; and he carried with him a black servant, who died at Bastia, (where his inhuman master abandoned him;) he was generally believed to have been poisoned, and on his death bed he accused his master of the same horrible propensities that caused his brother's disgrace. About seven years ago this miscreant, the Reverend H. Sawyer, was a sojourner in the Isle of Man, where his debts and crimes had driven him to seek refuge. He probably now administers ghostly comfort to some flocks in the west of Ireland, where the family estates lay, for I have not heard or read that justice has yet put an end to his career of iniquity.

the power of Omnipotence. The church is not to blame for having such men as Mr. Fenwick within its pale, but the supineness of the higher dignitaries, in not expelling them when they are become so notorious, merits severe censure. Like Cæsar's wife, a minister of the gospel should "not even be suspected;" here the crimes of this miscreant were long known for *certain*; he braved justice, and finally escaped punishment! Charity, it is said, covereth a multitude of sins; and money hides a multitude of crimes.---To Mammon alone is *Mr. Fenwick* indebted for his miserable existence, and we have done our duty by holding him up to public notice, as an object deserving universal execration.

CRIMES OF A DEEP DYE COMMITTED BY THE

REVEREND JOHN DYER,

Late Curate of St. George's, Southwark; Lecturer of St. Michael's, Crooked-Lane, and Chaplain to Surrey County Gaol.

"Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity."

Acts of the Apostles.

This divine received all the benefits of a classical education, and was every way qualified by breeding and tuition, to become a worthy pillar of the Established Church; his preferments, as noted at the head of this article, proves the high estimation in which his Clerical abilities were held by his superiors and the public. The office of Lecturer generally goes by vote, and the man who succeeds in it, must not only be an excellent, pleasing, and forcible preacher, but in his private character, humane, moral, and charitable, with truth to guide his steps, and religion to enlighten his eyes; that such a character was Mr. Dyer, at one period of his life, we do not doubt, before Mammon entered into him and corrupted his soul; but that was in his early days, when he thought of "laying up for himself treasures in Heaven;" for his latter years were wasted in the accumulation of earthly treasures, which at last demolished the tabernacle of his worldly pride, and bred his bosom to receive the shafts which benevolence levels against avarice and corruption. Mr. Dyer

was also selected to attend criminals at the hour of death, 'to soothe the pangs of conscious guilt'---to raise the sinner's eyes towards Him, whose name is mercy, and whose soul is love; to ameliorate the struggling pangs of bitter contrition, and to whisper peace to the departing spirit, at that sad moment when feeling is on the wing, and the gibbet is ready to end in ignominious suffering, a life of crime. Yes, Mr. Dyer was once the "Ministering Angel," that armed the convicted sinner with hope, faith, and love, and taught him to consider this transitory scene only as a state of trial, and made him look forward with confidence, to forgiveness and peace in a world beyond the grave.

Great must the attainments of Mr. Dyer have been, and wide-spreading his fame for zeal in propagating the doctrines of Him, upon whose precepts none ever relied in vain, ere he could have had this sacred trust reposed in him; and as "the labourer is worthy of his hire," he had ample revenues placed at his disposal, more than sufficient to furnish him with all those luxuries of which man stands not in need; but which few will envy him, provided his moral life be blameless, and a portion of his stores given to "the poor and needy;" but with increase of wealth, a desire for more crept in; his words in public appeared to ascend on air to the throne; in private they "passed through the fire to Moloch," and whilst the benedictions of the poor were proclaiming his zeal and philanthropy, he was lax in his spiritual duties, and robbing those who blessed him; like Ananias, he dayly told lies in the face of his Maker, and "verily he will have his reward."

He had long been suspected of pilfering the church offerings, and at last some persons were selected to watch him; it was on a Sunday, in the month of June, 1793, that *Mrs. Fish*, the wife of a respectable broker in the Mint, observed him to take the money just received at the Holy Sacrament Table, and slip it up his sleeve, or as villains like himself term the transaction---"Cuffing the Coin." The money had been previously marked, and was found in his possession; he resigned all his preferments, and the only punishment he suffered for this dreadful crime, was the disgrace and loss of his benefices; he retired rich with the spoils of the poor into Wales, where he now exists as a Farmer, and is growing grey in his vices.

No one ever deserved the "Anathema" of St. Paul more than this Mr. Dyer; he knew good, but practised evil. A religious and liberal education did him no service; an enlightened mind only served to sink him deeper in gloom; high rank, wealth, and public favour were sacrificed at the shrine of unfeeling avarice; he robbed in the Temple of God, and starved the children of affliction! All the arts and accomplishments of life were lost upon him, and he retires from sight like the beacon blaze upon a rock, giving hopes of a sheltering port, but is extinguished, because it only allured the weary mariner to perish in misery. We quit this fallen pillar of the Church with melancholy feelings; we have not a smile to lavish upon so splendid a ruin; on the wreck of human pride, talent, and ambition, we look with feelings of pity mingled with contempt; and when we reflect upon the abominable robberies of this *well-informed* and *richly beneficed* man, we cease to wonder at the crimes of the *moderately* circumstanced and comparatively *ignorant* Clergy.

THE INFAMOUS LIFE AND DEATH OF
PARSON HENDRIE.

"Whoremongers and Adulterers God will Judge."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A parson of the Church of England, who lived between Lynn and Stoke, in Norfolk, of the name of Hendrie, became so notorious, that he will, in your collection of the "*Crimes of the Clergy*," help to expose the folly of upholding religion by favour and patronage, and will make a conspicuous figure therein. It is not necessary to add a single touch to heighten the dark colourings of his character; a bare and simple recital of a few leading facts will sufficiently pourtray the enormities to which a man, invested even with holy functions, receiving a college education, can be guilty of, when setting at defiance all moral principle.

This man was so conspicuous before he died, that the boys in the streets of Lynn, whenever he appeared there, ran after him, re-

peating the acts, by which he had rendered himself odious, even in their estimation, his whole life gave but too clear an evidence of his universal depravity of mind, heart, and manners ; mean, sottish, debauched, and licentious, it was not to be expected, that he would pay much regard to decorum, even within the sacred walls consecrated to the solemn duties of the religion he *professed*, which, were it to be judged of by so unworthy a member, might excite the wonder of all reflecting minds, that it should have continued so long to have enjoyed the attention and regard of an enlightened world.

This man had several bye-names, which he obtained from the circumstances that rendered him so contemptible and odious ; amongst these was that of the "*black dog parson*." He was indebted for this to two dogs fighting in his church during divine service ; one, a black dog ; the other, a light coloured one. The clerk of the parish, having left his desk to turn the dogs out, the parson, leaning over his pulpit, called aloud to the clerk three or four times, " Let them alone, let them alone ;" and, clapping his hands to encourage them, added, " The black dog for a guinea, who says done ?"

At another time, having taken rather freely of his home brewed October ale, the service being in the afternoon on that day, after having mounted to his pulpit, and during the singing of a psalm, he sunk into a dose ; when the singing ceased, and all became still, he began to mutter some incoherent sentences, not proper to be heard. The clerk of the parish rising from his desk, called aloud, "*Sir Sir, Sir !*" The parson, rubbing his eyes, and staring around, the clerk repeated the word "*Sir*," with the addition of " you are wrong, you are wrong, *Sir*." Looking down on the clerk, and rubbing his hands, the parson responded, " O, yes—well, then, here's off again like hello ;" opened his book, and took his text, and preached his sermon. After this, he acquired in addition to his former names the damning title of *Parson Hello*.

To enumerate all the loose conduct he was guilty of, would take up too many of our pages, which will, doubtless, be required to detail the characters of other *bon vivants* of the cloth. Yet it is proper to relate, as a warning to his brethren, (moved by the Holy Ghost

to assume the functions of religion) circumstances of a more atrocious nature.

This man had purchased a perpetual advowson of an old clergyman in Marshland, near Lynn, calculating that it would turn out a good speculation; but the old incumbent, having a good stamina, and being regular and temperate in his habits, Parson Hello, after a few years, began to grow impatient for his death, and paying to him annual visits, upon one occasion, when the cake was handed to him at tea-time, the *tempter* put it into his head to tell the old gentleman that his (Hello's) housekeeper was particularly noted for the cakes which she made, and he would send him one. This was thought nothing more of till Hello came a little time after with a cake which he pressed the old gentleman to taste of; not having long dined, he declined, and put it into a closet. Hendrie, pressing him not to forget it, took his leave; but the cake was forgot, till the housekeeper inquiring next day of her master why that fellow, Hendrie, had been again, she was told that he came that way, to bring the cake he had promised; the old woman, more suspicious than her master, told him he should eat none of it, perhaps it was poisoned, and gave a small part of it to a dog, which became extremely ill in consequence; this convinced them both of the murderous designs of Hello, who, receiving no tidings of the death of the old incumbent, went again soon afterwards, watched him walking near some willows, by the side of a deep river, went up and accosting him, took an opportunity to push him into the stream; but, being a hale old man, and Hendrie himself a diminutive figure, the former was too much for him, and in the struggle, but for the willows, Hendrie would have been plunged into the water. From that time he never dared appear near the old incumbent's living, who, on being pressed to make an example of the villain, declined on account of the disgrace it would bring upon religion.

The wretch, Hendrie, nevertheless, pursued his career of licentiousness, and about four or five years ago, finished a life of infamy at the age of seventy, in a common brothel in London.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

OLD MORALITY.

HYPOCRISY AND SINS OF
JOHN CHURCH, THE DRUNKARD,
And Minister of the Gospel, Dover-Street.

"I speak after the manner of men, because of the infirmity of the flesh, for as ye have yielded your members servants to uncleanness and iniquity."

PAUL, TO THE ROMANS, CH. 7, v. 19.

The origin of this man is so very mean that he might have passed through life unnoticed, except by a beadle or a parish officer, but, unfortunately for him, he was a modest-looking boy, and had a quick turn for learning, which induced an old lady to take him under her tuition; she instructed him to use his parts to the best advantage, most probably in the same manner that Madame Warrens taught her pupil of nature, Jean Jacques Rousseau; and she *qualified* him to act that part in the Gospel Ministry, for which he has become so eminently notorious. The youth of this man is no further worth notice; he very early had, what is termed by fatalists, and ranterz, "a call from the holy spirit," and he hasted to drink at the well of everlasting life. On considering his subsequent habits, we are inclined to think his monitors laboured under a mistake, and that it was "a call" for the *spirit of gin*, and the well that he thirsted to drink of one similar to Jacob's Well, in Barbican, everlastingly flowing with *strong waters*. He was long what is termed a local preacher, and became what he has ever since been, a favorite orator in the ladies' estimation; we mean those sort of ladies who have neither beauty, sense, or reputation, to risk by supporting any stray sheep, accustomed to bleat in the highways and under the hedges, and call together those "stray lambs" belonging to the fold of Pierce Egan, who may be classed among the unclean. When John Church obtained a settlement in the metropolis, he collected numerous followers; his appearance was godly, and so was his name; for any thing else appertaining to his office he was woefully deficient; his delivery was bad, slow, and sepulchral, or guttural, like the rattling in an ass's throat, when he is clearing it to bray aloud. His doctrine, that of a predestinarian, was very convenient for his hearers, who had most of them committed sins they were willing to believe it was out of their power to prevent,

and glad to have a free latitude to sin in future. The basis of this man's doctrine is comprised in two lines, which are often in his mouth :

"Jesus, if thou once art mine,

"Then Jesus, I am ever thine."

Church declares, and we have heard him declare that if a man be once convinced that he is "in a state of grace," he may commit as many crimes as ever sunk the soul of an unbeliever; yet he is sure to be saved. This favorite preacher of the ladies, (to hear whom all the *fashionables* from St. Giles's; Peter-street, Soho; Tothill-street, Westminster; and Brick-lane, poured in torrents every Sabbath night,) became an object of suspicion; however his soul yearned towards the female sex, his *bodily failings* were far from them, and it was whispered that his propensities were similar to those which of old occasioned the destruction of the wicked in the City of Gomorrhah, and caused *righteous Lot* to commit incest with his lewd daughters.

At length John Church's discretion fell asleep, and his carnal lusts being awake, he was caught in the snares of the law; his infamous trial is so fresh in every one's mind, that we shall not detail the particulars of such a disgraceful case, where we know not which to admire most, the atrocity of the attempt, or the matchless impudence with which he faced the charge.

A friend gave John Church house-room, and opened his "barrel of meal" and his "cruse of oil," to afford him support. It was the custom of this fellow always to quarter himself upon his hearers. In return for this kindness he arose at night, not to pray, but to attempt the commission of an abominable crime upon the apprentice of his host, whom he supposed his exhortations had prepared to think nothing evil which the holy John Church did. The boy resisted and accused the gospel miscreant; he was brought to trial, when he neither denied nor admitted the truth of the charge: but said "it was the Lord's will, if he did make the attempt, it was to be so, and was meant to punish and humble him; if the boy made a false or true charge, it was to be, the boy could not help it: and the thing rested with the Lord; he despised every thing man could do unto him." With this shallow sophistry, John Church met a charge, worse than death

to a good man ; he was found guilty, and passed two years in Horse-monger-lane gaol to atone for what he said was to be, and no human power could prevent coming to pass.

Unfortunately for the cause of justice, the tread-mill was not then in use, and John Church had only to pull as much old rope to pieces, as kept "his hands from picking and stealing," whilst his tongue was exercised in "evil speaking, lying and slandering" to his fellow convicts, less guilty than himself. His female disciples considered him as a martyr, and every day he had a levee of them at his prison bars, laden with luxurious dishes, wines, and spirits, to pamper the flesh of this beastly sinner. Offerings of money were also acceptable, and many a hard working man was robbed by his wife of half his weekly earnings, to fill the purse of this idle, depraved, and canting hypocrite.

He has now been some time out of prison, and has again become a "labourer in the vineyard," in Dover Street: those who wish to see the fable of the jewel in the toad's head realized, and to hear doctrines, which "in the mouth are as sweet as honey, and in the belly bitter," may go to Dover Street. Sterne says "of all the cants which ever were canted in this canting world, the cant of hypocrisy is the most abominable;" but even Sterne, who cared no more for religion than a blind man for a rainbow, would have been shocked to hear the words of truth uttered by an unnatural monster, a drunkard, and a liar: yet is this John Church one of the pillars of the Canting Church, one of the many wrong-headed declaimers. And truly John Church is a feeble pillar, he is a broken reed, bending with every gale, and so very frequently overcome with the strength of "the spirit," that he "reeleth to and fro like a drunken man;" as David danced before the ark, he has been dancing drunk before the ark of his idolatry, the cask of Old Tom, in a public house. But we have said quite sufficient upon so unworthy a subject. Sin and guilt are not confined to the Ministers of any particular Church; and we gladly wash our hands of a Church rotten at the core:---a receptacle of obscenity, even corrupting the air of Dover Street, where all who enter, breathe pestilence and tread in pollution.

ANECDOTES OF PARSONS

Infamous for their Religious Delinquency and Moral Crimes.

“And I say unto you many are called but few chosen.”

We mean to give at the conclusion of each number anecdotes of those persons who have sinned so successfully in *secret*, that enough of their crimes are not made *public* to form a subject for a biographical account. Our private information enables us to furnish many striking examples of guilt and sin, in characters who walk, and ride daily, clad in crape and lawn through London, and who have hitherto borne good names; from one or two *particulars* where pride, covetousness, cruelty, drunkenness, and depravity of any kind is shewn to be the prevailing passion, the character of the man may be judged in spite of the silk gown or surplice, or the more artful veil of hypocrisy which he throws around him; our knowledge extends to all ranks and sects; from the Bishop to the hired Curate of a work-house burying ground; from the High Priest of the Jews to the lowest sectarian that howls his prayers to the gale in Stepney-fields: we shall take them as they come, and let them go forth as they merit.

THE REVEREND DOCTOR GURNEY,

A Parson with a short memory.

“Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,” is a lesson perhaps, Mr. Gurney remembers having more than once read, and applied to others, forgetting that it would equally become him to remember that adage in his old age. This divine lays claim to more than common praise for his religious zeal and integrity of heart; we wish not to detract from his merits, but have a duty to do, in not giving him credit for a character without blemish, when he has done those things unjustifiable in the eyes of men, and of course crying sins, in His presence, before whom “no man living can be justified.” Mr. Gurney possesses much worldly wisdom; if he is short-sighted as to Scriptural events, his only blame is writing upon what he does not understand, for the sake of getting money; his notes on the Bible are curious: whenever the learned Commentator comes to a difficult part

in the text, he notes down "It is not meant that this should be understood by man;" so he may say of all the evidence he gave upon his son's trial, which he neither wished, or intended to be understood by Judge or Jury. It will be recollected, that Mr. Gurney's son set up a large school near London, and got 1200*l.* in debt in as many months; the capital he commenced with was—the credit due to his father's name. Some how or other, his name became attached to a bill or promissory note for half the sum; he denied the signature, his father in evidence doubted it, and finally, the Jury disbelieved both father and son, and gave a verdict against them. On the Reverend Mr. Gurney's cross-examination, he could not recollect what capital his son began business with, nor whether he had been a bankrupt or not, but on being hard pressed, he brushed up his short memory, not having "the fear of God," but the fear of the pillory before his eyes, and remembered *he himself* had set him up in business *without capital*, and he it was who struck the docket against his son, made him a Bankrupt, and became his principal Assignee. This is quite sufficient for us to place Mr. Gurney amongst those who are endeavouring to discover a mote in their brother's eye, and forget the beam in their own: we can compare him only to one man, and that man we have always considered so singular as to be without parallel; that man also writes and publishes sermons, and thus in some degree, is a labourer in the same Vineyard with Parson Gurney:—we mean Old Cobbett, who caused his two sons to go into a Court of Law and commit perjury, to save the old wretch from punishment. Mr. Gurney had a fellow-feeling in trying to save his son, and if his memory be really so bad as to cause him to *forget* all the *good*, and remember all the *bad* parts of a question reflecting on man's *moral* reputation, he is unfit to separate the knowledge of good and evil, for the instruction of mankind in a religious cause, which concerns eternal salvation; we have done with this "Strong pillar of Faith;" we have shaken him from the base to the capital, and if we have future occasion, we can produce matter more glaring. We can open our mouths in parables, and declare hard sayings of old.

The Rev. Mr. ETHELSTON, a furious Parson.

"See if this be thy son, Joseph's coat, or no."

The Public are so well acquainted with this man, from his un-

christianlike conduct at the Manchester Massacre, that we merely notice him; not because we have any thing new to offer in addition to the accounts of his unfeeling character, but merely to give him a place amongst the rotten sheep of the Lord's fold; to hang him up in effigy along with his brethren, of whom he is a worthy companion. If Fame says true, this reverently furious man of God rode about like death upon the pale horse, with a naked weapon in his hand, exclaiming, in his heart if not with his tongue, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon:" and the words of the Prophet Isaiah might then be well applied to him, "I make peace and I create evil," for with the words of humanity on his lips, he was promoting cruelty. From the spoils of the enemy, Gideon of old made images of gods, after which "Israel went a whoring," and they became "a snare unto the house of Gideon;" so, perhaps, the rewards Mr. Ethelston has received for his furious and implacable zeal manifested against "the poor in heart," may be a snare to entwine his soul in the bonds of eternal damnation; when he drew his sword, he should have recollected the reproof the blessed Jesus gave to St. Peter, who "smote off the ear of the high priest's servant," and reflected that if he prayed to God, "a legion of angels" would be sent if the cause he was engaged in were just, and that his arm was impotent alike to succour or save when he had not the fear of God before his eyes. Mr. Ethelston possibly compared himself, in this instance, to the cherubim with a flaming sword, purging the garden of Eden of original sin; but I believe Scripture makes no mention that the serpent was driven out along with those he had tempted, but remained behind; so, when Mr. Ethelston had cleared the garden at Manchester, he himself remained behind to eat the fruit at his leisure. Such a man as this intemperate fellow Ethelston would do well in Turkey; he would make an excellent Mahomedan Priest, to spread the religion of his Prophet by the sword; but, as the expounder of his doctrine, who preached "peace on earth, and good will to man," he is more unfit than Elyamas, the sorcerer, whom St. Paul struck blind for assuming a false character.

BRIEF NOTICE OF
JOHN ATHERTON.

Lord Bishop of Waterford, executed on Gallows Green, Dublin, for an unnatural offence, Dec. 5th, 1640.

“The Lord shall judge thee, thou whited wall.”

There are precedents for every thing, if they are diligently searched for, and a precedent for the crime of Clogherism is to be found in the life of John Atherton, a wretch who will ever be remembered for his infamy. We do not intend to disgust our readers by a minute relation of all this fellow's enormities; he had nearly been forgotten, when the Bishop of Clogher revived his case for public abhorrence; it is singular, that both these rotten pillars of the Church were Bishops in Ireland, a country where the men are famed for their devotion to the fair sex.

John Atherton was, however, born at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire; and was well educated at a country school, from which he went to the University of Oxford, and was soon transferred to a benefice, when he was married.

The daughters of his parishioners became victims to his lust, and his wife was neglected for society the most low and infamous; having debauched his wife's sister, he was compelled to fly to Ireland, where he was not known; he insinuated himself into the favour of Lord Loftus, then Chancellor, who promoted him rapidly in the church; he betrayed his patron to the Earl of Stafford: for which service he was made Bishop of Waterford and Lismore; he now threw off every appearance of virtue, and openly boasted of his amours. The daughter of his friend and the wife of his neighbour were alike victims of his baseness; he lent money to the poor and needy man, for which he made his wife pay the price of her virtue. In Ireland, to this day, the collection of tithes is left in the hands of a fellow, called a proctor, who exacts much more than his due in order to profit himself. A miscreant, named John Childe, was Tithe Proctor to the Bishop, in every respect as complete a villain as his master. A description of the vices to which this obedient servant was pander would occupy a volume; over scenes, disgraceful

to manhood, and revolting to human nature, we draw a veil, unwilling to shock and disgust our readers.

The discovery of the unnatural connection betwixt these two monsters, was so very clear on every point, that both were instantly committed for trial. It is a recorded truth, that every exertion was made by his clerical associates to stay the progress of justice, with respect to the Bishop: from a fear, that his disgraceful death would inflict a death blow on the reformed religion in Ireland.

His wealth enabled him to provide Counsel of the first talent; and John Atherton was arraigned at the bar of justice, for a crime of which the frailties or weakness of nature affords no palliation, and from which all men turn with sickening disgust.

His trial excited more interest than any other before or since. The sensation evinced in London when the Bishop of Clogher was detected, did not equal that in Ireland, when John Atherton was found guilty; the verdict was hailed with approbation by cheers in the court, which were echoed throughout the land. The degraded wretch was nearly murdered on his way from the bar to the gaol. From Cork, he was conveyed to Dublin, where on the 5th day of December, a life of crime was terminated by a death of ignominy, amidst universal execrations. He was dressed in a suit of mourning, and appeared not in the least intimidated; but even smiled when the populace shouted with indignation as he ascended the scaffold.

The Proctor about the same time was hung at Bandon Bridge; and thus the world was rid of two monsters, who left behind them no parallels in guilt and infamy. Such examples are almost sufficient to make a Christian turn Infidel, did he not know that man is a free agent, and in the world to come will be rewarded according to his works in this. There have been more lengthened accounts of this monster published, but we have given all that can interest. The church is a strong and beautiful building: and will stand more secure without the ostensible support of such rotten pillars as Waterford and Clogher, who have done more harm to the established religion by their infamous example, than a century passed in purity by all its ministers will be able to repair.

VILE ACTIONS OF

THE REVEREND SEPTIMUS HODGSON,

Child violator, formerly Chaplain to the Orphan Asylum, Westminster Road.

“ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.

The asylum of which Mr. Hodgson was an unworthy Chaplain, educates and provides for numerous female orphans, who otherwise would be consigned to lives of infamy and ruin.

Mr. Hodgson was celebrated as a preacher, and noted for the uncommon sanctity of his manners; he had a fine person, and always assumed such a sincerity of heart in delivering his exhortations from the pulpit, that the chapel was crowded to an overflow whenever he preached; but alas! he was fair without and foul within. The Monk of *Lewis's* novel was not more infamous, and whilst outwardly attending to the salvation of the helpless Orphans' souls, he was inwardly meditating the ruin of both body and soul.

From his situation, he had access to the Orphans, at all hours, and a little child, named Fox, about thirteen years of age, was selected by him for the object of depraved debauchery.

In fact, he violated the hapless Orphan's person; to call it by the name of seduction would be untruth: for surely a child at her time of life could only be a passive instrument in the hands of one whom she had been taught to look up to with fearful obedience.

The pregnancy of Fox, as a natural consequence of illicit intercourse, ensued, and she, most probably tutored by the artful and lustful priest, delivered herself in a certain office in the chapel yard: and there left the infant, which she imagined would never be heard of. Suspicions, however, were immediately awakened, and the infant was found, and as a natural effect of contrition and fear, Fox pointed out the father of her offspring. The Governors and Committee were horror struck at the Reverend Divine's hypocrisy and depravity; but they had no power to punish him beyond dismissing him from his office, and striking his name from the list of Chaplains, which was instantly done, in as marked a manner as possible.

The Reverend Violator, incredible as it may appear, was suffered to retain his gown; and we cannot help reflecting that the good bishop Porteous, then in charge of the Metropolitan see, must have been very strangely misinformed respecting this hideous transaction, or he would never have permitted the criminal to escape with impunity.

Mr. Hodgson now resides on his living at Thrapston in Northamptonshire; we are sorry for it, he merits the severest punishment; penitence, it is true, can atone for any crime, but few repent in affluence and prosperity: it is poverty and obscurity, disgrace and obloquy, that wring the sinner's soul, and make him sensible of all he has lost upon earth, and the little he has to hope for in heaven.

Such corrupt pillars only for a time uphold a fabric by deceitful support, that it may fall unexpectedly with more tremendous ruin: and they should be at once levelled with the ground, never more to rise in a conspicuous situation.

If we hear any thing more of this fortunate sinner, it shall be recorded—such a person cannot remain long in security—success will throw him off his guard at last, and the punishment so long delayed come with tenfold vengeance on his head, when the stings of a guilty conscience are made additionally severe by the bodily pangs of old age.

ACCOUNT OF
THE HONOURABLE AND REV. WILLIAM CAPEL.

*Rector of Watford, Hertfordshire,
Bon Vivant, Fox-hunter, Farmer, Crop-buyer, Horse-dealer,
and General Lover.*

“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods.”

It is to be presumed, that all Parsons are honourable men: at least it would be dangerous in any but a scientific man to doubt it; he would be apt to receive conviction from arguments of a more striking nature than those drawn from Scripture; and no member of the church is more ready to use his horsewhip than the Parson under consideration.

He is a hopeful shoot from a rich and noble family, to which he owes his preferment, and a more-desirable situation than his, for a sporting Parson, is not to be found; his brother keeps a fine pack of fox-hounds, who are more used to his voice in the field than his parishioners are in the church, where he speaks so low that he is scarcely audible.

One particular Sunday he ran through, or, to use a phrase more congenial to his ears, he went at a hand gallop over the leaves of the sacred book, and at the conclusion of a sermon which lasted nine minutes, he very easily informed his auditors, "that in consequence of his having a large party of friends to dinner, he was under the necessity of deferring the Sacrament till the ensuing Sunday." If this be not sporting with the mysteries of religion, I know not what is, and the rank of his brother was probably the reason, why he was not laid before the Bishop. Betwixt four and five years ago a young woman died in Watford, and at the hour appointed by the Reverend Mr. Capel, the funeral procession arrived at the church; he was then at his dinner, and in reply to a message that the corpse was arrived, he said "let it wait, for I won't leave my dinner to bury even the corpse of a Saint!" After waiting four hours, a note was sent by a sister of the deceased, who had come from London purposely to witness the interment; upon receipt of this, Mr. Capel jumped up, and proceeding to the church yard, very devoutly performed the service over the dead, and made many apologies to the young lady who wrote him the note; which displayed the mean-spirit of this honorable and Reverend sycophant; she was the *kept mistress* of a nobleman high in the ministry: and he who *feared not God*, feared the "vengeance of a harlot:" who holding Mr. Capel in just contempt, got her protector to report him to the bishop, and it required all the influence of his family to prevent the holy vestments from being stripped over his head.

The fox-hunting disposition of this Parson procured him the nick name of Tally-ho; and he has often had to employ a parishioner to officiate in the place of the Clerk, who had been sent out on the Sabbath day to stop fox-holes, in preparation for Monday's hunt.

The honourable Parson keeps a splendid table ; he is profuse in lavishing all the luxuries of life upon his *boosing* companions and himself ; and to make up for the expenses of his dissolute hours, he is mean in private, grinding his tenants and levying his tithes from the sheaf in the field to the egg in the hen-roost, with all the avarice of old Elwes, and the extortion of a Turkish Bashaw.

A few years ago, he purchased at a cheap rate, the crop upon the farm of a distressed neighbour ; he was daily seen working the hay making machine, and driving the teams to his own stack yard, though labourers in plenty vainly solicited employment.

The honourable Mr. Capel is, moreover, a horse dealer ; he buys, sells, and swaps, at market and in London ; and has an inclination to forming singular connections ; we do not allude to those he has formed on the turf at Newmarket, where his full blood stallions are estimated at their full price, and in high repute amongst female quadrupeds ; but we allude to his actions upon the soil of the holy sanctuary which he has polluted. We have never heard any one dare to whisper, that this *honourable* Parson has repented of being discovered with three very young girls, near the east-end of his Church, where two of them were watching, whilst the other and him were ; but we are not inclined to pollute our pages, and leave our readers to guess at our meaning.

The honourable and reverend Parson is married to an amiable woman, the natural daughter of Mr. S——, the great brewer of Rickmansworth, with whom he got a large fortune ; we have been little in the neighbourhood of late, but are told that his habits of extravagance and meanness remain the same as before this great acquisition to his property.

“ It is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle, than a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven ;” this portion of Scripture presents a fearful prospect to such characters ; we dare hardly call them *pillars* of the Church, who are better known at a *post* upon a race course, or amongst “ wine bibbers ” at a tavern door ; he is now near 60 years old, and we say unto him, for his own sake, “ repent ye, for your hour is almost come.”

THE REVEREND PREACHER DOXFORD,

An Extortioner.

“ The voice of one crying in the Wilderness.”

John Doxford was born of rich parents at Burn Hall, near Driffeld in Yorkshire; he received his education at Glasgow, where he lived under the same roof with Professor Jamieson, a man whose talents were only excelled by his goodness of heart.

At Musselburgh he was offered a kirk or meeting, which he declined, and chose to travel as an itinerant preacher. In the highways and hedges, he raised his voice throughout all the western parts of Scotland; a second Jonah, he entered into every city and town, as if it were a Nineveh, denouncing against it the vengeance of an offended God; he was, moreover, a singular instance of ‘ a break-of-day ranter;’ he gave in charity to the poor, and accepted nothing for himself; his father allowed him 200*l.* per annum, which he withdrew: and, unable to prevail upon him to give up his rambling ways, when he died, did not leave him a single shilling. The loss of his annuity appears to have changed the mind of Mr. Doxford; poverty had no charms for him, and in proportion as his demands on the pockets of his hearers rose, his popularity decreased; still he persevered, and his eloquence was heard not only in John A’Groat’s house, but in the farthest of the Orkney isles, whither his zeal carried him.

Like Jesus in the sea of Galilee, he preached from a ship’s bow many Sundays to the assembled multitude; at Tobermory in the island of Mull, where he married the daughter of a fisherman, named Peter, he did not make a miraculous draught of fish upon the occasion, for his lady turned out such an odd fish, he was glad to be divorced from her six months after marriage; and she has long kept a brothel, near the high church, Glasgow, whither he once resorted to exhort her to repentance, and had the misfortune to be kicked out of the house, and sprinkled with a shower bath, by no means of ‘ a sweet smelling savour;’ his wife loudly declared that he entered her dwelling by mistake, in search of a concubine, and we are of the same carnal opinion.

During the year 1804, he settled in the shire of Berwick, and converted a barn into a house of prayer : from frequently exhorting the felons in gaol, he became known to the magistrates ; and was appointed keeper of the House of Correction ; part of the house he made use of as a chapel, and the other as a shop for the sale of goods of every description : moved by the spirit he took unto him a second wife, who had a wooden leg, and Fifteen Hundred Pounds to keep it in repair ; he commenced money lending, and became the slave of avarice ; in truth, he peopled his prison with his own debtors ; and by acts of extortion, got possession of thirteen houses and four farms ; he cheated the prisoners of their allowances, and even took their clothes in exchange for smuggled liquor ; finally, he was dismissed from his office for swindling a young woman out of 10*l.* which he encouraged her to steal from her master, and give to him to use his influence for the discharge of her lover confined for a misdemeanour.

The vile fellow, instead of keeping his word, accused her of the robbery, and she would have suffered for it, if a timely discovery of his other villanies had not caused a more rigid enquiry into this. The poor girl was sentenced to be banished the country, and in despair threw herself into the Tweed and was drowned. This event caused him to sell his property and quit the place. He charged his wife with acts of adultery, and (it is now certain) from false witnesses, obtained a separation ; he kept all her money, and she died at Berwick in the workhouse, protesting her innocence with her latest breath. The annual meeting of Methodists discharged him from his holy functions as a black sheep, and he repaired once more to Edinburgh. The famous Haldane was then in high repute, and Doxford became a Haldanite ; his character was not generally known, and his eloquence, which was really great, caused him to be next in popularity to the founder of his new faith, Mr. Haldane himself. He has been seen declaiming on the sands at Leith, to more than three thousand people, and was honoured and courted by all ranks in society. This was the zenith of his popularity : his time of setting was come ; the *ne plus ultra* was pronounced, and his doom fixed by Him to whom all hearts are open. He formed a connexion with the wife of a rich corn-factor, and

was detected in bed with her by the husband. The damning deed was published to all the town, and Haldane degraded him from the office of preacher. The corn-factor, glad to get rid of a bad wife, actually paid Doxford 500*l.* to take her off his hands; he embarked at Leith for the West Indies, and no less strange than true, hundreds of foolish people followed him to the pier, conferring upon him presents and declaring he was a persecuted saint.

In the island of Jamaica he became a planter of sugar canes, and a planter of the sect of Haldane; his lady died very suddenly, from eating by mistake a mangineel apple which is deadly poison; the authorities thought fit to enquire into the cause of her death, and Mr. Doxford, unwilling by his presence, to retard their deliberations, sold his estates, and sailed for England: he purchased Burn Hall, the seat of his ancestors, where he now lives; he neither preaches, or prays, but lives a jolly life: not sorry for the past, and heedless of the future; his fortune placing him in that happy medium, above the head of a constable, and not afraid of a justice of the peace; but "his days may yet be few, and another take his office;" he thrived by extortion, and he may live to see "the extortioner spoil all that he hath," for the Scripture saith, "the wicked shall not go unpunished."

PARSON SNEYD,

Curate of Hanbury, found guilty of adultery with Mrs. Cecil, wife of the honourable H. Cecil, heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Exeter.

"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit, truly is willing :
but the flesh is weak."

Mark 14. Chap. v. 38.

This case was tried at Guildhall, June 26th, 1790, and 1000*l.* damages laid upon the shoulders of a wretched curate, not able to pay as many pence; but according to Lord Kenyon's doctrine, he that cannot pay in purse must pay in person. Mrs. Cecil was the daughter of Mr. Vernon, of Worcestershire, a magistrate, and M.P. a man of immense fortune. She was accounted very beautiful, and though vain and thoughtless, no charge was made against her virtue, till the one here stated. Mr. Sneyd, the curate of Hanbury,

was introduced into the Cecil family by his rector, who was one of those clerical drones called non-residents, that suck the honey without attending to the hive, and riot in sweets of another's gathering. Mr. Sneyd was young and handsome, possessing insinuating manners ; and a hypocritical polish by which many under-strappers of the Church rise to eminence. The eminence which it was decreed Mr. Sneyd was to arrive at, was one of infamy, like the Devil on a pinnacle of the temple ; he was greatly noticed by Mr. Cecil, at whose house he was every thing but domesticated ; he eat, drank, and spent his days therein ; his carriages, horses, and servants were all at his command ; and, finally his wife also became subservient to his command, a stretch of hospitality, Mr. Cecil by no means intended to make : moreover, his purse was open, and the Parson's hand was very often in it, and from that liberal source, he drew funds to enable him to destroy the peace of mind of his benefactor, by running away with his wife, leaving his habitation desolate, and his children motherless. To detail the ingratitude of this young adulterer would occupy too great space : his correspondence with the lady had been carried on for three years before suspicion even glanced at the parties ; but in 1789, the talk of the village came to the husband's ears ; and he had presumptive proof that an improper intimacy subsisted betwixt his friend and wife. The consequence was, mutual bickerings and discontent, which led to a separation of beds. Yet, so cautious were the adulterers, that, although Mr. Cecil was convinced his wife's affections were estranged from him ; he, on a consultation of friends, acquitted the Rev. Mr. Sneyd of any share in his wife's iniquity, and again gave him the favor of his countenance. Mrs. Cecil at last left his house, and remained away for a long time. The *Parson* was also frequently absent from his curacy : but had such good excuses for his absence, that he was never suspected of being the *locum tenens* of Mr. Cecil.

This Parson was like many other of his brethren whose cases have come before us ; he was a fool, and far from being truly orthodox, either in love or religion. It chanced upon a certain day, that " Lazarus fell sick of a fever : " the fear of death came over him, and he *confessed* his connection with Mrs. Cecil, and gave up to vengeance her, who had sacrificed every thing for his love ; we hate in-

gratitude, even in dishonesty ; this Parson was doubly ungrateful : first to his benefactor, and secondly to the victim he had seduced to his lust ; after this strange penitent's confession, it was known that he conveyed the lady into exile, and cohabited with her in a lodging at Exeter, and from thence accompanied her to London, where he frequently visited her ; the inefficacy of auricular confession is manifest in this ; and the truth of the ancient couplet verified,

“ The Devil fell sick, the devil a Monk would be ;
The Devil got well, the Devil a Monk was he ;”

for, no sooner was sickness removed from Mr. Sneyd's pillow, and health re-animated his frame, than he relapsed into sin ; he did not “ watch and pray,” to avoid temptation : “ the spirit was willing and the flesh was strong ;” he sought out his paramour ; he again became her lustful comforter ; and “ the last state of this man was worse than the first.” Hypocrisy is a vice most detestable, but the sin of ingratitude is much worse, and sorry are we to have to record, that sin as pre-eminent amongst those with which the characters in this work are stained ; no doubt, we shall have to relate ungrateful deeds of many more ; or, we might rest where we are, and say “ what need have we of further witnesses ; ye have heard the blasphemy, what think ye.” Mark 14 Ch. 64 v.

We insert the following communication from a correspondent, who solemnly vouches for its truth ; the thing is possible, but as it is not within the compass of our own knowledge, we give it without comment, leaving the reader to form his own opinion :—

THE DEXTEROUS FORNICATOR ; AN ACCOUNT OF
T. HEPPEL,

A Methodist Preacher, better known in the Northern Counties by the name of Miss Jane Davison.

“ We have a little sister, what shall we do for our sister for she hath no breasts ?”

SOLOMON'S SONG.

During the year 1793 and 4, a young woman travelled over the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and into Scotland ; she

professed to have a *call* from the Holy Ghost; and in truth she had a call of a very *natural* description. She preached in the Methodist Chapels, and having an impressive delivery and a handsome face, many were the hearers who attended her "love feasts," and her success in making female converts was deemed supernatural. A farmer's daughter, named Bowrie, near the Town of Morpeth, absolutely left her father's house on foot, to follow the Petticoat Minister; but Miss Bowrie had benefitted from Miss Jane Davison's *private* lectures; and thus, had more of the spirit of grace instilled into her, than those who heard the truth with their ears in public.

The Grace of Godliness did not long attend Miss Bowrie, she was brought back to her parents: and actuated by the same *rambling spirit*, chose for her next travelling Minister, a grenadier, so little had she profitted by the preacher's exhortations.

For two years Miss Davison laboured in her vocation through the north, when an awkward circumstance caused her "to take up her bed and walk;" at Alnwick, she remained four months in the house of Mr. Hastings, the Methodist Minister, where she was treated as "an angel sent from heaven." She did not, indeed, "lie in his bosom, and be unto him as a daughter;" but she lived in the house with his two daughters, fine buxom lasses under twenty years of age; in process of time, they both proved "great with child," to the horror of their religious parent.

Miss Jane Davison was in fact a man in woman's garments, a real "wolf in sheep's clothing," "seeking whom he might devour;" he persuaded both these girls, unknown to each other, to confide to him the care of their wardrobes, and agreed to meet them at different parts of the town, where he was to convey them away; he never kept his appointment, but went off with their little all and twenty guineas, of which he had robbed the father. This transaction gave a great shock to the Methodist Church in the North of England; and many of the sisterhood exhibited such *prominent* proofs of this man's power, that they became a "bye word in Israel." This man was soon afterwards taken up for stealing dead bodies at York, when Mr. Hastings appeared against him, and he was transported for the robbery. Assuredly after such an example as this, the Church of Methodism, unless it aims to

“increase and multiply” by fornication, will not in future look for support to a *pillar* in petticoats.

LORD CHARLES MURRAY,

Late Dean of Bocking, Essex.

“And Nimrod was a mighty hunter upon the face of the earth.”

This Divine, a relative of the noble Duke of Athol, was bred to the Church with the hope of succeeding to the Bishopric of the Isle of Man, in the gift of his family; his first preferment was the Vicarage of Whalton, in Northumberland; he was accounted a good Preacher for a Lord, and a keener sportsman never carried a gun: he was used to shoot from his house (two miles from the Church) till he arrived, and back again after having performed divine service; it was his practice to discharge his gun before he proceeded to robe for his religious duties: and, if there were no birds to be seen in the church-yard yew trees, he made one of his humble parishioners place his hat on a grave-stone, at which he took a shot from the church porch window; one Sunday he fired at a cat running along the wall, but levelling too low, he peppered an old weaver in his latter end, which nearly cost the man his life, to whom it must be observed he was very liberal. There was a sale of goode to take place near his abode, at which he and a numerous party attended; owing to a mistake the auctioneer did not arrive, when rather than the public should be disappointed, he purposely mistook the desk for a pulpit, mounted and sold every article in a masterly manner: then proceeding to the stables, he knocked down all the best of the horses to himself, for which act the owner recovered of him 300*l.* damages. He made a pigeon house in his church steeple, and a stable of an old monument in the church-yard; his freaks and fancies were innumerable; he refused to marry a couple, because he said they were too old to do any good, and when the lady said “we had better marry than do worse?” “Go home,” he replied, “you old fools and do your worst; I’m sure you can commit no sin.

His enjoyment of the Deanery of Bocking was very short, over-exertion in shooting threw him into a fever; he died as he lived, remarking

to his sorrowing relatives round his death-bed: "you have nothing to grieve for, and I nothing to regret: only I should like to live over the partridge season." It is not possible to be serious in speaking of this noble parson; his friends mistook his bent; as a justice of the peace, he would have gone through life respectably; as a clergyman, his conduct, if not criminal, made people look light upon his office, and consequently think slightly of the duties he neglected to perform; such a man would do injury to any religion, and no real Christians must regret the manner in which he terminated an ill-spent life.

THE REVEREND FRANCIS SECOMB,

A Salt Water Parson.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters, they see the wonderful works of the Lord."

This clergyman is one of those amphibious ministers of God, who, neither on land or water, attend much to their duty; he is accounted in the Navy a *good fellow*, which is the name of a degree not very creditable to a Clergyman to bear. The duty of a salt-water Parson, is generally to cater for the ward room mess, dine when a good song is wanted at the Admiral or Captain's table, and to purchase wine for his superiors, his superiority of judgment being acknowledged as a wine bibber; he also reads the articles of war on Sundays to the ship's crew, and never preaches a sermon, unless the Admiral makes a signal for Divine Service to be performed by the fleet; he moreover furnishes a book for a Midshipman to read the service over the dead, whilst he is smoking a Segar in the Purser's cabin over his hot grog, and in battle he attends to mixing strong waters in the cock-pit for himself and the doctor. The subject of this anecdote, was neither better, nor worse than his sable brethren, and it is probable that sailor was one whom he had instructed, who, when floating in the portion of a ship's wreck in a tempestuous sea, exclaimed "please to save me my God; this is the first time I ever troubled you with a prayer, and if you grant my request this time, I will never trouble you again!" and Mr. Secomb was Clergyman of the leading ship at the battle of the Nile, and

when the officers were all assembled together, drinking a glass before they separated to occupy their different stations during the battle, Mr. Secomb filling a bumper, gave as a toast,—“ may we give our enemies battle, murder, and sudden death; and send the survivors on shore in Egypt, to endure plague, pestilence, and famine.” Whether these be sentiments worthy of a Christian Divine, we leave our readers to judge. When the engagement commenced, Mr. Secomb appeared on deck with an apron tied round his middle, full of lemons and oranges, and a huge can of grog under his arm; these gifts, more precious at such a time than manna dropped from Heaven, he distributed amongst the sailors, remarking, “ if my profession hinders me from fighting myself, it does not prevent me from strengthening those that do, for the battle is the Lord’s, and he will give ye the victory. This notable gentleman has now 150*l.* per annum., for his services; the writer of this note sailed with him, and believes him to be a hearty good fellow, who would have done credit to the situation of a boatswain, or a master at arms, where swearing, singing, and bullying, are a duty; but as a clergyman, he was, if not a disgrace to the cloth, one that did it no credit. If we cannot call him a *pillar of priestcraft*, he is one of the floating upholders of the ark of God, of whom it may be said that the only text he ever well understood, and practically illustrated was “ come, curse me, Jacob, and defy me Israel.”

THE REVEREND MR. VIALLS,

A greedy Beef hunting Parson.

THIS rich and gormandizing minister, not content with swallowing up the tithes of three parishes, wished to swallow up all the beef in them also; he disproved the truth of the old adage, “ that a slice off a cut loaf is never missed” for he missed (in imagination) two or three ounces of beef from a round weighing thirty pounds. He taxed a poor honest man with the robbery, and seized upon his wallet in which he had a small bit of beef, given him by his sister, for his dinner. The man was tried for the offence, and acquitted by an indignant jury. He subsequently brought an action,

and obtained 50*l.* damages from the reverend and suspicious glutton, we heartily wish that he may have to pay the same price, per ounce, for all the beef he eats in future. We can liken him to nothing in modern days, but shall never see a *Viall*, and not be reminded of "the fat bulls of Bashan" which abound in Scripture, "the flesh pots of Egypt," have more charms for him than fasting and praying, and the phillipics of Mr. Philips, will render him on earth, what the *glutton* can never expect to be in heaven. Immortal. If the pillars of the church were made of beef, Mr. Vialls would be a strong supporter; but as he is, every butcher or tripe-man that pays tithes, is a much better.

THE REVEREND MR. MILLS,

A Suspected Parson.

This parson, who resides at Bath, has been charged with an unnatural offence, and been admitted to bail in two sureties of 200*l.* each and himself in 800*l.* The amount of bail required is a proof that the charges against him are of a most formidable nature; his benefice is stated to be one of 700*l.* per annum and the amount of his small tithes probably are 500*l.* more. There are many gross practices in the modes of taking bail; we have an instance of it in the case of the bishop of Clogher, who, if he had been detained, would have been hanged; it is a subject well worthy of being laid before Parliament by those acquainted with our Criminal Laws: if Mr. Mills be condemned, we shall expose him with scorn; if he be acquitted, we shall announce it with pleasure, as a proof that one good sheep is to be found in a flock where the rot hath so long prevailed; he has time before the session to consult Him, whose minister he is: "purge me with hysop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

FATHER-IN-GOD,

PERCY JOCELYN, LORD-BISHOP OF CLOGHER,

Commissioner of the Board of Education, Member of the Society for Relief of Foreigners in Distress, Distributor of Bibles, and Member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, charged with divers nasty, wicked, filthy, lewd, beastly, and unnatural practices, &c.

"Oh! my offence is rank—it smells to Heaven!"

This notorious case has occupied the public attention ever since its occurrence in the month of July, 1822; universal opinion has been so very loudly expressed, and judgment pronounced on the Reverend miscreant, by a thousand tongues so emphatically declared, that any thing we can say on so odious a subject, would be waste of words. Therefore, we content ourselves with a brief statement of the leading facts, leaving all the minor and filthy part of the transaction to soil the fingers of those who delight to dabble in sin.

The Bishop is a man past the meridian of life, and has been nine years a disgrace to the mitre; he is brother to the late, and uncle to the present Earl of Roden.

The Bishop was detected in a back-room of the White Lion, a common Public House in Saint Alban's-Place, St. James's, in a situation with a private Soldier of the guards, named Movelly, which led to his instant apprehension, and being conducted with his companion in guilt to the Watch-house, where---so quickly does fear produce contrition, he was heard praying aloud to God for mercy; as he conceived that his time was fixed and all his days numbered, which, if justice had been done to him, would have been the case; he was at this time bleeding in the body from the proper ill-usage he experienced from the mob, the female part of which were roused in vengeance beyond the power of man to controul. The hearts of these miscreants were rent with vexation at being detected, and fears for their approaching fate, their garments were rent in pieces by the enraged multitude. The Bishop with truth could have exclaimed, "they parted my vesture amongst them, and at my garment they cast lots," for his small-clothes were torn into a hundred shreds, and there were more lots cast at his black coat, than it took to knock out the

brains of St. Stephen. Notwithstanding the depositions of seven witnesses, who observed the transaction through a window, a door was opened for the bishop to creep out of in safety — he was admitted to bail in sureties to the amount of one thousand pounds; and, a few days after, the same favor was granted to the soldier, and the gallows missed its due. A solemn council of wise-acres, and a pantomime of clerical procrastination, at last degraded Percy Jocelyn from his dignities. This the Bishop cared little about, for he was safe in France; and on the evening that he was released from the watch-house, he sailed from Ramsgate in a small boat, and landed at Ostend, bidding adieu to the land he had dishonoured by his crimes; being compelled to *turn his back* upon his own interests, and become a fugitive and a vagabond upon the face of the earth. What added greatly to the Public indignation against this “gifted Bishop,” was the fact, that several years before he had attempted to commit the same crime upon a poor man named Beddy. That atrocity is as follows: John Beddy, a servant, a few years before, in the household of the Earl of Roden, who was followed while in that service into the necessary by the Bishop, then on a visit at his brother’s house, and was there importuned and assailed, both by promises and force, in order to induce him to comply with the Bishop’s unnatural desires. Beddy, in return, gave him such a beating, and left his face so disfigured, as obliged him to keep his room for a fortnight; while the family said the Bishop had had a paralytic stroke, and hurt himself in the fall. (See *Life of Byrne*, published by O’Neil.) Another instance of greater infamy occurred in the case of James Byrne, who was convicted of *falsely charging* the Right Reverend Father with a nameless crime, and received a severe flogging at a cart’s tail in the streets of Dublin, and suffered also imprisonment for having dared to be virtuous and having spoken truth of the depraved Minister of God. The Brother of the Bishop, after presenting the wife of the tortured Byrne with four tenpenny pieces and a brass shilling, told her “*She was a young woman, and ought to earn her bread in any manner she could.*” This man is also a distributor of Bibles, and a member of the Vice Society. It is not possible to conceive greater miseries than this innocent victim of the Bishop’s lust endured, when he was starving

in prison for lack of food. The Rev. Mr. Jones, a gaol inspector, more properly speaking, an inquisitor, came into the convict-yard, called all the criminals around him, and with the voice of a malignant demon, proclaimed them as innocent lambs, compared with that wretch (pointing to Byrne for whom the gates of hell were open and ready to receive him for slandering a holy prelate. A subscription was set on foot for this martyr, not one of the Jocelyn family made an atonement for the Bishop's guilt, by an offering of a single penny; and the clergy, in place of rejoicing at the removal of so detestable a villain from amongst them, were only vexed at the exposure, and so hardened were their hearts, that, with the exception of three or four solitary individuals, no parson poured the balm of charity into the poor sufferer's wounds, and not one brother Bishop came forward, but by their silence gave reason to suppose that they still respected the degraded monster, because he had once worn a mitre; and felt no charity for him who had suffered unjustly for the sins of one of the chief among their number.

We have ascertained that the income of the Bishop of Clogher was more than 20,000*l.* a year; the fortune he must have laid by is beyond belief; for, so mean was he, that except in an ostentatious manner, his hand was never open to relieve the poor: he had only a few rooms in the palace fitted up for his reception when he visited his diocese, to receive his dues; he had no town house either in Dublin or London; in Dublin his chariots stood at livery, and he had only one servant to attend him, and that a wretch like himself, his man-mistress, of whose villainy much is said in the account of Byrne's case;--if the income of this Bishop had been less, the time he devoted to hoarding up ill-gotten gains would have been better employed in attending to the instruction of his neglected flock, and the salvation of his own soul; but thus it is with many of the higher clergy; their immense revenues placed them above the humble duties of religion, and instead of washing the feet of the poor, as their Divine Master did; they trample upon their heads with all the dignity of cruelty and worldly pride. The services he performed for his immense revenue, was to neglect his pastoral duties and to go about debauching and corrupting men's minds and bodies, and leaving their souls without hopes of redemp-

tion. To know some of the solemn ties which this detestable miscreant so shamefully broke, let the reader merely turn to the service performed at the consecration of a bishop, where he swears "he is ready to do any thing, the Lord being his helper:" that the Lord had any helping hand, either in the Bishop's guilt or escape from punishment, it is blasphemy against his name to imagine; but yet this monster, who "believed himself to be called by the Spirit of God," acted at the instigation of the Devil. It is scarcely possible to contemplate with patience the magnitude of this man's crimes and the offices he held; his enormous worldly gains; his power; the splendour in which he moved; and the endless advantages appertaining to his rank and dignity; wealth and honours were bestowed upon the worthless being with wasteful profusion, and when he should have been suspended on a gibbet, he was roaming abroad heavy in purse and crime.

No lasting prosperity ever attends on the guilty or their associates. It is not to Bishops only we must look for an example of virtuous love and resigned content; they are, alas! too worldly, their hopes and wishes are

————— in Courts to shine,

With power too great to keep, or to resign.

In France this delinquent has found a cordial reception, he has not ever disguised his name; but has been publicly seen in the first French Society on the Boulevards, and at Very's the Restaurateurs, in the "Palais Royale," nor should we be astonished to find him introduced at the Thuilleries, where "Carbray" and others of his stamp are received, as if they were honest men.

It is rather singular that the seat of the Muses, the bower of Love, where the modern Anacreon, the sweetest Bard that ever sang in the train of Venus, selected his place of repose, should also be chosen by the unnatural monster of depravity for his abode; he, in fact, has taken up his residence in the cottage just quitted by Thomas Moore! We dismiss the father-in-God Percy Jocelyn with bitter contempt, and at the day of judgement there must be more jostling and shoving than Lord Byron describes, if such a fellow slips into heaven and deprives the fire of hell of such a deserving faggot.

THE REVEREND SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY, BART.

Dean of Ely.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

Sir Henry Bate Dudley owes his preferments in the church to political conduct and private favor ; he was for a long time hackney writer to various London Journals, and at length became a proprietor of the Morning Post, wherein his pen was employed to praise indiscriminately every act of government, right or wrong, and vilify and abuse all its opponents, who dared to oppose truth against the numerous falsehoods of the Morning Post. Like the profligate satirist, Churchill, he was called, in derision Parson Bate. For some years he made himself conspicuous as proprietor of the Morning Herald, a paper, it is supposed principally supported by the Treasury, as, under his direction, it sunk so low as often not to sell sufficient numbers to defray the expence of printing. Parson Bate was an avowed favourite of a certain Illustrious Personage ; and at one period of his life might be seen arm in arm with him parading Pall Mall ; and entering those places which bear an opposite name to the heaven it was Mr. Bate's duty to point out to his friends and all mankind.

Moreover, Parson Bate has had his portion of meat at the King's table ; and to the King's kindness he is indebted for the well supplied table he now enjoys at the public expense, as Dean of Ely ; he has sold his share in the Morning Herald, and his absence has made the paper respectable. Mr. Bate was once President of the Dublin Farming Society ; and that too he helped to bring into contempt, by substituting politics and Orange principles for ploughs, premiums, and philanthropy.

At a time when the people were nearly in a state of starvation, he appeared in the market place at Ely, as a Magistrate, and by the strength of his arm, shewed himself better qualified for a *pillar* of the Fives court, than a pillar to support a mild and peaceable church. We never heard of any sermons preached or published by him, but his novels are notorious ; they will be read, when Smollet

and Fielding are forgotten. Yes, then they will be read, and not till then.

To sum up this time-serving parson's character, in a few words, for we have already done him too much honour by our notice, we give an extract from the trial between the Countess of Strathmore and A. R. S. Bowes, Esquire, published in 1799, by J. Gill, at No. 16, Paternoster Row.

"Mr. Stoney had previously married a lady of fortune, near Newcastle, who soon after died, having spent the money he got by her, and becoming a bankrupt, he *conspired* with *Parson Bate*, then editor of the *Morning Post*, to impose upon Lady Strathmore; when, in order to execute their plan, a sham duel was fought under pretence of vindicating Lady Strathmore from *libels* inserted in the *Morning Post* by *Parson Bate*; in which duel nothing really suffered but a looking glass broke by the combatants. Mr. Stoney pretended to have been wounded, and Lady Strathmore, impressed with gratitude, gave her hand to him, when he took the name of Bowes." Vide trial page 4.

Whoever is acquainted with the horrid treatment Lady Strathmore experienced from Bowes, must detest and abhor the Man who put her in his power by such an infamous plot as the above extract relates. Let the faults of a woman be ever so great, they *can* be no extenuation of a man's cruelty. Yet this *Parson Bate* is not only a pillar of the church, but a corner stone of the building. The Cathedral of Ely is very old, if it should fall suddenly in tempestuous weather, no one will be sorry if parson Bate should at the time for once be under its roof, attending to his long-neglected duties.

THE PREACHER ORENSHAW.

"For this sort, are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden with sins: led away with divers lusts: men of corrupt minds."

1st. Tim. 3 Chap.

Is one of those notorious Methodists who infest the North of England, and impose upon the poor, that put their trust in them; his name and character are well known, and despised; in the course of his labours at a love feast, near Hexham, in Northumberland, he se-

duced a poor girl, named Ellen Pots, one of 13 children, who helped to support her father, (laid up by sickness) and her younger sisters; the consequence was, she became pregnant, was dismissed from her place of a farmer's servant, and died in the workhouse ; at the time he did this deed, he paid his addresses to a young woman, who had the sum of 23l. in a saving bank; this he persuaded her to entrust to him, for the purpose of providing a residence for her when she became his wife ; he left the country, and she heard of her money no more ; he also collected, under pretence of building a place of worship, from his infatuated disciples a sum of 200l ; and one woman actually confessed that she robbed her husband of 27l. at divers times, which she gave to him, besides tea, sugar, and other things from the shop, for which he paid by becoming the father of two children in the husband's place. These children are now beggars, and the mother wrung by remorse, plunged into the river Tyne, and perished, a miserable victim to the lust and avarice of a ranting, hypocritical Methodist. The fellow has changed his name, and is still pursuing his calling some where in the West of England, where his crimes are unknown, and we are promised by a friend a clue by which we shall be able to ferret him from his hole, and put an end to his infamous career.

OF THE REVEREND ROBERT CHANDLER,

Bruiser.

This gentleman held two livings in Derbyshire, where he is well known as a boxer and a fox-hunter ; there was not a more furious rider ever took the field ; he did not run faster over the church service than he did over five-barred gates and ploughed fields : he was always the last at church, and the first in a stable ; he was sure to be in at the death of a fox, and always ready to bury his head in the evening bowl of punch ; but at the death-bed or burying of one of his flock, he was seldom seen ; he was thrown out and distanced in many of his religious duties ; he was once suspended for adultery with his brother's wife, to whom he boasted he had given an heir, in the market at Derby ; he fought two far-

mers about a tavern bill, and beat them both. At a ball in Litchfield, he challenged Lord Derby to turn out and have a round, which was declined, and he suffered a reprimand from his Bishop. He was very intimate with Tom Cox, who kept the bagnio under Covent-Garden Piazzas, next to the Piazza coffee-house, and he lodged with Tom whenever he came to London. All the girls considered him as a Father Confessor. It must, however, be acknowledged that he was oftener at Bow-street than became his sacred character. He once fought Waddy, a performer at Drury-lane theatre, for the possession of a wench, a regular combat in the back parlour of the Brown Bear, in Bow-street, and came off victorious, though both slept in the watch-house, and were fined by the Magistrates. About five years ago, he took it in his head to be jealous of his wife with a Mr. Hall, a man of great property in his parish, and he one day descended from his pulpit in the midst of the sermon, kicked, cuffed, and turned Mr. Hall out of the Church, for which he was afterwards suspended, and his livings placed under sequestration. He repeatedly challenged Mr. Hall, who declined meeting him; he followed Mr. Hall to London, where he was arrested for debt, and remained three years in the Bench, where his wife sat up a boarding school, and had the patronage of the first families belonging to the county; when released, he was restored to his livings and settled again with his family; but intoxication had become such a prevailing habit, that he was constantly making himself obnoxious to all his neighbours: he has been known to attend a cocking match at Derby on Saturday afternoon; a card club in the evening: and a supper at midnight which ended in a battle; on Sunday he mounted the pulpit with two black eyes and his head giddy with drink. Eventually he again relapsed into a jealousy of Mr. Hall, and made an attempt to horsewhip him, but got the worst of it; finally his livings were once more put under interdiction, and he himself thrown into Derby Gaol for a large debt, where he remains at this day, and will probably die there.

This jolly fellow continues in the practice of his convivialities, and is "bang up" Parson to the prison, many pray themselves into eminence; but Parson Chandler has boxed his way to hard earned celebrity, and whenever he goes, will leave behind him a name not easily

paralleled : like Nimrod, he has been “ a mighty hunter on the face of the earth ;” and we sincerely trust when his soul breaks cover in another world, he may ride secure over the storms of judgment, into the shelter of eternal peace and security. This is the first *Boxing pillar* of the Church we have had to *knock down* for the information of our readers, and in time we shall raise up many more equally worthy of record.

PETITION OF THE LONDON CLERGY.

PRESENTED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ON THURSDAY,
MARCH 24th, 1819.

With remarks thereon applicable to the present time, and shewing the absolute necessity for an exposure of the Crimes of the Clergy.

“ That before the fire of London in 1666, the incumbents of livings in that city and the liberties thereof, were entitled, under a decree of Commissioners, made pursuant to an act of Henry VIII. to payment in lieu of tithes at the rate of two and ninepence in the pound, on the rents of the houses, shops, warehouses, and other buildings in their respective parishes. That the said fire having destroyed or damaged eighty-five parish churches, it was, by an act passed the twenty-second of Charles II. enacted, that thirty-four of the said churches should not be rebuilt, but the parishes to which they belonged should be united to others. And by another act of the twenty-second and twenty-third years of the said King, the tithes, or sums of money in lieu of tithes, in the parishes suffering by the fire, were settled at specific yearly sums in lieu of tithes, to be levied by an equal rate on the houses and other buildings in each parish, over and above glebes, gifts, and perquisites. That by the before mentioned act, passed in the forty-fourth year of George III. the aforesaid sums were augmented, but do not exceed one sixth part of what the tithe would produce under the act of the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII. if paid in *bona-fide* rents. The Petitioners therefore humbly submit their

case to the consideration of the House, and humbly pray, that leave may be given to bring in a bill for their relief, by amending the said act of the forty-fourth George III. and providing an increase of the sums paid in lieu of tithes, &c."

This modest petition was formally presented to the House, on the fourth of February, but only actually debated upon on the twenty-fourth of March. A Committee had reported that the petitioners had not proved the allegations of their petition, on the good ground that the Decree of Henry VIII. was not enrolled; consequently this decree never had been in force, and the petitioners had no claim upon it; in the Statutes at Large, of Tomlin and Raithby, this note is placed at the bottom of the decree. "N. B. This decree is not enrolled in the Court of Chancery, nor in any roll belonging to that Court or any other; neither is it annexed to the roll of the Act of Parliament Rolls, neither is it to be found in any of the old editions of the Statutes themselves, it first appeared in Ratsell's Abridgement of the Statutes, printed in 1555."

The Committee were of opinion that this decree never had possessed any validity, and probably the very thing which induces us to publish this exposition of clerical feelings influenced the Committee in that decision—the conduct of the Clergy themselves—it is clear that they want to gain by progressive Acts of Parliament—an object, which if declared at once, would disgust every one from its rapaciousness—nothing less than one-sixth of the rental of London is what they wish to obtain, and it becomes every man to determine that they never shall obtain it; some may say this is not treating the Clergy liberally, for our parts, we are of opinion they have no right to liberal treatment, inasmuch as they have brought up an act with which they have not any thing to do, but exhibit the craving and rapacious spirit which actuates them.

The Act of twenty-second of Charles II. has justly settled the claims of the thirty-five Clergymen, whose parishes were amalgamated with others by the Fire Act.

These men are now absolutely receiving upon an average 500l. a year; twenty-five of them are Pluralists, and amongst

the fattest pluralists of the Reverend profession, and yet they have the assurance to say, that the stipends they receive from the city are so small that it is not worth their while to reside : we know the reason, it suits their purpose better to reside any where else. These poor Parsons are perhaps the best calculators in the metropolis—their care for the souls of their parishioners, is nothing equal to the care they take of themselves, and in place of occupying the houses belonging to their livings, they find it more profitable to let them out as shops and counting houses to those who can afford to pay exorbitant rents.

Not a few of these distressed incumbents receive annually from 1 to 2,000l.; and what do they pay their curates ? 60, 70 or 80l. a year, and some, in an excess of liberality, are so charitable as to allow them the surplice fees, amounting to 7 or 8l. per annum. For these Reverend Gentlemen to come before the public with a mockery of distress, is neither consistent with truth, nor the sacred character they are so well paid to sustain ; yet are they daily pestering the Lord-Mayor with cases they know he cannot decide. The Lord-Mayor has dismissed their petition, on the fact of the Act of Henry VIII. not being valid for want of enrolment. The parson intends carrying it up to the Lord Chancellor. The Rector of St. Andrew's (whose parish-clerk is his own brother, a post-captain in the royal navy) is only one of the many who are clamorous for what they have no claim ; if his clerkship is worthy the acceptance of an officer already drawing 300l. a year half-pay from the country, surely the Rector himself must be more rich than wise, and ought to be silent.

Certainly all the Clergy have not thrust themselves forward, but looking for a moment at those who have, they are all well provided for, both in and out of the city. The Parson of St. Peter's, Cornhill, a non-resident, receives 672l. per annum, and is also Vicar of Tottenham. The Parson of Allhallows has also the living of Stonesfield, and a stall in a Cathedral, and several minor canons of St. Paul's ; to which one parish alone pays 17,000l. per year : yet because these very men will not pay enough to men of talents for acting as Curates, many congrega-

tions are put to the heavy expence of hiring an evening lecturer. Ingratitude is very common amongst many city Parsons; him of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, was presented to his living by the parish, and no sooner than he was in possession, but he turns round and asks Parliament to tax his benefactors. St. Peter's, Cornhill, is in the same way, and the parson is moreover a pluralist. The Clergy have now no poor to support out of their tithes, as formerly, nor any churches to repair; they never were so well off as now, when they are endeavouring to excite discord and ill-blood in the city of London. We have not called the attention of our readers to these points on our own account, but for the sake of every individual around us. These guides and instructors of a civilized nation are themselves led astray by pride and avarice, and let those who wish to impress upon public notice the great respectability and exemplary conduct of the Clergy, look at the numbers of this work, and then lay their hands upon their hearts, and conscientiously declare whether they deserve a farthing more than they already receive from a generous and an insulted community.

THE REV. PARSON LATTON, D. D.

Vicar of Woodham, and Chaplain to the Forces under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, in the North of England, during Mr. Pitt's war against Revolutionary France.

“ From hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word and commandments, good Lord deliver us !”—COMMON PRAYER.

This reverend parson was born in Yorkshire, of reputable parents, and received his education at Oxford, from whence he removed to a curacy in the Borough of Southwark. His uncle had been British Consul at Tripoli, where he accumulated a small fortune, which he bequeathed to his nephew. It enabled him to give full swing to his inclinations, and he entered upon all the pleasures which the metropolis affords with ardent spirits. He became a second Charles Churchill. He boxed, fought duels, and his face was as familiar at the *bagnios* near

Covent Garden, as his name was in the public prints. His person was short and athletic; his knees struck against each other as he walked—or rather waddled along—consequently, his legs and feet were thrown out on each side, like props to support a tottering house from falling; in moving his arms, his elbows nearly met behind his back, and they flapped out like the sticks of a semaphore. He was not very unlike the picture of the Colossus of Rhodes in Dyke's old spelling books, if a bottle of wine had been placed in his right hand instead of a light-house. His manners were vulgar and offensive, and he was always more ready to give the *lye* than his *blessing*: yet was this ill-favoured person dreaded by the men, and a favourite of the ladies. The parson wrote verses, and was a keen and elegant satirist. The magazines of that period teemed with his productions. He was dreaded by the beaux, whom he lashed unmercifully, and his acquaintance with Sam Foote gave him opportunities of exposing on the public stage those who had offended him in private. Foote, it is said, was indebted to him for assistance in his pieces, which shew much of that biting sarcasm that marked Parson Latton's disposition. He had an itch for low company, and his lodgings in Crooked Lane were often filled with bullies and strumpets. He had a narrow escape once in passing from Pickle-Herring Stairs to Wapping, by the boat upsetting, when two impures and a play-actor, his companions, were drowned. He made shift to swim to land, where he cursed himself for being such a fool as to trust himself in a boat when the bridge was so near.

He was very eloquent in the pulpit, and lectured for numerous churches at a stipulated price: and, for a guinea and his dinner, has been the means of drawing a hundred pounds from his auditor's purses.

He had no charity to hide his multitude of sins; and in his ordinary way of displaying his eloquence out of church, an oath was seldom out of his vocabulary of the vulgar tongue; in fact, "he was clothed with curses as with a raiment."

The wife of a Dutch merchant became a prey to Parson Latton's lust; five hundred pounds damages were given against

him; having no means of immediately raising this sum, he had no alternative but a gaol or matrimony. A very ugly young milliner, who kept a shop in St. George's Fields, had long cast an amorous eye upon the divine. She possessed no more delicacy than himself. She paid his damages, and he rubbed off the score by presenting her with his comely person. He now became chaplain to a noble Earl, (Sandwich) and threw up his curacy. The congregation presented him with a piece of plate, valued at one hundred pounds, which he sold, on the evening it was sent to his lodgings, for fifty guineas and four dozen of claret, to old Price, the keeper of a brothel in Union Street.

At this period of his fortunes, he formed an intimacy with the unfortunate Mr. Hackman, parson, of Gosport, so well remembered for having shot Miss Reay, the mistress of Lord Sandwich, at the door of the Opera House, because she refused to leave her keeper, and live with him.

Latton attended his friend in Newgate, and he left him a considerable sum of money after his execution. No doubt existed in Lord Sandwich's mind that his chaplain was privy to the intrigue that ended so fatally, and he dismissed him from his service.

Latton was not to be so easily put off; he assisted Herbert Croft (another worthy, who quitted the church for the bar, and lived by promulgating slander) in writing a book called "Love and Madness," detailing, in a series of letters, the whole of the correspondence between Hackman and Miss Reay. The noble earl was stigmatized in it by the nick-name of "Auld Robin Gray," a title he carried to his grave. The book was a voluptuous and indecent compound of truth and lies, of which Lord Sandwich prevented a second edition, with additions, by giving Croft a situation in a foreign embassy, and Latton the Vicarage of Woodham, worth about eight hundred pounds per annum.

Latton, with his wife and three daughters, retired to this benefice, where he lived far beyond his means, and was disliked by all his parishioners.

The vicarage-house had within its walls three several girls that bore children to their reverend master, which were brought up as if legally ushered into the family. Mrs. Latton was truly qualified, in point of indifference, to have been the mother of all mankind: she—good easy woman!—never murmured, and verily thought her husband could do no wrong. He was a perfect Pharisee, overgrown with pride, squabbling at all county meetings for a seat in the first place, never reflecting that a time would arise “when the first should be last, and the last first.” He borrowed money from all that would lend, and which he scorned to pay; his mouth was ever open to speak the words of charity, but his hand was always shut; he was not one to “cast his bread upon the waters, in hopes to find it after many days;” with him, “a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush,” and he would not go about the bush to delude his prey, but seize boldly upon it at once; he remembered not how his maker had borne with him, but shewed no mercy to those in his power, like Saul, before his eyes were opened “he went about breathing threatenings and slaughter, haling men to prison,” and “muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn” for his own benefit.

He was not one of those “dumb dogs” alluded to in the opening essay to this work, but had the voice of a Stentor—

“Which always echoed long and loud,

“Like thunder pealing from a cloud.”

The strength of his lungs made him heard in spite of the roaring of the northern ocean, when he preached to ten thousand men, encamped on the sea-sands near North Shields. The Duke of Gloucester appointed him to this office, probably knowing little of his private character, and admiring his eloquence. His drunkenness and debaucheries came to the Duke’s ears, and Latton was dismissed from being the soldiers’ comforter. He has more than once been dragged home by his poney with his foot in the saddle stirrup, and has dismounted to thrash a toll-gatherer about a penny. He was once caught by a cottager with his daughter, in the church-porch, on a Sunday evening; he beat the poor man most cruelly, and on the fol-

lowing week seized and sold his little all for non-payment of tithes, and when the daughter came to beg her seducer's mercy, he told her to "go to the camp, as she was well qualified to become a soldier's troll!"

Latton had been chaplain to the troops four years, at a salary of two hundred pounds. The Duke of Gloucester, who knew and pitied his family, honoured them with a visit; he lamented the failings of Mr. Latton, which had caused him to be dismissed, and said it was always his intention to have added an additional one hundred pounds a-year to his salary. "He is," said the Duke, "totally unworthy of it, and I therefore present it to each of these young ladies," to whom he then handed bank-notes for one hundred pounds.

This generous act deserves to be recorded; the example was lost upon the parson; he continued to abuse and vilify the Duke wherever he went, but Providence put an end to his career of infamy in a manner no less dreadful than just. The races took place on the sands, as usual, in the summer of 1797, and Parson Latton borrowed from a farmer's wife, with whom he cohabited, twenty pounds, and hastened to waste it in betting. He was remarkably short-sighted, and crossing the course on his poney, one of the racers, running at full speed, struck him with his head in the chest; he fell to the earth, and expired. Every one present considered it a judgment for his sins; and as he had lived despised, he died unlamented.

There is a time "when the wicked shall fall," and no one can save. Death came upon this man "like a thief in the night;" he had not time to "smite his bosom," and exclaim—"God be merciful to me, a sinner!"—but, laden with sins, rushed into the presence of an offended deity, inflexible in judgment, and rewarding every man according to his works.

We draw the veil of silence over an infamous memory. The church, in losing such a pillar of corruption, gains support; and it is for the glory of religion that such sinners prove in their deaths, that "the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

THE REVEREND JOHN GORDON,

Degraded from the Priesthood for being his brother's Bully, and assisting him in forcibly carrying off the person of Antonia Lee.

“Comest thou against me as a thief, with swords and with staves.”

Mrs. Antoinetta, or Antonia Lee, was the natural daughter of Lord Le Despencer. She was married to a Mr. Lee, from whom she lived separate at the time when the Gordons planned and executed their scheme of abduction. She was a singular character, and if we may judge from her published writings, was very ill furnished with intellect, if not tinctured with insanity. She had a considerable fortune at her own disposal, to share in which the Gordons determined to get her into their power. Lockhart Gordon seized and put her into a post-chaise, whilst the Reverend John Gordon stood guard over the servants, with a naked sword and pistols. They hurried her off towards Scotland. John Gordon, at one of the inns, watched her chamber door whilst his brother forcibly cohabited with her. Eventually, Mrs. Lee made her escape from their hands, and the two brothers were tried at Oxford, one for committing a rape, and the other for aiding and assisting in its execution. They were both acquitted; and shortly after, on the death of Mrs. Lee, Lockhart Gordon married the woman who had endeavoured to swear away his life!—his brother performing the ceremony! This conduct of the reverend gentleman showed him so deficient in morality, that he got his discharge from the bishop, which he ought to have had for the first offence. A minister of the gospel, riding armed through a country, and standing centinel at a tavern door, the scene of filthy prostitution, should not have been tolerated an hour in his office. It is no excuse to say that the woman was equally criminal; it was evident that she, at first, was no willing victim, or the parson would not have gone armed cap-a-pee to the field. A bullying parson is a most despicable character; Mr.

Gordon forgot his precepts "who was led like a sheep to the slaughter," and endeavoured to "thrive by the sword:" he has suffered for his vehemence, and the church would be well rid of all those who presume to arm themselves with any mail but the garb of humility, and combat with any weapons but those of truth, "breathing peace on earth, and good will to mankind."

GRAVE ROBBERY IN SAINT ANN'S CHURCH-YARD.

True statement and just reflections, upon a grave robbery, committed in the Church-yard of Saint Ann's, Soho, when the child of Mr. Nott, No. 5, Richmond Street, was deprived of its covering, after being ten months buried.

That the corruptions of the church are caused by the crimes of the clergy we are ready to maintain, and if all ministers are not guilty of crime, many of them are guilty of neglect; there has an instance of this come to our knowledge, even in our own Parish, which, however it may have been huddled up and withheld from public animadversion for a time, is now destined to appear in all its deformity. About a year ago, a person named Nott, by trade a Shoemaker, living at No. 5, Richmond Street, buried a child in the church-yard of St. Ann's, Soho. About ten months after some children at play near the churchyard, observed several boards flung out to be carried away for firewood, and amongst them the lid of a coffin bearing the inscription of Mr. Nott's child, they carried it to him, and he instantly had all the parties, consisting of Vestry Clerks, Sextons, &c. up to Marlborough Street, it was acknowledged that in order to cause bodies to corrupt sooner and make room in the burying ground, it was customary to remove the coffin lids. Mr. Nott was satisfied on inspection that his infant's body had not been removed, and thus he was induced to comply with the anxious desire of the persons concerned, to keep the atrocity a secret; we have seen and had the coffin lid in our hand, and pledge

our reputation for the truth of this sacrilegious kind of robbery. Would it not be preferable, if such deeds are permitted merely in the first instance to put the body in the earth wrapt only in a shroud, than to have it afterwards disturbed in its last retreat by villains' hands, who ransack the cold grave for firewood to warm their hardened hearts—in fact, at this rate every one that buries his friend or relation in a coffin is only contributing to a stock of firewood for the kitchens of parish officers. The resurrection man is innocent compared to such body strippers,—he can plead the benefits accruing to anatomy and the future salvation of life for furnishing a dead body to the surgeons. But here, the selfish motive of creating space—for the sake of receiving burial fees, or saving the purchase of firewood, or selling the coffins to obtain luxuries are the real motives for this unhallowed plunder of the beloved dead.

Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their hallowed fires.

For our parts, we are accustomed to look with reverence and respect to the place where repose the ashes of forms once so dear to us in a state of existence. 'The voice of nature is heard from the tomb;' when we tread over the spot where we stood in speechless agony, and took a last look, and sighed a solemn farewell to some tender bosom tie broken by the relentless hand of death, we reflect that the corruptions of the body, which held a soul so fair, will not be subject to the conscious glances of assuming men, but be hidden from every eye, but that of the All-seeing Power.

The tomb—the consecrated dome,
The temple rais'd to peace;
The port that to its friendly home,
Compels the human race:

we think will not be rifled; we look upon it, and say with holy Jacob, when at Bethel "It is good to be here, surely the Lord is in this place," but alas, the consecrated dome affords no security from the tomb robber, and the yawning grave is com-

pelled either to give up her dead to be mangled by the knife of the human butcher, or the covering which decency placed over the tenant is torn away, and the christian's body sleeping "in hopes of a glorious resurrection," is left in a state worse than that of a dog in a ditch, and the vehicle that God made worthy of holding the bright spark of celestial fire is worse used than the carcase of a beast of the field. We have often in our meditative moods, when treading amongst graves, and perusing the perishable but affectionate memorials placed by the living over the dead—thought of the time when we also shall be at rest and hid from the world and all its woes, wrapt in pleasing hope we have raised our eyes to him "who walketh on the wings of the wind" and, has provided a refuge where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," again casting our eyes upon the lowly sod, where uttered with awe—

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
 In still small accents whispering from the ground
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

But alas, 'the wicked cease not from troubling' even when life is extinct, and the grave must be robbed to light a fire before which gluttons and drunkards assemble, where a future state is never thought of, and a breathless body held in contempt : and do such men ever search seriously their own breasts—if they did, they would learn from the impulse of nature, unassisted by religion, to respect the feelings of others.

Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
 But that which warm'd it once, can never die.

Is it not, we seriously ask, the duty of the parish clergyman to watch over these things—surely they cannot be unknown to him. The churchyard is equally consecrated with the church, and ought equally to be his care ; that there has been gross neglect somewhere this fact proves, and it behoves every one in this parish, to be strict and cautious how he trusts a body in a place which is accessible to unhallowed robbers, some other

pledge is called for than the earth, which for a few inches covers the body, that its sanctuary shall be secure. We are not accusing the minister of St. Ann's with encouraging such deeds, but we call upon him in the exercise of his sacred duties to watch over his underlings, and see that when he pronounces a last requiem over the corpse, it is safe in its 'narrow house,' and disturbed no more.

We have said sufficient to awaken the feelings of all who read; and we hope arouse some more powerful than we are to wipe away this stain—prevent a recurrence of actions which 'harrow up the soul,' and by some future strong regulations, atone for the past and do justice to the living and the dead.

9, *Castle Street.*

W. B.

TO THE PARISHIONERS OF ST. ANN'S SOHO, &c.

It is with painful feelings we call your attention to a subject, which ought not to be overlooked. There are few but think our parish rates are already almost too grievous to be borne, and it becomes the duty of every individual, as far as in him lies, to lessen generally the burthens of all; it is fit that the industrious poor should be supported, of which we have a heavy and deserving number, whose claims upon our humanity demand greater relief than in the present stagnation of all trade and public business, we can afford; whilst we try to ameliorate the sufferings of those, who from their situation as actual parishioners have a legal claim to our protection, let us be cautious how we permit interlopers to come amongst us, and eat the bread of others, thereby circumscribing our efforts, and reducing the pittance allotted to our own poor. The utmost vigilance of the parish officers is required to prevent these intrusions, and in spite of their praise-worthy attention, no doubt we suffer in common with other parishes, greatly from impostors.

If a poor man attempts to impose upon us, we may be ex-

cused from not being so severe as justice requires, from a fear that real want may have some share in the imposition, and we would rather ten guilty should escape than one innocent suffer, but if a rich man intrudes upon our springs of benevolence, we are in duty bound to repel the attempt with indignation, and punish the offender by an exposure of his real name, character and motives.

The parish have an opportunity of doing this, the materials they will find by reading the following account of a *Parson Chisholm*, who, either to divert suspicion from his evil ways, or to shift the burden of his bastards from the parish where an exposure might to him be fatal in its consequences, removes the object of his lust from place to place, to avoid detection.

The children were born as follows:—

The first, in St. James's. The second, fourth and fifth, in St. Margaret's. The third in St. Ann's—all parishes of Westminster. We have done a painful duty; and by exposure endeavoured to make this parson do his, and provide for his offspring; if he values his comforts in this world, and his hopes in the next, he will immediately wipe away a stigma which will even affect his innocent family; we leave it now in the hands of the Parochial Guardians of the poor of Westminster to see, that we who pay the rates are not thus imposed upon, and our own legalized poor stinted in their allowances from its being shared with wealthy men's bastards, who have fathers able, but not willing to support them.

COFFIN PLUNDERING.—We have only to direct our fellow Parishioners, to a careful perusal of the truths which our statement contains, and we defy them to be contradicted. W. B.

PARSON CHISHOLM,

Of Hammersmith, who has Five Bastard Children by Sarah Heals, alias Mrs. Scott, who resides at No. 5, William Street, Pimlico.

“Now Sarah was fair to look upon,”

This parson is a Member of the Society for the Suppression

of Vice, a society which appears to be formed of corrupt minds, and bears in itself the embers which will in time kindle into flame, and promote its own destruction. The parson is moreover a schoolmaster, a man who takes upon himself to train up children in the way they should go. Woe be to the rising generation if they follow the detestable example of "the wicked man set over them," every one who regards the moral lives of their offspring will do well to consider, that from the tuition of this parson, they are likely to receive from him an impression of guilt which can never be effaced.

This venerable parson has a wife, and a large family of sons and daughters. Two of these sons are also clergymen of the established church: implicitly following the text of scripture, "to increase and multiply," he cast his eye upon a country girl, whom his wife had hired as a servant, this unhappy girl fell sick of a fever, and during that time, when she should have been an object of his parental care, he took advantage of the weak state of her body and mind to accomplish her seduction; after her recovery, he removed her into lodgings in Princes-street, in the parish of St. James's, where she was delivered. The parson was not suspected as being the father, his exterior deportment denoted virtue and sanctity, and his language in the pulpit seemed to come from the heart of purity and truth.

At parish meetings none was more severe than he in reprobating the crime of fornication, and he often regretted that the laws against bastrady were not more rigid—he seemed actuated by the spirit of Phineas, and would have slain the sinner, without giving them time for repentance.

Possibly at the time he was so vehement, he might be sincere; temptation had not come in his way, and he confided too much in his own strength. Sarah's innocence of heart and looks captivated him, and like the regal fornicator of proverbial memory, he compared "her eyes to the fish-pools of Heshbon, and her nose to a strong tower that looked towards Damascus."

Meanness was the occasion of this very discreet fornicator being first exposed. He was daily preaching up the doctrine of "sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor," and "he

that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," but he forgot the poor victim of his lust, who, by entreaties, could scarce get enough from him for her daily support. One Sunday, however, he was entering his church, clad in his canonicals, when the man at whose house Sarah lodged, demanded from him the payment of three pounds, arrears of rent, and threatened to expose him before all the congregation. The parson promised to call and settle it, which he did, after having delivered an impressive sermon from the text—"From fornication, and all other deadly sins, good Lord deliver us!" He was moreover guilty of lies and deceit to conceal his infamy. Sarah Heals, by his instruction, changed her name to Scott, and reported that her husband had gone to sea, and her seducer, clothed in homely apparel, like a country farmer, visited her as her uncle. The children also gave him that appellation, and *old uncle* often remained all night with his niece, to whom the neighbours remarked, he was very kind, for they often saw him take her on his knee, and "greet her with a holy kiss!"

Parson Chisholm is now old: the "years of his pilgrimage" probably are threescore, and his frame debilitated; he will soon "be gathered to his fathers," and he who followed "the lusts of the flesh" will very shortly "go the way of all flesh," burthened with sins. He has not even made any provision for his unfortunate concubine in case of his death, when she must be thrown upon the parish for support.

Thus we find, that the very man who should set his parishioners a good example, becoming himself an example of infamy, and not content with receiving a tenth of every man's property, burthens them with the expence of supporting the companion of his lascivious hours, and her large family.

Sarah Heals might now have been the respected wife of some decent tradesman but for this hoary seducer! She was innocent and pure, he made her guilty and defiled: she was esteemed, and he caused her to be despised. The only reparation now in his power, is to settle some provision upon her and the children—a poor atonement for the havoc he has made. He has escaped unpunished in this world, but this par-

son ought to recollect that "his kingdom is not of this world," and God will judge "whoremongers and adulterers" when time is over, and worlds have passed away.

We hope they will endeavour to persuade this father to provide for his lost concubine, and "remove iniquity far from his sight," as it must be distressing to his family to reflect on his impiety and injustice.

But decency, in Parson Chisholm's estimation, is of little value. We admonish him to repent in sackcloth and ashes, to humble himself before an offended God, who, if his contrition be sincere, may suffer his hoary head to go down to the grave in peace.

These exposures are to us very painful, particularly when the living witnesses are so near home, but we have a duty to perform, in showing, from the characters of such parsons as this, that it is not the church or the doctrines of religion that are impure, but the hearts of so many of its ministers, and we are sorry to say that Parson Chisholm may be numbered the chief amongst transgressors.

We are acquainted with other secrets of this fornicator's career, but from a regard to his forlorn wife and family, we decline making them public, trusting we have said quite sufficient to awaken him to a sense of his guilt, and of his danger. He has ceased to be a support to the church, and has no right to conceive that the church is obliged to support him; he is to it a "cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night," overshadowing it by his guilt, and consuming it by his example.

THE REV. MR. COOPER,

Convicted of adultery with Lady Cadogan.

"Why wilt thou be ravished with a strange woman, and embrace the bosom of a stranger?" SOLOMON.

In every sphere of life adultery is odious; it is the bane of all domestic happiness and the destruction of all matrimonial bliss; in God's

commandments it is expressly prohibited, and the crime becomes doubly atrocious when perpetrated by a minister, whose profession it is to warn others from a sin which no atonement can justify, and that renders sorrow perpetual. Parson Cooper was the son of Sir Grey Cooper, a man of rank and consequence, and he was, moreover, the husband of an amiable woman, and father of a family, which aggravates his crime. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were inmates of Lord Cadogan's house, and treated with boundless hospitality, at a period when they needed the hand of friendship, to support Mr. Cooper under the consequences of his extravagant life, which bore severely upon him. By the basest arts, Mr. Cooper violated all the laws of hospitality, broke every tie of gratitude to his benefactor, and seduced his wife, the mother of his children; not content with this, he seduced her ladyship's servant to become his pander in a criminal concern against the injured husband; he made her the procuress to his lusts, and then removed her out of the way, in order to avert the judgment of the law from falling on his guilty head. Lady Cadogan was subject to violent convulsive fits, which probably affected her understanding as well as her body; and Mr. Cooper took advantage of a natural infirmity, which should have called forth his compassion, to rob her of the only jewel, valued above riches or health, virtue. A Miss Farly Bull was the agent employed; she sent the servants out of the way, and conveyed the reverend adulterer to and from her lady's chamber by night and by day; his *shirt* became the *surplice* in which he read prayers of profane love; and his dressing mantle of various hues, the gown in which he practically enforced sermons on the lusts of the flesh into the willing mind of Lady Cadogan; every part of the house was by times made a scene of adultery: and so infatuated was Lady Cadogan, that she visited him in his own chamber; where from ill health and the consequences of her dissolute habits, she was sick in the night as though she had taken an emetic; if she had exclaimed in the words of Solomon's song, "fill me with apples, for I am sick of love," and ceased to taste forbidden fruit, it had been well; but she was led step by step onwards by her reverend paramour, till guilt's certain punishment overtook them both. When Parson Cooper was tried for this crime in 1794, his counsel by every artifice tried in vain to palliate his offence: his base conduct ruined his amiable wife and family, and rendered him an outcast of society; amongst the many cases now before

us, none more monstrous than this has occurred to our notice ; well does Mr. Erskine say in his opening speech, “ the only way in which morals can be preserved, is by taking care of religion ; the defendant is himself a teacher of that religion which recommends to the practice of all its professors, moderation, forbearance, gratitude, and all the Christian virtues ; he is the man who violates them all, and ruins his own family in undoing the happiness of another.” This is a doctrine to which all honest hearts must subscribe ; Mr. Erskine dwelt not on the injury Mr. Parson Cooper had done to the Christian church. He was an apostate from the religion of which he was a teacher, and which was publicly enforced by him ; he has brought a stigma on the sacred profession to which he belongs which never can be effaced ; we quit this case with remarking how aggravated vice appears in characters whose functions in life demand a serious deportment, and a strict attention to behaviour, such as St. Paul recommends :—“ an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity, in giving attendance to reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine ;” nature revolts at such hypocritical baseness, and it is to be lamented that the law does not stretch a point where the title of reverend is degraded by a crime of such magnitude.

ACCOUNT OF

THE REVEREND HENRY HOGARTH,

Curate of Perath, School-master, Drunkard and Fiddler.

“ Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

This man is an unfortunate instance of an infatuation for spirituous liquors, rendering useless an excellent education, a naturally strong mind, and finally destroying a sound constitution in the morning of his days. Mr. Hogarth did not, like his illustrious ancestor, step in ignorance from the cold and cheerless threshold of bleak obscurity to be rocked in the cradle of adversity, and hushed to slumber by the voice of the storm. No ; he at once came forth classically educated and blessed with a competent fortune ; he was ordained by the Bishop of Durham and put into the Curacy of Perath, only as a means of giving him prac-

tice previous to his introduction into a Deanery, which his vices prevented him from ever enjoying.

For two years he fulfilled the duties of his curacy so as to escape censure, when he commenced novel writer, which led him to London; when he returned, he was not the same man; he fitted out his residence afresh in modern style, and employed a house-keeper whose character became as notorious as his own; he frequented a small town, and was the hero of all the little alehouses in it; he has often been rolled home from it, in a cart at twelve o'clock dead drunk; and in a state of stupefaction mounted the pulpit with two black eyes, and mumbled over the service; in process of time he spent all his private fortune, and resorted to any meanness to obtain liquor; he dismissed his house-keeper, who became a common prostitute: she then associated with a famous robber, named Winter, who was hanged for murder and hung in chains; his paramour was transported for life, leaving to the parish four children, three of which were the reverend parson's. Hogarth could play on the fiddle, which made him a welcome guest at the farm-houses, where he enlivened the "harvest homes," and winter "merry makings." The salary of his curacy was 25*l.* per annum, he lodged with a carpenter, and lived upon salt meat and biscuit, expending all he could inale at the village tavern.

The pall of velvet which is thrown over the coffins and his surplice formed his bed clothes, and beneath him was a sack stuffed with shavings from the carpenter's shop.

In his sober moments, he wrote sermons which he sold to the neighbouring parsons, and many of them gained reputation from preaching the effusions of a drunkard; he published by subscription two volumes of poems original and translated from the Greek, which were justly admired, but nothing could make him correct. Assisted by his Clerk, he drank the wine allotted for the Sacrament, leaving barely sufficient in each bottle for sacred purposes. The crop of hay in his church-yard he has sold to three different people, and joined with them afterwards in fighting for possession, swearing he had never disposed of it to either party; he lived in a state of adultery with a wretched old woman near sixty years old, who was one morning found dead at his side and he sound asleep, unconscious that death was so near a neighbour.

The Bishop who had long winked at his enormities was compelled to degrade him: he lost the curacy, and was employed by the farmers as a

day labourer, mowing hay and corn, hedging, ditching, and playing at the public-houses on the fiddle; his habits became regular, he left off drinking, and the gentlemen who knew him in better days again took an interest in his favour, and had him elected master of the Free School at a salary of 90*l* per annum, and a house to live in; he had now a fair prospect of redeeming his lost character, and passing the remainder of his days in competence and ease; but the evil spirit was not expelled; it only slept; he relapsed into his former habits, and was driven from the school.

Hogarth now commenced field preacher, and was often permitted to hold forth in the Chapel of the Methodists, where one evening he seized upon a sum of money, which his fanatical hearers had put down on the altar for a charitable purpose. A Mr. Bolam attempted to recover it from his grasp, when the fighting preacher drew forth a pistol from his breast, and shot him through the arm; he was suffered to go off in peace after this exploit, for which the injured person never prosecuted him. Various were the means he practised to lengthen out a miserable existence: he turned poacher, and sold his game to those at whose tables he had once sat as a welcome guest, and he slept in barns and stables, where the servants fed him with scraps from the kitchen; his body became emaciated and his understanding visibly affected: with a large owl on his shoulder, and a tame raven hopping before him, himself covered with a highland cloak and cap, and a bible in his hand, he went from place to place preaching and telling fortunes, and as a seer was generally consulted and believed by the country girls. At markets and fairs he mingled with the mob, alternately chanting psalms and obscene ballads, the sleeves of his cloak stuck full of pins from the top of the shoulder to the wrist, which he called his armour for resisting the attacks of Satan; his long visage and dress gave him a spectre-like appearance, and children avoided his presence believing he had the power to bewitch them. About seven years ago, the writer of this narrative saw him sitting, dressed and attended as above, on a stone at the end of the bridge, near Stannerton village; he had a fiddle which some one's charity had supplied him with, upon which he was scraping a melancholy tune that bespoke the state of his heart: he every now and then looked up to Heaven, and uttered in a hollow sepulchral tone "man is born to trouble," "Heaven and earth shall pass away," and other por-

tions of Scripture, of which he did not appear to understand the meaning. Upon a few pence being put into his hat, he smiled and appeared as though he wished to recollect the giver. At this moment a little girl from the alehouse came up and told him there was a dance to take place and the parties wanted him to fiddle. He sprung up, placed his fiddle under his arm, exclaiming "behold, I come quickly, Amen." And then leaping over a hedge, ran with the speed of a deer towards the village. Last winter he was found with his head in a small rivulet, where he had fallen in a state of intoxication, the water not being higher than his ears: he was partly drowned and smothered, and his death must have been protracted and painful.

Pity for this wretched man's sufferings almost does away the memory of his crimes; in the church, dissipation too often marks men of genius as her own. The Bishop was highly censurable for letting his regard for this man's family, cause him to neglect the interests of religion, and suffer Hogarth so long to disgrace the church. A timely check in his early youth, before vice was rooted in him, might have "called him back to the way of truth;" but chastisement came too late when the object had lost the power to feel; it is with sorrow I remark that a succession of bad ministers, or non-residents in the same parish have made the church nearly useless, the great majority of the parishioners supporting a dissenting clergyman. Such a life and death in any man would create horror: how much more horrible when it is remembered the devoted being was a minister of God's word, appointed to lead others "into the way of salvation;" "he has erred and strayed," and we hope may find mercy through Him, before whom "a sparrow does not fall to the ground unregarded, and who has promised to pen in his Heavenly fold, the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

THE REV. PARSON ROBSON,

Rector of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, Seducer of Innocence, Sojourner with Harlots, an Oppressor of the Poor, and Member of the Vice Society.

"Behold, now, this staff, and this ring, and these bracelets; by him to whom these belong am I with child."

It is revolting to the feelings to think that a Pastor of a Church dedicated expressly to the Holy Virgin should be a seducer of virgins, and a lover of harlots; but such is the frailty of man, that he often acts in direct opposition to what is expected from him, and not having the "fear of God before his eyes," conceals the fiend of the devil in his heart. This carnal-minded parson is one of the most shameless that ever disgraced the environs of London, and the holy vestments. He added to his profession, as a teacher of the Gospel, the duties of a magistrate, whose business it is to chastise immoral persons, and assist the Parson in "cleansing" the parish "from all unrighteousness," but his example was "a stumbling-block" to many, and his practice gave the lie to his preaching—he extolled honesty, and was dishonest in himself—he recommended charity, and dealt in cruelty and oppression—he spoke of Virtue's blessings, and rioted in vice—he enforced sobriety, and was called "the Parson of the Gin-shop,"—railed against covetousness, and plundered his neighbour—and execrated fornication and adultery, in order to engross the practice of these sins all to himself; in short, he had not one solitary good quality to recommend him,

For such a wandering sheep was he,

As Heaven just shews to human sight,

To show what Parsons should not be.

Parson Robson made no scruple of conversing with common strumpets at the door of St. Mary's Church, and then carrying them over the way, facing the sacred edifice, where he sat and treated them with gin, listening to their obscenities, and applauding their blasphemy. The sexton of his parish, named Raydon, had an only daughter, young and inexperienced; he singled her out as his victim, and it will not be wondered at that he soon accomplished her ruin; more inhuman than he was lecherous, he denied her support; he refused a single penny to enable her to hide the consequences of her shame; and thus his avarice and hardness of heart became the forerunners of his own disgrace and

downfall. The poor girl was secured by the parish-officers, to whom she confessed the father of her child's name. Faithful to their duty, they hurried her to Lambeth-street, where the bench of magistrates were sitting, in order that she should swear to the facts. The wretched victim of seduction was carried into Court, and when she ventured to raise her eyes to the bench, where rigid virtue frowned on every Elder's face, she uttered a faint shriek, and sank down in a fit. The criminal who had reduced her to the state she was in, was seated on the bench, ready to become her judge; every eye was turned upon the monster, whose name she repeated in her ravings, and when sufficiently recovered, deliberately swore to him as the father of the child in her womb: whilst these events were transpiring, Raydon, the sexton, encouraged by the intimacy between the parson and his daughter, robbed the church of a quantity of lead, which he sold to a plumber in White-chapel named Noble. They were tried and transported for the offence, Parson Robson being the prosecutor, thus completing his infamy in the ruin of both father and daughter. Common decency ought to have prevented Robson from thus far pursuing his revenge; but why talk of decency in one whose conduct outraged all the bonds of nature, and to gratify his "carnal lusts," brought eternal disgrace upon his name and reproach upon the profession of which he was an unworthy member.

This instance of his diabolical and rancorous spirit only accelerated his downfall, and justice began to cry aloud for her victim. Noble, the receiver of Raydon's stolen goods, was married to the daughter of one Adams, a grocer, who had been twice detected buying stolen sugars. To him Noble made over all his property for security, as he thought him a fast friend, and Adams did secure it; for, on the expiration of his son-in-law's imprisonment on board the hulks, he refused to account to him for a single shilling, and the released convict dared not resort to the laws. As a just reward of sacrilege, he and Noble became beggars and vagabonds, and the unfortunate girl was consigned to the workhouse, to be supported by the parish, over which the unnatural seducer once presided, as God's Minister, and exercised tyrannical sway as a Magistrate. During the time of Parson Robson's first exposure and final degradation, he evinced no symptoms of contrition, but continued his career of iniquity as a hardened apostate, who would not repent, even if "one rose from the dead" to exhort him. He was

still seen drinking gin at the sign of the Angel, facing his church, with the vilest of societies : and regular in his visits to a woman named Langfield, a married woman, residing in Bayley's-court, Back Lane, Cable-street, in the very focus of vice, where none but villains and harlots ever go ; this wretched companion of his lust, was by profession a fish-fag, and amongst the very lowest of her numerous and disgusting tribe ; versed in all the obscene enormities by speech and conduct with which Billingsgate endues all its frequenters, she was a terror to the neighbourhood, who dreaded the maledictions of her tongue as though it had the power to pronounce an anathema against all earthly peace ; in truth, backed by her bully, Parson Robson, she created the whirlwind and directed the storm, and every one trembled at the effects of her demoniac fury. Yet, with this disgrace to the name of woman, did a man, well educated as a gentleman, and deeply learned as a christian, pass those hours in lasciviousness and revolting lust which ought to have been devoted to study and meditation. One would have thought that her business might have recalled the holy Peter to his memory, who was called from being a fisher in the sea, to become a fisher of men, and held the keys of heaven as a reward of his virtues ; one would have imagined that the sign of the Angel over the gin-shop where he brutalized his understanding, would have caused him to remember that a time will come, when the Angel of the Lord pouring out his vial of wrath upon the waters, would wash him away to perdition for the deeds he was doing ; but else he only thought of the momentary gratification of his Belial-like propensities, regarding neither prophets nor angels ; but like Goliath of Gath, every day " defied the armies of the living God," till he was smote for his sins and iniquities. This fish-fag was moreover a rallying point for vice in his absence ; if a child was to be recommended to the workhouse—if charity was to be given to the unworthy, she was the woman applied to, and by her influence the parties were sure of success with Parson Robson, who despised the " sighing of a broken and contrite heart," and threw the public bread to dogs, the pearls to swine with beastly profusion : however, justice, which is al-

ways slow in overtaking parsons, overtook him at last, and he was driven from the holy sanctuary, which he had polluted by his fornications—for there can be little doubt, *that even the place set apart for administering the Holy Communion was chosen by him to receive his harlots therein.* For such a man, it had been better *if a millstone had been suspended to his neck, and he had been cast into the sea ;* but he is gone—the *rich man died, and was buried*—and his tongue, which burnt with gin and blasphemy, probably now wants a drop of water to cool it. We trust he does not plead in vain, for we are taught to hope—and sincerely pray that the most hardened sinner may be forgiven.

The present incumbent of St. Mary's delivered his funeral sermon, and observed—that all he could say in praise of the dead was comprised in his being *a learned man.* A more severe censure could not have been passed on the dead by the living. To say that he was learned, was to give him every qualification for being good, virtuous, and religious—whereas all the hearers knew him to have been bad, vicious, and depraved. They might have nourished some charitable doubts that he did not know better, but these doubts were removed by this mistimed eulogy, which shewed that he had not ignorance to plead in extenuation of his faults—but with knowledge and understanding beyond others, preferred the evil to the good, and destroyed himself from sheer “hardness of heart, and contempt of God's word and commandment.”

Mr. Matthias, his successor, we understand, is also a *learned man ;* let him look well to himself, and see that he turns his learning to the promotion of God's glory ; let him look to the mote in his own eye ; the infamy of his predecessor requires his double diligence, inasmuch as his conduct will be doubly watched by those around him. We are glad to have done with Mr. Parson Robson ; his example, when living, was too glaring to do much harm, and this record of his vices will, we trust, lead many, by the practice of virtue, to shun the ignominy attached to his detested name.

THE REV. PARSON BROWNE,

*Vicar of Little Clackton, near Colchester. Tried on Tuesday 25th Feb. in the Court of King's Bench, and found guilty of defrauding Sir Colin Campbell of 6,000*l*.*

“ Whose image and superscription is this ? ”

We have no occasion (unless we chuse) to resort to the records of the silent dead, for proofs of the “ Crimes of the Clergy,” living witnesses are rising up every day to illustrate with their infamy these pages, and show the necessity of purging the church from corruption. It is not more than ten days ago, since a repacious Parson wished to extort from a poor farmer four-times the value of his tithes, in which vile attempt he failed, and now we have an accomplished villain brought before us, in the person of the Rev. Vicar Browne, of Little Clackton, who in conjunction with a man named Whitbread, (lately of the *respectable* house of Howard, and Gibbs, of Cork Street,) cheated Sir Colin Campbell, of 6,000*l*. in the following manner, as appeared in evidence at the Bar of the King's Bench. On October the 8th; Whitbread applied to Peole and Watkins, of Lincoln's Inn, to raise 6,000*l*. for Parson Browne, whom he represented to be the son of a gentleman of rank, the Lord Provost of Aberdeen; he said, that his living was worth 400*l*. per annum, that he also had the donative of the living of Osyth, valued at 200*l*. a year; that he had married the daughter of Mr. Cole, of Essex, who had assigned over to the Parson the Manor of Great Holland, a copyhold estate which would produce 14,000*l*. Mr. Whitbread produced copies of enrolments, documents and titles, which he said were genuine, from different courts, to which he plighted his honour. After a great deal of minor matter (not worth our relating) the bargain was concluded, and Messrs. Browne and Whitbread touched the money: several letters were read, which only tended to show the infamy of the Parson, and his coadjutor.

It turned out that the whole of the documents stated to have been derived from the various courts, were forgeries. That the Vicarage of Parson Browne was only worth 200*l*. the donative of

Osyth only £20 in value, and the Manor of Great Holland all a fiction. It was proved, that Whitbread and the Parson were constant companions during the whole of this nefarious transaction, and both were found Guilty, to the satisfaction of a crowded court. The Parson is secure on the other side of the Atlantic, and we are told on unquestionable authority, that he carried with him nearly 14,000*l.* all of which was raised in the same swindling manner as the above. Formerly, the name of captain was accounted a good travelling title, but that of parson has entirely superseded it. A black coat is now the livery of every swindler and pickpocket ; and the Clergy who have no cause to be ashamed of their calling, would do well to wear a mark on their backs like the watchmen of the night, to denote that they are shepherds of the Lord's Fold, and not "roaring lions seeking whom they may devour."

We are not one of those graziers in religion who think, that one scabby sheep will infect a whole flock, but surely when such scoundrels as Parson Browne are found amongst the first of the Clergy, they should look at home, before they go abroad to censure their neighbours, they should pull the tares from amongst their own wheat before they offer it for sale as clean and pure, and free from smut or mildew, and better than any other produced under the sun. This fugitive Parson Brown, was moreover a member of the Vice Society, and an annual subscriber, in defence of which he wrote several essays in the hireling papers, and published a pamphlet "On the Duty of Christians to Expose and Punish Blasphemers." Gracious God! scarcely is the ink dry which fell from this fellow's pen, advocating the cause of the Deity, when he leagues with the Devil, replenishes his quill, and commits a forgery, swearing to its truth in the name of God and his conscience ; but we have done with this robber. We do not point him out as an infamous character because he belongs to the priesthood, but as he belongs to the Vice Society he must necessarily be—a villain.

THE REVEREND GEORGE HORRIDGE,

Parson of Newton, near Manchester, Child Violater and universal Debauchee, Member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and Schoolmaster,

“A reed shaken by the wind.”

There are degrees in iniquity, as in every other failing to which human nature is liable ; no man ever became at once a complete villain. The descent from virtue to vice is gradual—when once the delinquent reaches to the bottom, his ascent again is morally impossible, and he ought to reflect when he is giving way to the *smallest* impulse created by impurity of mind, he is making a deviation from the path of peace, of consequence sufficient in time to destroy his happiness on earth, and shake his hopes of eternal salvation.

Amongst the many sinners clothed in the garb of sanctity, whose atrocities we have put upon record, in order that their example may be detested and avoided, we have not had to give the lighter shades of character, approaching from, at first, trifling causes, till the picture of human frailty becomes all over dark and gloomy, and the debasement of a noble mind receives the last touch from the heavy and poisonous pencil of dark impurity. The reason is, men carefully conceal their first wanderings from rectitude, till habit gives them confidence, and successful practice hardens the heart and petrifies the feeling, dead alike to honour and shame ; thus, though manifold be the sinner's crimes, they are little apparent till some one more glaring than all the rest, either brings to light less heinous offences, or by its hideous deformity, throws the veil of terrific horror over all the past as of no consideration, in comparison with the magnitude of the damning deed immediately presented to the view. There is not any doubt, but the subject of these lines, parson Horridge, had run a long career of infamy before his crimes were generally known to the astonished community surrounding his church and home ; with the craft and insidious ways of the old Serpent, he had crept into the peaceful Eden, where the fruits of purity and faith were ripening in that blessed garden of God's first cultivation. A youthful and uncorrupted

mind—yes, there is no doubt, in my opinion, that taking advantage of the parental authority delegated to him as a teacher of youth, “he had taught the steps of many to go down to death,” and barricaded by guilty precepts every avenue by which the devoted victims might escape from Error’s way.

The hapless object of his beastly lust was not the first that fell beneath his destroying hands, but only the first made public; the first to hold him up to shame and execration.

This monster had long been made rector of Newton, near Manchester, where he never was popular either as a minister of truth, or as a plain individual; he was tried at the assizes for the crime of violating the person of a child eleven years of age, one of his pupils, whom he was supposed, by fond and mistaken parents, to be “training up in the way that she should go.”

His ways were supposed to be the ways of pleasantness, and all his paths leading to everlasting peace. When, in fact, his ways were the ways of hypocrisy and deceit, and his paths led to the destruction of body and soul.

It is not possible to conceive a more detestable wretch than he who receives under his care, from the hands of confiding parents, the offspring upon which they doat, and whose future happiness they are anxious to secure; perhaps, suffering many privations—depriving themselves of many comforts and necessities of life—dedicating many an hour which nature required for rest, to toil and labour for a shilling, to remunerate the man whom they expect is using the talents with which he is gifted, to instil into their child an education suitable to advancing her to competence in life, and inspiring her with religious hopes of a reward in heaven when the cares and pains of mortality are lost beneath the pressure of everlasting rest.

There is not, I say, a more hideous villain than he from whom this is expected: trampling upon all the ties of nature—polluting the mind of his charge, and on account of its superior beauty and innocence, selecting it from the fold to sacrifice on the altar of lust, and gratify his detestable appetite by rioting in the flame raised by his desires. Yes; but it is an unquenchable flame which rises to heaven, and at the last day will bear

witness against him who raised it to the destruction of his soul.

The wretched Parson Horridge was one worse than all this : an impartial jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to endure two years imprisonment in the castle of Lancaster ; a punishment trifling compared with the enormity of his guilt. Every effort was made by the parishioners of Newton, to have him removed from " the cure of souls," to which he had been a curse---but in vain ; for what reason they failed we do not know, nor have we a wish to enquire : sorry should we be to think that such a monster found any one so wicked as to be his friend ; to be on friendly terms with him must be a league between Satan and Sin, striding over chaos to spread death and desolation over a prostrate world.

It is a fact no less striking, than it is awful and true, that this demoniac had one Sabbath morning concluded, earlier than usual, the sacred service from his polluted lips, and the congregation had just time to leave the church, when the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, as if God himself had done it as a warning for them to assemble no more and offer up responses to him, through the medium of a miserable sinner upon whom he had set his malediction. Thank heaven, no one on this occasion came to an untimely end. The fabric fell like the " Tower of Siloam," not so immediately to punish the sinners beneath it, as to warn the remaining " lost sheep of the house of Israel " to seek for a more hallowed shelter, and another and better apostle to " lead them in the way of truth. It was full seven years before the horror-stricken parishioners again raised the building from the ground ; and many, even at this day, enter it with fear and trembling ; for few possessed of religious feeling can shake off entirely the memory of such a singular escape and timely warning.

The writer of this article knew Mr. *Parson Horridge* well by sight, and by character, but never was disgraced by holding any communion with him, in or out of a place of worship. The writer was indeed, at the time of the aforesaid catastrophe, labouring in his vocation as a preacher of the gospel, in the parish, and from experience can declare, that he had more nu-

merous and devout attendants in his casual and lowly place of christian worship, than ever surrounded Mr. Parson Horridge.—The writer is not vain enough to believe this proceeded from his superior power in enforcing the doctrines of our blessed Redeemer, but from the disgust generally felt at that man's conduct.

Though then the writer was called a Dissenter, he never dissented from a single article of the established creed ; but he very widely dissented in every thing from such men as Parson Horridge, who do more to shake the foundation of our Established Church, than all the Sectarians by which it is surrounded. The writer makes these exposures from the love he bears christianity—born of christian parents—educated humbly and piously in its doctrines—all his hopes are founded on his love for christianity. That love has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength ; it was his talk in the days of infancy, his solace in mature age, and it will nerve him with hope and fortitude to bear the agony of pain when stretched upon the last bed of human woe.

Conscious of endeavouring to “do his duty in that state of life, into which it hath pleased God to call him,” the writer expects no reward for what he is doing, he has that within him which the world never gave, and men cannot take away—the treasure of an unsullied conscience. There have already more than six or eight ministers and school-masters acknowledged to us that we have chastised them properly ; or endeavoured to prevent us from exposing them by promises of future amendment ; we are willing to catch at every gleam of reformation, and when the eyes of a sinner are fixed on this paper, let him reflect that the all-seeing God is watching the effect it has upon his heart, then let him “arise and go to his father,” the door is ready, “knock, and it shall be opened,” and “all that enter therein shall be saved,” even such a being as Parson Horridge need not despair, for we are told, and firmly believe, “that there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.”

SHUTE BARRINGTON,

Vice-President of the Vice Society, Bishop of Durham, &c.

“ See if this be thy son Joseph’s coat or no.”

This man, who does not scruple to have his name branded abroad as *vice-president* to a detestable and secret society, whose objects, in thus herding together, are so suspicious, and who have amongst their members some of the greatest villains in the empire, is well deserving of the *honorary* office he has assumed : we say honorary, for by his great name and wealth he can only now assist them, his age and impotence rendering him personally unable to be an active promoter of their vicious views.

To use the words of a song, more familiar, we dare say, to this old *vice-president’s* ears than the fifty-ninth psalm :

“ Though old, yet I hate to be sitting mumchance,

“ And still love a tune, though unable to dance ;

“ And books of devotion laid by on the shelf,

“ I teach that to others I once learnt myself.”

His name no doubt encourages the society in their infamous career ; and all the impure members of the church, who, like him, and those combined with him in the society, value their reputations as nothing compared to the gratification of their vile passions, will eagerly follow the example of a leader who stands so high as to be a corner-stone of the temple erected to Belial, in Essex-street. He is, in fact, the fountain of all the calamities springing from it—and if the fountain be turbid, the stream flowing from it cannot be pure.

So early as the year 1769, this man was made a bishop ; and a hundred winters have nearly passed over his head in vain—he is not a whit better now than he was sixty years ago, when, if a society *really* wishing to scourge vice had existed, there would be no Shute Barrington as a bishop, to lend his name to

its encouragement at the present day; for we assert, that for every one ruined by the persecutions of these secret assassins, fifty transgressors arise who would have remained silent had not oppression opened their mouths.

To the late Dr. Porteus, once bishop of London, England is indebted for this association of demons. Had the doctor—instead of being the *fashionable lecturer*, or more properly and justly speaking, the *dandy orator* of the great, who attended his lounge for three years, near Piccadilly—given a little more attention to the *morals*, and less to the *manners* of the world, he never would have founded a GANG which has linked his name with infamy, and become, in place of an exterminator, a hot-bed, and a nourisher of vice and corruption in its most hideous forms.

The early days of the *vice-president* were one continual round of dissipation. His fame as a fox-hunter and gambler will be immortal in the North, where he was the Nimrod of the turf, and the Lothario of the drawing-room, for years. By his familiar name of Shute Barrington he is known to hundreds who would stare if told he was a bishop. His intrigues would fill a volume, and have furnished Newcastle, the metropolis of the North, with scandal, novels, and songs, for more than half a century. Many an innocent woman has lost her reputation from merely having once danced with him at a ball, or been whispered to by him in a box at the theatre: he was moreover a complete puppy in dress, and a jackanapes in manners. The writer of this very well remembers

“His wink impertinent, his saucy stare,

“His grin ridiculous, his careless air,

“His more than idiot vacancy of face,

“His monkey arts, and baboon-like grimace.”

In his old age he still persisted in the depravities of his youth, and people of good reputation never wished him to cross their threshold, disgusted to behold him

“At grave three-score to skulk with trembling knees,

“And envy each young lover that he sees.”

Mr. Barrington had as many *nieces* as Pope Alexander Borgia, and an equal number of *grand children*. Two of his house-keepers produced families in my day, and he, *good easy man*, promoted them to "eat of his bread, and drink of his cup," as though they were the fruit of his own loins.

The duties of office never troubled him much. The writer can remember when, at the time of *visitation*, he travelled through his diocese, a pack of fox-hounds and a stud of hunters always preceded him.

He was not received in the country towns as the harbinger of peace, harmony, and religious solemnity, but as the *jolly fellow—the promoter of mirth and dissipation*. At the town of Morpeth, in the year 1794, or 95, he had about one hundred children to confirm, the sacred ceremony of laying hands on the heads of *two* at a time, was much too troublesome: he made short of the matter by calling *six* at a time before him; making them kneel down, and spreading his arms round their necks, he knocked their heads together, and sweeping his right hand over them in the air, repeated the prayer, and dismissed them.

By this *Bobadil*-method, he would have confirmed a legion of children in an hour. The thing gave great offence, but he cared not whom he offended. He has attended church in boots and spurs, and harrangued at religious meetings with a whip in his hand, and his race-horses waiting in sight to be reviewed by him. He made no scruple to horsewhip the colliers off Newcastle race-ground, whilst they ran and shouted, "*Well done, brother black-coat!—keep it up leather-lungs! How is the brood-mare in the cathedral stall?*"—and fifty such jokes, with which the country even at the present day is familiar.

I never knew of one charitable or generous action which he did, his life has been as the course of a strong and turbulent stream, without one flower to adorn its banks, and sweeping away to destruction every one that had the daring presumption to attempt crossing it.

Pride, the grand destroyer of true Christian virtue, and all its suocession of evils, such as envy and malice, have shed their

baleful dews around him. He is now about to quit the stage of life, we hope not to float upon the abyss of eternity for a time, and then sink beneath the load of his guilt; his leisure now ought to arouse reflection; he has the stinging of a wounded conscience to endure here, and the expiation of a mispent life to look for hereafter.

He must soon quit the harvest of triumph he has, perhaps, promised himself the pleasure of reaping in company with the *Vice Society*. Let him contemplate his awful situation, and ask what he has got by winding up the follies of youth with a chain of crimes in his old age; like others of his brethren in the *Vice Society*, he has persecuted the "poor and needy," and made children fatherless, ruined their parents, and sent them to "beg their bread in desolate places,"—but he lives: his days far exceed those allotted to men, they seem extended for his punishment, he survives to hear the wailings and reproaches of the widow and the orphan; and if he does not speedily repent, will quit the ignominy and disgrace of this world for misery and sorrow in that to come. This aged and illustrious sinner has yet time to repent; "his days are few, and another will soon take his office;" manifold have been his sins on earth, upon which we have very superficially glanced: and shewn him that mercy which he and the gang of which he is the vice-president never showed to us. In his life he has been an example of the bad uses to which wealth can be applied in the hands of a corrupt man. One single act of justice may atone for some of his sins, and prevent his exit being marked with "joy and gladness" by those he leaves behind: *He must quit the Society of Vice on earth, or he can never receive the reward of Virtue in heaven.*

THE REV. AUGUSTUS BEEVOR,

One of the Seven Champions of Christendom!!

"I will fight the good fight of faith."

This gallant Rector of Berghapton, in Norfolk, has acquired the name expressed in the title, from his chivalrous spirit. He

is a notable advocate for club law, and carries the sword of St. Peter in his mouth, ready to smite the ears of those that will hear, either with a profusion of *hard* words, or his "strong right hand." There is no such office, that we ever heard of, as *Chaplain to the Fives Court*, or the *London Ring*, or he would be a likely candidate to succeed to the office. *Prize-fighters* are in the habit of shaking hands, and exchanging mutual forgiveness before they proceed in vengeance to beat the lives out of each other, and so is this *boxing divine*; if any one offends him, he scruples not to throw off his coat, and naked as his primeval father, commences buffeting about the Philistines who have dared to defy him; his common expression is—"With the blessing of God, I'll hammer the rust off you;"—whether the blessing of God attends upon his pugilistic ministers, we very much doubt; they had better be in the pulpit, combating with their voices and exhortation "the great dragon, Sin," than *battering the carcasses of their parishioners to mummies with bony hands*.

Mr. Beever has expressed some fears for his gown, which we hope may convince him that the *battle* is not the Lord's which he has been fighting, and he may rest assured, if he is not already assured of it, that when he descends from the dignity of his office, and ceases to be respectable as a man, he will soon become despicable as a minister in the estimation of all who rest their hopes of peace upon the "rock of ages."

BISHOP LAUD,

The bigotted and persecuting Torturer and Murderer of the Reverend Dr. Leighton.

"And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, before the Lord, in Gilgal."

It will be seen, on a perusal of church history since the earliest ages, that the highest dignitaries of the church have been the most bigotted and unchristian-like mortals. They have mostly acted as though the text which they had chosen to

dwell upon, and on which to pin their faith, was that wherein our Saviour is represented as scourging the cheats and extortioners out of the temple, for they have tried to establish the mild doctrines of Christianity by cruelty and bloodshed, and imagined they were pleasing God by mangling his image upon earth. By scourging *unbelievers*, they have added to their numbers, and in driving, by violent means, ignorant and obstinate men into the temple of truth, they have driven thousands of *true believers* out of it. One of the miscreants, who in times gone by, acted with "hardness of heart and contempt of God's word and commandment," was Archbishop Laud, President of the infamous Star Chamber, in the reign of Charles the First. For pride and vain glory he had not his equal; he lived by blood, and he died on the scaffold, losing his head in his old age, with not an eye to pity his fate. The memory of his enormities are recorded in blood in the pages of English history, and the infamy of his name will last as long as men are taught by virtue to abhor a hypocrite and a murderer, under the garb of religion and justice.

We have many overbearing ministers at the present day, who would gladly go the roundest way to promote conviction in men's minds, by *scourging their bodies*; who, to save time, would not call them into the fold of salvation and peace with the voice of mercy and compassion, but *whip them into it with "threatenings and slaughter."* As a lesson to these men, and to create in the minds of our readers in general a just detestation of superstitious tyranny, we select for their perusal and instruction, a case wherein an innocent man fell a victim to prelatical malevolence, and which was one of the chief causes that *took the head from the shoulders of the debauched, infamous, and arrogant Laud, the bishop of a king, who also lost his head for endeavouring to subvert the rights of his people, by attending to his vicious counsels.* The narrative is plainly and impartially written, with nothing to recommend it but the simplicity of truth, and he who can peruse it without feeling indignation against the MITRED VILLAIN, deserves to perish in the dungeons of an Inquisition.

“ The Rev. Dr. Leighton, in king Charles the First's time, having published a book called “ *Zion's Plea against Prelacy*,” he was soon after, without any information upon oath, or any proof that he was the writer of the book, arrested by two high commission pursuivants, as he was coming from Blackfriar's church after hearing a sermon, and with a multitude of staves and bills they dragged him to the house of Dr. Laud, then the bishop of London. In the bishop of London's house he was imprisoned, and a strong guard set over him ; there he was kept without food till seven in the evening, when Dr. Laud and Dr. Corbet, bishop of Oxford, came with a great number of attendants. Dr. Leighton then demanded an hearing ; but instead of that the jailor of Newgate was sent for, who came with a strong power of halberts and staves, and clapping Dr. Leighton in irons, they carried him through a blind subterraneous passage into Newgate, where they thrust him into a lonesome dog-hole full of rats and mice, which had no light but what came through a little grate. There, the roof being uncovered, the snow and rain beat in upon him. He had no bedding, nor any place to make a fire, but the ruins of an old smoaky chimney. There he was kept without meat or drink from Tuesday night till Thursday noon. In that doleful place and condition was he kept close, with two doors fastened upon him, for the space of fifteen weeks. And so long they suffered no friend to come near him. But after fifteen weeks, his wife, and she alone, gained admittance. On the fourth day after his commitment, the high commission pursuivants went to his house, under pretence of searching for Jesuits' books. There these sons of plunder laid hold of his distressed wife, and used her with such barbarous inhumanity and indecency, as it is a shame to express. They rifled every person in the house, and held a pistol to the breast of a boy only five years of age, threatening to shoot him if he would not tell where the books were, which so affrighted the poor child, that he never recovered it all his days. They broke open presses, chests and boxes, and destroyed every thing at pleasure. They robbed the doctor's house, and carried off all the books and manuscripts

they could find. They likewise carried away his household stuff, apparel, and other things, leaving nothing which they had a mind to have.

“At the end of fifteen weeks, or something more, he was brought into the Star Chamber-Court, and required to put in an answer to a long invective, called an information; which he did to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced persons. He owned to the writing of the book, but said that it was done with no ill intention; his design being only to lay these things before the next parliament, for their consideration. Things were carried with so high a hand, that no counsel dared to plead for him, nor any body to appear in his behalf. It is supposed upon good grounds, that poison was given him in Newgate; for his hair and skin came off in a distemper, which was attended with loathsome symptoms. But notwithstanding a certificate was given under the hands of four physicians, and an affidavit made by an attorney, that his disease was desperate, and it was unfit to bring him into court; yet nothing would serve bishop Laud, but in the midst of that desperate disorder, and great distress, the following sentence was passed upon him, though absent; and that court unanimously decreed, June 4, 1630, “That Dr. Leighton should be committed to the Prison of the Fleet for life, and pay a fine of 10,000*l*. (though they knew he was not worth so much) that the high commission should degrade him from his ministry, and that then he should be brought to the pillory at Westminster, while the court was sitting, and be whipped; after whipping, be set upon the pillory, and have one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and be branded in the face; and then be carried back to prison, and after a few days be pilloried again in Cheapside, and be there likewise whipped, and have the other side of his nose slit, and his other ear cut off, and then be shut up in close prison for the remainder of his life.” Bishop Laud pulled off his cap when this horrible sentence was pronounced, and gave God thanks for it.

“Nov. 26th, part of the sentence was executed upon him, and that in a most tremendous manner, the hangman having been plied with strong drink all the night before, and likewise

threatened if he did not execute the sentence in a cruel manner. When he came to the place of execution, besides other torments, his hands were tied to a stake, where he received thirty six stripes on his naked back with a triple cord, every lash whereof brought away the flesh. Then he was set in the pillory, in which he stood almost two hours in cold frost and snow. While he was in the pillory, one of his ears was cut off, one of his nostrils slit, and one cheek branded with a red-hot iron, with the letters S. S. (a sower of sedition.) After that he was remanded to prison; and the next cruel handling of him, we may take in the words of bishop Laud, who hath recorded it in his diary, as well as the foregoing treatment. "On that day se'n-night his sore upon his back, ears, nose, and face, being not yet cured, he was whipped again at the pillory in Cheapside; and had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him, by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of his nose, and branding the other cheek." Being by this terrible suffering rendered unable to walk, they would not suffer him to be carried back to the Fleet in a coach, but hurried him away by water. In the Fleet he went through much harsh and cruel usage for the space of eight years, so that when he was afterwards released by parliament, he could hardly walk, see, or hear.

SIR HENRY RIVERS.

"I tell thee, thou shalt not depart hence till thou hast paid the last mite."

This man, who is now living in France, draws from England an immense sum, annually. He is a pluralist, reader, and receives the tithes and emoluments of three parishes, which he never sees: probably he has curates to each—or, if they lay convenient, one curate to do the duty of two places. Is there any thing like common justice in this case? Whether it had occurred in or out of the church, it is absolutely picking the pockets of individuals with shameless impunity. Had this re-

verend gentleman done his duty for years with zeal and regularity, and appeared for a time daily in the house of the Lord, teaching and healing all that came unto him,—had he done this, and his health rendered his retirement from his station necessary, his flock would have rejoiced to have assisted their faithful shepherd with the means of prolonging his life, and looked for his returning again to watch over the fold with affectionate anxiety for his welfare, and their own. No one, in such a case, but would have cheerfully given the tenth of the fruits of his labour in such a righteous cause; but here, a man who almost wholly neglected his parishes, (and were he endued with the strength of a Sampson, a pluralist must neglect one of his livings,) who was eminent for a dissolute life—a *bashaw* in the country, domineering over his vassals as if they were slaves—and in London a *sycophant*, a *sneaking courtier*, *bowing and fawning at levees and drawing-rooms*, and linking himself with other eminent *DÉBAUCHEES* in a *Society for the Suppression of Vice!*—in order, that by appearing as the persecutor of others, his OWN VICES might escape unnoticed!!

Sir Henry Rivers has been compelled to run from his native Protestant country, and take up his residence in a land of bigoted Catholics, *amongst whom, and upon whom, he lavishes the fruits of an Englishman's toil.* A tax on absentees has long been recommended; in this case the tax ought to amount to a total deprivation of that salary for which he does no duty. He not only absents himself from the service of his native land, but from the service of God at the altar; and leaves his flock without an efficient shepherd, scattered abroad as a prey for wolves. The very title of this man is a proof of his worldly vanity, and a reward of his time-serving qualities. Whenever I behold the venerable and hallowed title of *reverend* abandoned for those of *baronet* or *your worship*, I set down the man as a contemner of religion—one that only looks to the church, not as Jacob's ladder, to ascend to Heaven by, but as a political ladder to lead him to the summit of worldly ambition, where the loaves and fishes of the tax-gatherer are more desirable than those of the tithe-proctor. No man will long continue to pay a

servant that refuses to work, and this crying evil will in time correct itself—it is doing so very fast—our empty churches and overflowing meeting-houses are a proof of it. *The harvest is great but the labourers are few*, and he is illqualified to point the poor man's way to heaven, who goes to France, and leaves him a thousand leagues distant. Sir Henry Rivers is not worse than many others, who run in debt and rob their neighbours---relying, as a last resourse, upon running away, and living on the annual robbery of their parishes, where the law of the land cannot molest them, and the law of God never gives them a moment's concern,

THE BATTLE OF THE STUDENTS AT CAMBRIDGE,

On account of the Petition against the Tithe System.

“And Abraham gave tithes of all he had taken to Melchisidec Prince of Salem.”

It is neither our inclination or intention to agitate the question of tithes in this publication, any further than we shall have occasionally to advert to them in our endeavours to expose the corruptions of the church.

Tithes are, undoubtedly, the primary cause of the dissensions between church incumbents and laymen.

It has been the habit of Parsons to assert their right to the exaction of tithes from Divine Authority. We presume, the divine precedent for living upon the labour and property of another, can be traced no higher than Father Abraham, or Prince Abraham, for the scripture gives him both titles.

It does not appear that Father Abraham's gifts to the High-Priest of Salem were from his own personal property, or that of his followers, but a part of the spoil taken from an enemy, and freely given (not demanded as a right) to a temporal prince, for having passed through his territory in pursuit of the foe; it was an act of justice on Abraham's part, he paid for benefits received, and the transaction terminated. Melchisidec would probably have been treated as the fugitives whose spoils he shared in, had he presumed to enter Father Abraham's domains and demand a

tenth of his patrimony, because he had once given him the tenth of an enemy's plunder; even admitting that the patriarch had chosen to dedicate the tenth of what he had to a parson's use, of what consequence can that be to us at the present day? because a Jew was so foolishly liberal a thousand years ago, are Christians to be as wickedly unjust to their connections now? if we mean to follow Jewish precedents, then why punish any one for the crime of shedding innocent blood, when we have upon the records of our faith, Herod's massacre of the infants, and the crucifixion of our Redeemer; by admitting the latter to be just, we cease to be Christians; by admitting the former, we become Jews.

However, the clergy now are more moderate in their pretensions, they drop through the lapse of a few thousand ages from Father Abraham, and settle upon the perch of Henry the Eighth. That is, they are doubtful of their claim to tithes as a right from God, and they rest it upon a right pretended to be derived from the act of a murderer.

The old veteran parsons, who have long waged war in the field of Mammon, find that their armour becomes cumbersome, like that of Saul upon David's back, and they are training up youth to fight their battles with more energy, and as little shame. At Cambridge, a meeting was held, to petition parliament for some modification of the tithe system, it was called by the laymen of the County, and the resolutions were violently opposed one by one, step by step, by the parsons, they made attacks, raised up claims upon every foundation, but of their own deserts. Oh, no, even a Parson Blacow or a Percy Jocelyn would have blushed at such an attempt; though, heaven knows, when some of our grasping parsons blush for shame, others of them would crimson with guilt.

It would have been worth while to have marked the variations of their Janus features, had any candid individual read them an extract from the "Crimes of the Clergy," but the sight of it would have been quite enough to make them "Sing a new song unto Zion" and change their tone of demand, into that of prayer and supplication.

Defeated in their opposition to truth, they saw their resolu-

tions carried with abhorrence. They threw off the mask of humility. The force of religious argument was relinquished, and the force of arms resorted to, "they blew a trumpet in the land," and "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" was called for with vengeance. The song of the Lamb that was slain to bestow universal peace, was no more chaunted by hypocrisy and sin. The psalm alone was remembered,

Our God shall come, and keep no more

Misconstrued silence as before,

But wasting flames before him send—

The students—the embryo Parsons—sallied forth, exclaiming to laymen "I will consume thee in mine anger, and devour thee in my wrath." The attack commenced with volleys of oaths and execrations, such as all candidates for reverend honours study at College, these were succeeded by sticks and stones, and even the holy Bibles were seen like brick-bats flying in the air, and descending on the heads of their opponents, who would gladly then have purchased peace by a sacrifice of a tenth of their moveables; many a one was knocked down by scripture arguments, and never expected to rise again in this world. The poor laymen stood no chance, "they turned their backs and fled, and all Israel shouted with a great shout," pursued them on every side, battered them with bible authority, and "smote them even to the going down of the sun." Such a disgusting scene we hope never to witness again, and these young transgressors—these warriors in caps and gowns, are "training up in the way they should go;" they are many of them sons of noblemen and high church dignitaries, for whom Dean's Aprons and Bishop's Mitres were bespoke ere they knew the name of a Supreme Being.

They are pillars of the church in an unfinished state, they only want the cornicing and gilding to make them brazen pillars, to stand before the people and awe them into obedience; most of them are at an age to know and judge for themselves, and yet they are not so greatly to blame as the hoary inciters to tumult, who stand like Moses, at a distance, and hold up their hands as a signal for slaughter. Verily they are fighting against them-

selves, they are digging a pit for their own reception, and hastening the approach of that evil day which they fear. A man may be wheedled out of his property, but he will never submit to have it beat out of his possession, and no person will more readily believe that the Parsons have a divine right to the tenth of his income, because he has nearly had his brains battered out by a folio Bible. In this shameful contest the suckling Parsons have shown their contempt of the laws of the land, and the rights of the subject, and "done that which appeared right in their own eyes," and yet, whilst they trample upon the laws at their pleasure, they have only them to appeal to on the claim they have against those who live under the law; they have moreover brought disgrace--additional disgrace upon their sacred calling, where, at least, decency of deportment in language and deeds should be used—if not from conscientious—from political motives. Priest-craft will find that it has gone too far, when it proceeds to throw the mask of decency aside, and leave its pillars exposed to the shock of every rude invader. We will advise the old and the young, who have been engaged in the above contest, to consider that all crafts are now well understood, and even priest-craft no longer a secret.

Craft, like the mole, works only under ground ;
Is lost in day-light, and destroy'd when found.

We will use our best endeavours to destroy it wherever it appears—labour seems light to us in such a cause—and toil sweet, when the reward gained is the approbation of the good and wise.

Tenderness for youth misled by wicked example, deters us from giving the names of "Suckling Parsons" engaged in this outrage upon an unoffended people ; we wait to see the effects of this admonition, and hope we never again may have cause to say, "cursed be their anger for it was fierce, and their wrath for it was cruel."

W. B.

THE HONOURABLE PARSON ANSON.

Swindler.

“Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.”

The only difference betwixt a swindler in red, and one in a black coat is, that the one is really what he appears to be, the other appears to be what he really is not. Of the first you can be aware, but the second, by his grave deportment and religious conversation, insinuates himself into your very heart's core, and poisons the fountain of your existence before you suspect that he is a disguised serpent, an emissary of Satan, shrouded in the dark habiliments of hypocrisy to accomplish the work of destruction. The one is an open and brutal rogue, the other a disguised and infernal villain.

The honourable Parson Anson had an immortal ancestor, who sailed round the world in search of science. The Parson has also circumnavigated the world of vice, “and sounded all the depths and shoals of dishonour;” he had an excellent education, a lively spirit, and a handsome person to start him as a candidate in the race of clerical ambition.

He had sufficient sagacity to keep on the right side of a government post, and he was so nimble in his movements, and quick sighted, it was not probable he would want spurring to gain a prize.

He took a degree at College, as the sons of great men usually do, from especial favour, and when he was placed as incumbent on the livings of Grayston, in Cumberland, he carried with him as pretty a housekeeper, and as fine a set of horses as any black-coat (we mean black-leg) in or out of the church could boast. He was a young and hearty fellow, and in a sporting county soon made his company agreeable to all round the Rectory. A Mr. Thomson kept a pack of fox-hounds in the same village, and the Parson acted as his “whipper in.” The

tithes of the parish had always been received in kind by the late Rector: Parson Anson, though a judge of horses, was no judge of farming, and he leased the tithes for his own life to his friend Thompson, at £400 per annum: on the whole, the farmers who were drunk with a long war's prosperity were satisfied, and Parson Anson; popular it is true, some of the better sort objected to receiving his housekeeper at their tables, whom he described as his niece: though she made annual journeys to London, and always returned with the loss of her "country bumpkin," (fatness) and the gain of an infant nephew or niece, which her sister, or Providence, had sent to be taken care of by Parson Anson.

These scruples were soon put an end to. A Noble Lord, the Parson's relative, came to attend Carlisle races, and he led off the race ball with Parson Anson's niece, this at once stamped her innocence, and the honour of her company was solicited by the most prudish "madams" in the county. The Archdeacon, who had himself a housekeeping niece, entertained Miss Mary Anson at his Castle of Banbro, and thus bore testimony to her integrity.

"The foxes have holes, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Mr. Parson Anson's head was one sabbath morning found laying (from mistake or otherwise) on the bosom of a farmer's wife. The farmer, who made the discovery (and was by the enamoured pair supposed to be miles distant) commenced club-law with the but end of his horsewhip. The Parson jumped up, and changed the scene by giving him a thrashing, which employed a doctor for a month to cure. The farmer, in the meantime, for wise reasons, found it was useless "to kick against the pricks," he became a "chosen vessel to go amongst the gentiles" and preach the innocence of the man who had made him a cuckold, and was partially believed.

Parson Anson now ran his horses at every course, and lost and won with *eclat*. A Mr. Randson, a brazier, rich and old, had lent the Parson some money, and finding no hint was made at payment, he demanded it rather abruptly. In a few days after this affront, Parson Anson waited upon him at his shop in

Carlisle, accompanied by Mr. Lowther the agent, and paid him the debt in gold, amounting to three hundred guineas; they then proceeded to exercise the law of the stronger, and inflicted upon poor Randson a sound horsewhipping.

There is an old saying, "never attack a parson, for he has the church on his side," and another of Rabelais: "Beware of a woman before—a mule behind—a cart sideways—and a priest on all sides:" these sayings were probably known to Mr. Randson, so he let the horsewhipping die away, employing the money to heal his stripes. Nevertheless Mr. Randson circulated the story much to the Parson's discredit, and one day when the Parson was haranguing the mob at the Carlisle election, a wag stuck up in large letters against the carriage, on the roof of which he was mounted, "Alexander the copper-smith did *I* much evil, the Lord reward *me* according to *my* works." This bit of fun caused much merriment, and the house of Randson was robbed, or found to have been robbed about that time of some hundred old guineas, and other etcetras. A young woman was taken up on suspicion, but finally it appeared Mrs. Randson had robbed her husband, and the guineas with which Parson Anson paid his debt, were a part of the lost property. Mr. Randson did not prosecute, he declared he did not believe his wife had robbed him, he did not doubt the Parson's ignorance of the transaction, and in a little time, he did not (although a Methodist) refuse the appointment of collector of the window tax, and surcharger of the county.

If the way of a ship in the sea, and the way of a maid after marriage, were things not known in days of olden time, we are sure it is more difficult now to understand the ways of a tax-gatherer and a parson, such as these we have alluded to. A transaction occurred at the Tontine inn, Whiteheaven, wherein Parson Anson was detected in bribing a jockey to lose a race he was expelled the assembly, and actually refunded several hundred pounds to evade prosecution. His name appeared in the public papers for having sold a horse warranted sound for two hundred pounds, which was proved to have been lame, with his knowledge, at the time of sale; he was cast, with costs, and

the same year he suffered judgment to go by default about a bill of exchange for seventy pounds, his character was blown up, and every one avoided him—he threw down a hedge adjoining his rectory, and blocked up a cart way by so doing—his neighbour, a Mr. Singleton, tried it at the assizes, it came out, that he, Parson Anson, had caused two boundry stones which were usually covered with nettles to be removed in the night into such a situation that they gave him a claim to fifty yards of his neighbour's ground; he was cast in three hundred pounds damages, and probably the same wag that exposed him at Carlisle, wrote on the door of the parish church “cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark.” Mr. Parson Anson having lost all credit in the country, ventured upon “Life in London;” and amongst the solitary few that ever gained a shilling by “Howard and Gibbs,” we are told he was fortunate by giving them bad security.

After all his swindling transactions, he applied to a late celebrated vice-president of a Provident Life Annuity Office, near Blackfriar's-bridge, for a loan of £1200, he got the cash, and secured the payment upon his living of Grayston; when the time came for receiving the first instalment, the money-lender found to his horror, that not only had the revenues of Parson Anson been sequestered for two years, but that the honourable Parson had himself winged his flight to another clime; an old worn-out hunter, and a polite letter, were all the ex-vice president ever received for his £1200. Parson Anson's niece sold off all his furniture and effects in defiance of the claims of creditors, and then sailed to join her paramour, who holds a living in one of the colonies, and a civil appointment together, making £1300 per annum. We are not inclined to be too severe upon a man because he is a parson, but in no station of life should a common swindler meet with delicate treatment; had Parson Anson been a tradesman—nay, even a cobbler, the first instance of his guilt would have been followed by instant expulsion from society, but his sacred character permitted him to continue longer in evil, than a less religious one would have been able to do with impunity. In his discharge of religious

duties, he could not be blamed for laxity, neglect, or contempt, for he never performed any duty whatever, leaving it to a curate, who was his counter-part for vice, in a smaller way.

Parson Anson's great family renders his sins more atrocious—to him much was given in this world, much will be required of him in that to come, he is in the hands of God, and has for a time escaped the vengeance of men.

He coveted his neighbour's goods, and got them—his neighbour's wife, and ruined her—he committed fornication, and has it to atone for—"he removed his neighbour's land-mark," and is held up in these pages as a mark for the slow-moving finger of scorn to point at, as a warning to all future generations.

To the Editor of the Crimes of the Clergy.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE REV. J. PURDY, A. M.

Late Curate of St. Botolph Bishopsgate.

The birth and youth of this man is buried in obscurity, and if his name was the same, it would be better for himself and society, but his crimes can never be forgotten by those who know him. As Curate of Bishopsgate, it was his duty to attend the church to baptize the children, upon many occasions he was so intoxicated that upon enquiring what name the child was to have, he would impertinently exclaim, "Why, damn you, make haste, call it Bob, or the Devil, or any thing, but do not keep me here;" nor was this conduct confined alone to the christening of children, but to burials, where he on one occasion began the service with that used for matrimony, and got half through before he could be made to desist, he was a good customer to Public Houses in his parish, whilst he was permitted to carry on his career, but the Rector at last heard of his infamy, and instantly discharged him; he then left London, and it has since been ascertained that he is dead. The truth of these facts I can

vouch for, having as a parishioner had to witness many of his enormities. I am sir, your's obedient,

J. KINGLAND.

Bishopsgate Street, Mar. 1, 1823.

P. S. We insert the above with sorrow for the conduct of the wretched young man; glad also to have it in our power to do justice to the Rector, if all his brethren acted with the same promptitude in discharge of their duty, we should be spared the pain of detailing so many atrocities amongst the lower classes of the clergy, who have indeed, poverty and neglect to urge in extenuation of their offences.

EDITOR.

THE REV. PARSON RATCLIFFE; *alias* "BIG BEN."

*Minor-Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, Curate of Littlebourne,
Fornicator, Boxer, Wrangler, and Tippler.*

"And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord."

Among the numerous causes which introduce corruption into the heart, and accelerate its growth, none is more unhappily powerful than the example shewn by pretended disseminators of the gospel, who are persons of loose principles, and dissolute morals. The church had long to struggle against the mystic power of superstition, which at length retreated before the march of human intellect: but, at the present day Hypocrisy is its great enemy, and against which we are arranged in battle array. In the first class of consummate hypocrites, Parson Ratcliffe occupied a prominent station: in one hour preaching, certainly with eloquence, the mild doctrine of "peace on earth and good will towards men," and in the next bruising some lowly clown, for a petty affront: enforcing the scriptural direction—"thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," and

again, violating, in treacherous lust, the matrimonial bed ; expatiating on the blessings that flow from the harmony of “ gentleness and love,” and the next hour turning his wife out of doors, with her face and eyes, like the garment of Joseph, of many colours, of which black and blue were the prevailing : in the morning eulogising the virtues of “ temperance and soberness,” in the evening laying on the shelf his stock of “ spiritual grace,” and openly proving his zealous love for the potent essence of the spirits of brandy.

It sometimes fell to the lot of this worthy to perform both morning and afternoon services at the church of Littlebourne, which was situate about four miles from his place of residence ; and after dismissing his morning congregation, he regularly retired to the sign of the “ Blue Anchor,” to wile away the time that intervened between the hours of twelve and four, and there, surrounded by as jovial a crew as ever did reverence to the appellation of Bacchus, would he “ drink, sing, and be merry ;” until his very senses became steeped in the obnoxious and disgusting draughts of intoxication—and, on the approach of evening, would reel to the house destined for prayer, supported by two of the most dissolute and abandoned characters that ever disgraced the dignified title of man, or occupied a page in the records of the “ Newgate Calendar :” one of them is now imprisoned in Maidstone goal for bigamy ; the other has since fled his country, in fear of a prosecution for forgery, and is now living in the neighbourhood of Bolongue, in France. This last-mentioned companion and bosom friend of Parson Ratcliffe, whose name is Anderson, was originally a Parson in the north of England, but was obliged to fly his native place, sometime in the year 1802, for the crime of murder, (softened down, probably by influence, into the more *friendly* term of manslaughter,) the particulars of which we shall lay before our readers at a future period.

One night in the year 1809, having slept at a brothel, in Northgate street, and departing early in the morning, in haste, before the rising sun had exposed his guilt, he had nearly reached his home, when he recollected leaving his golden monitor un-

der the pillow, and instantly returned to "the house of sin," there to reclaim his property: but, alas! swift-winged Time will stay for no man! The parson became furious; the "frail sisterhood" stormed; and the master of the "sin-inspiring tribe," pushing the holy trespasser into the street, shut the door in his face, at the same time laconically exclaiming, "watches were made to go!" The parties, however, were brought before Alderman Simmonds, and underwent an examination. No proof of the theft having been adduced, they were discharged, and the Parson received a severe admonition from the upright magistrate, for his folly, guilt, and shame.

There was now no bounds to this man's crimes, the "mind longeth, and the flesh lusteth!" and he was shortly afterwards caught, at midnight, in the bed-room of his neighbour, officiating in a duty for which he had had neither a moral or legal "calling," and for which he received so severe a cudgelling from the hands of him whose brow he had so industriously adorned, that he was confined to his room for some weeks.

Soon after this unlucky affair his name became so notorious, and his sins so glaring, that a scrutiny into his conduct took place, by the Dean and Chapter; who at last, did their duty and suspended his holy functions for four years; at the expiration of which he was again reinstated as a "moral teacher of the gospel," again sent to preside over the flock he had endeavoured to drive, by his example, from the Lord's fold, again to mount the pulpit, from whence he had, with lying lips, uttered the words of truth, and again to receive from the reluctant hands of his parishioners a reward which he never merited by one good deed of a moral or religious nature.

The punishment of this fellow for a crime against God is so contemptible as almost to appear burlesque. The illiterate thief on the highway, who robs you of your purse, is punished by an exile from his native land for life, or an infamous death by the halter; whilst here, a Barabas, who robs a woman of her virtue, a husband of all peace of mind upon earth, throws a suspicion of bastardy over his innocent offspring, and fills the grave with broken-hearted victims, is suffered to escape for all that

havoc by a formal suspension from the performance of those duties which were to him a labour, and a matter of form to be gone through for the sake of obtaining the means to gratify his lust and intemperance; he returns a "giant refreshed" to the field of slaughter, tearing open again the wounds which time had closed, and finishing the desolation he had begun with remorseless impunity.

"Fornicators and adulterers the Lord will judge," and the health of Parson Ratcliffe is so shaken by his dissipated life, he has not a moment before him but what ought to be employed in preparation for his appearance before a just judge at the last tribunal, where favour can be of no avail, and every one will be "rewarded according to his works."

THE PLURALIST.

"Scribere jussit amor."—"Love bids me write."

That a wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly, is an incontrovertible truth, and from its being so little attended to, it is a melancholy proof that there are few wise men amongst us. The PARSONS, of whom we mean particularly to speak, are all of them, generally speaking, possessed of a great share of worldly wisdom—more plainly and forcibly defined by the terms of *cunning* and *knavery*, which they exercise for their own private advantage, regardless of public good. To secure to themselves a share of the *loaves* and *fishes*, far beyond their real wants, they care not whom they cause to suffer; they care not who labours, so that they can live in licentious ease: the service of God is a shallow excuse to rob and plunder, and they wring, remorseless, from the hard hand of peasants, the price of the sweat of their brow, without giving or doing one thing in return for the tenth of the industrious man's property! By a *right* which is sometimes called *divine*, one tenth of my living is a sort of heir-loom in the

family of the church. If I must submit to this spoilation, what care I from whence the title to despoil me is taken, whether from the act of Abraham the Jew, the act of the murderer, King Henry the Eighth, or the act of the debauched King Charles the Second?—all I say is, that none of these men had any right to give away my property—to rob the child unborn, to gratify the greedy ambition of their favourites. If precedents are to be found in the lives of these men for our actions at the present more enlightened age, then may the profligate turn the girl he has seduced from her native innocence, with her baby in her arms, to perish, because father Abraham did so by his concubine Hagar; then may a man murder his wives with impunity, because king Henry did so; then may a man be a lying drunken lecher, and fill the kingdom with bastard dukes, for future generations to support, because king Charles did so! If a precedent holds good in one case, it does in another, and I have nothing to call my own—nothing but what the caprice of a few individuals can deprive me of at a moment's warning, and give to another. Far be it from me to say that the Ministers of the Gospel should want support. No: I would support them liberally, provided they returned me the obligation only in religious and moral instruction, and set an example of righteousness to my children; but it seems I must pay them, be they idle and dissolute, despised and depraved, only because they are—parsons! In the first place, the parson of my parish, “at one fell swoop,” seizes the tenth of all I have got: would not any one conceive this a liberal payment for all the services he can make me in return, and a full acquittal of all demands upon me? It is not so: if I wish to get married—if I have a child to christen—to confirm—to put in the grave—the parson must again be paid in FEES, or I may, for aught he cares, live in fornication, my child be brought up an infidel, or remain unburied like a brute beast. These are facts which come home to every bosom, and bear the mark of imposition about them, like the brand of Cain, which all men may know. Nor is this the worst; let us look a little further into these holy men's characters, and see who and what they are, to merit these favours.

No sooner does one of them get possession of a benefice, but he forgets that economy is the source of charity, and reckoning possession nine points of the law, squanders his means, and defies those who wish to remove him; and as to his sacred duties, to attend to them, in his opinion, would be "*operose nihil agunt*:" "busy about nothing." He finds his wants increase, and seeks patrons to give him another benefice; he becomes a pluralist; he who neither could or would attempt to do the duty of one parish, solemnly swears before Almighty God to do the duty of three, four, or a dozen parishes, distributed in various parts of the kingdom! We know it is not in the power of human nature to attend to such multifarious connections, if the man were ever so well inclined.

"Whatever contradicts my sense,

"I hate to see, and never can believe."

Pluralists are mostly abandoned characters, living without God in the world, whose motto is "*ride si sapis*:" "laugh if you are wise:" and it may truly be said of most selfish pluralists, that as "children of this world they are wiser in their generation than the children of light," for their kingdom is of this world, and of that to come they take no account. They receive and exact the rentals of their various parishes as rigidly as though they had toiled day and night to earn it, whilst those who have it to pay never saw the face of their minister, or heard of him except by his proxy, the curate, and his tithe-gatherers, who watch to plunder for him and themselves also. A plurality of benefices is a monstrosity in justice; to believe that it is agreeable to the precepts of our divine master, I must also believe in a transmigration, or rather a plurality of souls, to enter into various bodies, and perform service in *ten* places at the same time. "The labourer is worthy of his hire" only when he does his work, and the blessed Jesus did his heavenly work without hire, he had no place whereon to rest his head, whilst our modern pluralists, professing to tread in his paths, do no work, and have a home for every day in the week. What do such men as Sir Henry Rivers do for their livings?

He, for instance, has run in debt, cheated all his creditors, and spends the produce of three rich benefices in a foreign land ! Look at Sir R. Peate, can he, a prisoner in the King's Bench, attend to his flock at Brentford ? No ; but he has those who attend and exact his tythes as closely as if he had done more than his duty to deserve them. Look again at the young Archdeacon, the Honourable and Reverend Hugh Percy, son-in-law of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and cousin to the Duke of Northumberland, who has six or seven church livings !!! He is moreover a man of fashion and a courtier, and all his *honor* consists in taking that for which he makes no return—screwing from the poor and needy, to waste amongst the rich and licentious ! Of all parsons, the pluralist is the worst ; to him much is given, and not any thing received ; he neglects his duty to God and his neighbour, and prevents, by his greediness, some more worthy man from being a comforter to a flock he has abandoned in the desert of sin, without a guide to lead them out into the promised land. Virtue to these men is only a name to carry on the trade of vice more successfully. Did parsons understand their own real interests, they would all be virtuous ; noble actions are seldom buried in obscurity, and it is almost impossible to prevent a sublime conduct from obtaining, even upon earth, a signal reward.

Self-interest, properly understood, should make a man sincere, upright, and generous ; but it is differently understood by the pluralist ; it makes him a liar and a hypocrite. Falsehood, Master Pluralist, is never long successful—sooner or later it brings destruction on the utterer, whilst truth, at the same time that it obtains esteem, and begets confidence, serves us the most at the very crisis we are afraid it may injure us. These men hesitate not in grasping at worldly goods to give in exchange their own soul, and comfort themselves with the vain reflection that the evil day is yet far off. Thou fool ! perhaps this night shall thy soul be required of thee !—and when travelling through a plurality of worlds to answer at the judgment seat for the plurality of evils thou hast here committed, thou wilt derive no hope from the thought that you robbed the

poor, and neglected God's work, because others also did the same. Not only wealth, but *honours* are aimed at by the ambitious pluralist; his crimson lappets, hat, and gown, are not the livery of him who had but one garment, and that the same as his disciples.

To domineer over a vestry meeting, dictate laws to a work-house, sit in judgment on a bench as a magistrate, and bully at county meetings, are all estimated as *honourable* situations by these corrupt parsons. They should reflect how widely different to their vocation, as pointed out by the law of God, are such practices, and such places. Whoever arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue ought to consider that every sort of wealth or dignity they may arrive at marks them as parasites or villains, and stands as a blot in the annals of their country.

But says the time-serving pluralist, "my number of livings enables me to do good to the state, without the support of which, religion must fall." Poor indeed must be that religion which depends for support on an earthly foundation; and no man can be truly honourable that is irreligious. True honour, though it be a different principle from religion, produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the law of God; the religious man fears; the man of honour scorns to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something beneath him, the other as something offensive to the Divine Being: the one as what is becoming, the other as what is forbidden. Religion and honour are twin brother and sister, meant to go hand in hand through the world together: and of what does the fat pluralist's religion consist?—why in turning his back upon the flocks he has professed to guard!—in despising God!—and setting an immoral example to all within the vortex of his dissipation! His honour consists in extorting from the poor a tenth of the necessities of life, to gratify his rapacity, his licentiousness, and his beastly lusts!! Of such men, I say, "Oh, my soul! come not thou into their secret." "Up, Lord! how long

wilt thou suffer injustice?"—how long wilt thou suffer the wolves to prey upon the lambs of thy fold, and not avenge their sufferings.

The plate to this work is no fiction of the artist's imagination; it is a faithful picture of many a wretched pluralist, "weary and heavy laden" with the wealth of corruption, and yet thirsting for more. We will illustrate it by a few examples of greedy, bloated, overgrown parsons, who covet all they see, and armed with the mail of iniquity, go about like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour. Our subject has led us on further than we intended; we have been preaching to those who never preach themselves, although trebly paid for doing so. We put forth no profound speculations which, instead of making men wiser or better, generally render them absolute sceptics, and overwhelm them with doubt and uncertainty, and like the forbidden fruit, serves only to increase human misery. We state plain facts; plain and simple reasons for all we advance, and if Pluralists be a necessary evil, then there is no hope but in the "kingdom free from evil," which is the Lord's, where the poor labour not to support the profligacy of the rich, where the proud shall be brought low, and the humble exalted, where "all tears shall be wiped away from all eyes, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

It is our intention, in pursuit of this interesting subject, to give a list of all the pluralists in the kingdom, alphabetically arranging their names, distinguishing the donors and patrons, whether the King, Lords, or Commons.

TO DR. WILLIAM HOWLEY,

Lord Bishop of London.

MY LORD,—With humble deference to your lordship's judgment, particularly in clerical cases, I deem it a duty to call your attention to the enclosed Number of a periodical work, in

which Dr. Chisholm, belonging to your lordship's diocese, is charged with divers crimes. I am also in possession of further proofs of his iniquity, which I shall lay before the public, unless your lordship will take the affair into your own hands, and make that enquiry into his conduct which is so imperiously called for. My respect for the Ministers of the Gospel in general, and veneration for our holy religion, induces me to make the case of this sinner known to you. It is in your power to do justice to insulted morality by instituting those proceedings against the delinquent pointed out by the ecclesiastical law. If it is not done, in the forthcoming No. 6, I shall be obliged to hold him up for further public execration. But I make no doubt this intimation will lead your lordship's attention to a man who is albeit unfit to hold a sacred office.

I am, my Lord, with profound respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

W. B.

P. S.—Your lordship is also doubly interested in this case, inasmuch as you are a member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and so is Dr. Chisholm; consequently, a man, guilty of fornication, has lately been one of the number who have prosecuted me nearly to ruin for publishing a few fictitious levities.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCOTCH PARSONS;

Or, Inverness in an uproar.

“Who will go up with me unto Mount Gilboa to battle.”

From Inverness to Johnny Groats
 What pulling caps, and tearing coats;
 In spite of wind, or wintry weather,
 Young, old, blind, lame, all flock together—
 To expel the Parson with disgrace,
 And put the devil in his place.

BURNS,

Our puritanical brethren beyond the Tweed are just as much inclined to bickering as we are, and the ministers of the gospel

do no more credit to the church than ours do who are better paid ; their anger seems to be very fierce, and their wrath very cruel. Lately the Reverend Mr. Campbell, agreeably to arrangement, went to preach in the church of Croy, and in consequence of the maltreatment he had experienced on the preceding Sunday, several friends accompanied him on this occasion.

When they arrived at Croy, the mob through which they had to pass presented a most formidable appearance ; about fifteen hundred people were arranged along the church-yard wall, from twelve to fifteen deep in battle array, and Waterloo order. Picquets were distributed in the open fields, and light companies in petticoat armour bivouacked at all the visible extremities where a charge might be apprehended. Mr. Campbell and his friends attempted to proceed towards the church, and were opposed by the women, who assailed them with horrid execrations. The Reverend Parson, for whose person the ladies had no reverence, deemed " it better to live in a corner of the house-top, than with brawling women in a wide house," and prepared for a retreat, when a plentiful quantity of mud closed the ears and eyes of Parson Campbell and his storming party ; bludgeons at last were raised on every side, and volleys of stones threatened the Parson with a martyrdom similar to that of Stephen. Mr. Campbell opened his mouth and called out, not that he saw the Son of God in heaven, but to a magistrate to read the riot act ; the civil gentleman had scarce begun to read, when an Amazon boldly stepped forward, snatched the book from his hand, and with a significant gesture, applied it to a nameless part, amidst the cheers of the populace. Another act was got and read on a hill-top, where only the birds of the air could hear ; during which silly act, the chaise of Parson Campbell was nearly smashed to pieces, and if his coachman had had any brains they would have been knocked out, for his head was broken in two places. The mob pursued Parson Campbell to Tamagram, two miles from Croy, where he did not, like Jesus, " pass through in the midst," and boldly face his foes, but he got into a post-chaise, and ran from the field by a secret road, leaving " all Israel scattered abroad," without a

leader. His party, however, succeeded in capturing three drunken men, and two foolish women, who, like Shimei, had hovered near, shouting "what portion have we in David, away with thee thou son of Jesse;" this transaction is to be heard before a civil tribunal, and the Reverend Parson Campbell, determined to carry his object *vi et armis*, is to make another inroad into Canaan, attended by an imposing force of constables. How all this will end we are at a loss to know—it will not end for the honour of God, and as to the church, such attempts brand its ministers with eternal disgrace. Blood may probably be shed—Parson Campbell, that blood will be upon thee and thy children.

The plain truth is this, the Reverend and warlike Mr. Campbell, (who seems well qualified for heading any host but that of the Lord of Hosts) is a man far from being beloved, and his patrons wish to force him upon the ministry of Croy, against the wish of the community. Mr. Campbell rides in his carriage, and drinks his wine upon orthodox principles; he has "talents hid-den in a napkin," he neither "giveth to the poor or lendeth to the Lord," and preacheth the state doctrine of passive obedience; and non-resistance, which is not relished at Inverness, probably as a late suicidal minister said "from an ignorant impatience of tyranny."

What good can Parson Campbell ever expect to accomplish in a parish where he is despised by both good and bad, where his doctrines and his person are alike, anathemised by one and all; surely his Redeemer does not counsel him to enter a place with swords and staves, and establish his religion in blood, and to create peace on earth, and good will to men by sounding the trumpet in Zion, shouting "to your tents O Israel," and prepare for a day of slaughter. We have scarcely common patience when we reflect on such irreverend conduct, and say in the language for which Mr. Hobhouse suffered an imprisonment in Newgate, and was rewarded by a seat in the House of Parliament. "What hinders the people from dragging such fellows from their seat, by the ears, and throwing them into the river."

THE TRIAL OF PARSON EYRE,

At Aylesbury assizes, for violating the person of a poor work-house infant, eleven years of age.

“ Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

These words of him who “ spake as never man spake” before or since, had often been in the mouth of this Parson, and in future we trust they will be used to a more noble purpose, than that of perverting their meaning. Little children, we are afraid, go unto many teachers pure and choice emblems of the kingdom of heaven, but quit them degraded and polluted, fit only for the kingdom of Satan. There are men in the world, who would gladly overturn a mountain to obtain a mole-hill, careless if they crushed a multitude to death by the fall of that which had its foundation on earth and its head in heaven. We have had too many Parsons under our lash who have sacrificed every thing to personal gratification and the lusts of the flesh ; in the first ardent pursuit that occupies the corrupted mind, so animated, so complete is the enjoyment of the present, that it obliterates all idea of futurity, and so entirely engrosses the soul, that it leaves no room for the anticipation of future distress. The transient pleasure arising from vice is so gratifying to the wicked man, that he never reflects (till too late) on the instability of its creation ; Parson Eyre, we are led to believe, was one of those unthinking beings. Although his trial has been suppressed, as of too beastly a nature to be laid before the public eye, for the sake of example, we will repeat the cause which led to it, and leave our readers to judge for themselves. He has been acquitted by one jury, (to compare ourselves with one arraigned upon a more vicious, and heavy charge,) we also were prosecuted tried and acquitted by one jury, our persecutors (The Society of Vice, of which most likely parson Eyre is a member) tried us again upon the same indictment, and we were con-

demned. The fate of Parson Eyre might in all probability be similar if he had to undergo another scrutiny; with our own example before our eyes, we are cautious in pronouncing a man innocent, because he has been found once, not guilty.

Mr. Eyre applied to the overseers of the poor of St. Luke, for a child to assist in his house, and be a companion to a little boy which he said he had brought up from christian charity; he stated himself to be possessed of property, besides his curacy, and insinuated the probability of those children being benefited by it in case of his death.

His manners were insinuating, and his profession precluded all suspicion of improper motives. The overseers rejoiced at the prospect of establishing one of their infant paupers so well in the world.

He selected a child eleven years old, and she was given up to his protection.

She had not been long gone, before the overseers heard reports very much against the purity of Parson Eyre's moral character, and sent (with laudable promptitude) to bring away the child. She told the officers sent for her, how she had been treated, that the Parson had taken her to his bed on the journey from London, having then forcibly and carnally had knowledge of her person, since which time, he had repeated the same acts every night at his own home. A warrant was issued, and Parson Eyre brought up to Bow Street, where he underwent two examinations; on account of the Bishop of Clogher's infamous case being then rife before the public, the greatest care was taken by the magistrates that the prisoner should not suffer from prejudice, on account of his profession; he was fully committed to take his trial for the capital offence.

At his first examination this Parson appeared quite indifferent, lounged, whistled, and hummed tunes, whilst witnesses were under examination; he admitted having slept with the infant, and *tickled her for fun*, but nothing more; on his final examination he called on God to attest his innocence, and shed tears (at the time they were thought to be crocodile's.) A young

girl in black swore, that the child he had brought up, as he said from charitable motives, was his own, he seduced her, and she bore him that infant when she was an infant herself, not being more than thirteen years of age at the time of its birth. He was removed to Buckinghamshire to await his trial, and it appeared from statements made in the public journals, that this last important witness for the prosecution was in the habit of visiting him in Gaol, some application was made to prevent her seeing him, but we have no recollection whether or not she was excluded from the prison. We apprehend such a thing, however proper, could not lawfully be done. The country papers teemed with paragraphs in the man's favour, and reasoned upon the improbability of a man of fifty indulging in such an inhuman propensity as the desolation of a child. Sterne somewhere says—"When to gratify a private appetite it is once resolved upon that an innocent and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with." The remark is painfully true, and in a case like Parson Eyre's, facts, and not motives are to be judged; it seems his trial came on before a merciful jury, and a court crowded to excess. The disgusting investigation lasted five hours, and the result was his acquittal—be it remembered, that no bill was found by the grand jury, on the capital charge, so that only for the minor offence was he tried, and for this the court and jury took five hours to come to a decision of guilty or not guilty. Fortunately for offenders, all our laws lean to the side of mercy, and the judge before he sits to condemn, sits to save if he can, for he is the prisoner's unfeeling counsellor.

Mr. Parson Eyre had the full benefit of that mercy and impartiality, he stands acquitted by law, and if his own conscience acquits him also, he is a better man than ever we supposed him to be.

The ticklish situation from which Parson Eyre has just been emancipated, may be a lesson to him against the indecency of tickling little children all his future life. We are not vindic-

tive, and feel glad that the jury saw sufficient reason in their eyes for acquitting him who was prejudged in the opinion of the world, wrongfully we hope.

We apprehend Parson Eyre will now return to exercise the functions of his holy calling. His having been suspected of such a crime, must give him extreme pain if he possesses a single spark of moral feeling, and from his fate we may see how necessary prudence is to the happiness of man; we have heard no attempt made to exonerate him from the charge made by the female at Bow Street, of his having seduced her at a very early age; so the act remains uncontradicted upon record, and blackens with guilt a pillar of the church which ought to be white and pure as Alpine snow. We will, however, from the principle of christian forgiveness, hope that Parson Eyre may yet live to atone for having "erred and strayed," and repent of his misconduct.

It would be well, if persons did but consider to what consequences misconduct leads. No man can go for any length of time on in the career of vice, he must be sure of detection: in the commission of crime nothing is so certain as that it will ultimately be discovered; we observe, that in human tribunals from ways which almost appear providential, crimes of individuals are made out as clear as light, but if they should escape human observation, there is an eye which no ingenuity can deceive, and no vigilance can elude.

We promised to give this case to our readers, and we have redeemed our pledge we hope impartially and satisfactorily. The trial has terminated otherwise than many had foreseen; the awful lesson will, we hope, have a moral good effect upon both our readers and Parson Eyre, he has been acquitted by a jury of his country. We are glad of it, and say in the words of Mercy, "Neither do we condemn thee, go and sin no more."

THE RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD DR. LINDSEY,

Lord Bishop of Kildare, in Ireland.

“A land flowing with milk, and honey.”

The scripture historian in speaking of the land of Canaan, to designate its richness calls it a “land flowing with milk and honey;” many of our Parsons are not content with a share of the honey, and new milk from the cow, but the skim milk, the butter milk, the curds and whey, are all objects of their covetousness. A passion of this nature has given the above respectable pillar of the church the name of “Bishop Buttermilk.”

The Irish are apt in the exuberance of their fancy to give ridiculous names to persons. We will skim the cream off this dairy-fed Parson's character, and see whether or no he merits the foregoing sour title.

Dr. Lindsay is a Scotchman, possessed of all the saving virtues, so inherent in all those born North of the Tweed; he appeared first in Ireland during the year 1804, as chaplain to the Viceroy, Earl Hardwicke, by whom he was made Bishop of Killala; the writer heard him say in Dublin Castle, on this, his first promotion, that wealth poured upon him so fast if he shut the door on it, it would enter at the window, and if he closed that, it would come down the chimney. The Bishop has since his repeated promotions altered his creed; he does not wait for Dame Fortune to approach him with her gifts—he now goes in search of her in the highways, and under the hedges, and if he cannot secure the gifts that she scatters from her hand, he is content to pick up the dirt that is thrown on either side from the rolling of her rapid wheel. He established a Scotchman on a farm of his near Dublin, as a cow-keeper, giving him the charge of thirty milch cows, which were to afford a supply of milk for the Dublin market. A Bishop to publicly turn dairy-man was too glaring, so he employed a deputy, and received the profits as a sleeping partner.

The parson was encompassed by "the fat bulls of Bashan," he wisely determined to make his stock increase and multiply till their progeny should "go forth and grow up like calves of the stall," bearing in mind the vision of Joseph, he fattened his "lean kine" and increased his farming, till the sheaves of all his neighbours as it were, bowed down and did homage to the sheaf erected by the Bishop's spirit of industry. The spirit of religion had nothing to do in it, for he envied all his rivals in the milk-market, and the milk of human kindness flowed not from his gentle bosom when he resolved to establish a monopoly by force of arms; and one morning, meeting on the road to Dublin a buttermilk boy, who (like one of our English post-boys as they are foolishly called) was old enough to be the father of twenty boys, the Bishop reproached him with following so diligently his worldly calling, and neglecting his own soul; this happened on a Sunday morning, a day which, however it may be set apart for devotional exercises, is one upon which such articles as milk and mackarel are allowed to be sold. "The Sabbath was made for man," the Sabbath was a doctrine warmly urged by the buttermilk Sabbath-breaker, he was admonished to return to his abode with his cart and his cans. As obedience to this dictation would have soured his milk, and been to him a great loss; he looked proportionably sour on the holy adviser, and roundly swore he was in the right road, for he had seen the Bishop's milk travelling before him, and he would proceed—high words ensued, and the boy said that it was the Bishop's coat which made him saucy, and was his protection.

If it is my protection, said the enraged prelate, it shall not be yours, and throwing it off, commenced an attack; the other was not slow in returning it with sevenfold interest, for he not only smote him on both cheeks, but he "put a mark upon his forehead, whereby all might know him." The Bishop fled, and his revengeful antagonist battered him in breach with his brogue, till he, who should have been "eyes to the blind" and "feet to the lame," had not an eye to see out of, or a leg to stand upon.

Misfortunes never come single, for scarce had the Bishop recovered from this chastisement, before his friend, the confidential cow-keeper, took a farm of his own, and drove off to stock it the whole of the Bishop's kine, fat and lean, without distinction.

To reclaim them by law would have been to acknowledge himself unworthy of his pastoral dignity, and shewed that he had stooped to gain money by vile means. He was well served for employing a wicked instrument to promote his avaricious views: he had enough and to spare, and was not content—he made a traffic of godliness, and prized a brute beast before the salvation of a man's soul.

Such conduct, if not stamped with the deep dye of guilt, is nearly allied to it, and reflects disgrace upon the high office to which this man had a call from the Holy Ghost.

In our opinion, they who made this man a Bishop, spoilt a Scotch farmer, and he would be one of the last we should resort to for lessons of christian charity; let him for shame relinquish laying up treasures upon earth, and lay up for himself treasures in heaven, "where moth nor rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." As the buttermilk-boy stood in his way to an earthly market, let him beware that wealth does not stand in his way to that heavenly harvest which is not to be reaped by sordid avarice, or overbearing pride; for it is written, "how hard shall it be for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

PARSON COOPER,

Rector of Ewhurst, in Essex, alias Mr. Stewart, who fled his country for an unnatural crime.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

The subject of this notice was early initiated in the ways of vice and infamy. In his boyish days he frequented the drunken revels of gamblers and cheats. The horse-races and cock-

fights were his hobbies, on which he ventured all the money he could *beg, borrow, or obtain under false pretences*, for he was too idle to gain any thing by industry! He was educated for the ministry, and possessed insinuating manners, with a pliability of disposition, and a yielding conscience, which made him useful to his superiors in wealth. A superior in infamy he had none. An oath was to him no more than a jest: he thought

“Tis he that makes the oath who breaks it,

“Not he who from convenience takes it.”

After running through his private fortune, and alternately winning, losing, and cheating at play, he became, in early youth, nearly destitute. Sir Godfrey Webster, a name well known on the turf, and every where else that hazard is to be run, or a deep game played, compassionated his misfortunes, and presented him to the living of Ewhurst. He neglected all his duties; he drank, wenched, and hunted, like a blackguard. His name, as a debauchee, soon became notorious all over the country, and it was destined soon to “stink in the nostrils of mankind.” His debts accumulated so fast, that he was obliged to abandon his living, and seek security in that refuge for guilt, the Isle of Man—there, in the society of such abandoned characters as Sir John Macartney, Major Webber, and Fletcher the profligate, he squandered the produce of his benefice, and wallowed in drunkenness like the swine in the mire. *He was at last caught in a situation with a servant too hideous for us to name, and was hurried away to the Castle of Peel, handcuffed to the partner of his guilt, amidst the revilings of a multitude, who, however bad in themselves, were innocent when compared to this reverend and unnatural monster.*

This was not his first step in the path of bestiality; he kept a school at Ewhurst, and has been known to expose the obscene plates of a detestable book called “Fanny Hill” to his young pupils, in order to elucidate passages in the classics.

In the gaol, where all are promiscuously mingled together, he was the champion of guilt: daily was he seen in the courtyard, singing indecent songs, and invoking the destroying an-

gel, who was hurrying him downward to hell, his body festering with corruption, and his tongue seared with blasphemy. He fell sick, and was confined to his cell; but the grave revolted to receive him, and no ray of hope appeared to light his way to the narrow house of long repose. He recovered, and became worse than before. Every sun that rose upon him in the morning, when he withdrew his evening beams, left him a shade darker in infamy—a step nearer to the gulph of perdition. By the aid of bribery, he effected his escape from prison, and got to France. Even there he was discovered, hooted, and execrated. He returned privately to England, and under the assumed name of Stewart, skulked for some time about the metropolis, the police getting scent of him, he retired to the country, where in a public house he spent the little he had in riot and intemperence amongst the lowest of the low, and the vilest of the vile, but the time approached for settling his accounts, a fit of apoplexy afforded him no warning—he soon provoked another by his rapacious use of spirituous liquors, with which he vainly strove to drown his feelings; his last words were those of despair, and he closed in dreadful agony, a life stained by all the crimes that ever were combined to sink the soul of a sinner; behold the last end of the unrepentant, and shudder at its contemplation, ye whose passions are leading you on the road to ruin! reflect, ye indolent and gay, who are intoxicated with pleasure! human life like a river agitated by storms, wings unseen its trackless way towards the ocean of eternity, and on the eternity of the bad man shadows, clouds, and darkness rest in terrific horror.

There is no “saving clause” to be found in this pillar of the church, he shamefully abused the laws of his country, and blasphemed the religion of his God; he looked upon “the poor and needy” with unfeeling contempt, and upon the abandoned reprobate with approbation; he was a flaming brand to light up the fire of Molock, he became fuel for it himself and perished in the flame; he lived without God in the world, but in the next, he will find him to his eternal sorrow; he had wealth, health, and knowledge, and what did he gain by these liberal

blessings—A life of infamy and death, without hope; let us hope that his example will not be followed by any who can “see, read, mark, and learn.” With regret we are compelled to observe, how very few of our intellectual worthies that bear about the frippery of their calling, and neglect its sterling value, are really religious—“Who are they who come from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of their strength,” not those who are ‘mighty to save,’ not those who ‘speak in righteousness,’ but men puffed up with the pomps and vanities of this world, who forget to prepare “a sheltering port and a quiet home in that to come, when their time here has passed away.” That the fate of this vile sinner may have its due effect upon them, is our hope; and we sincerely wish many of them may at their last hour, be able to lay their hands on their hearts and exclaim with holy Paul—“I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory.”

We are informed that this miscreant has very recently been observed about London, we shall ferret him out wherever he is, and make him confess the truth of the inspired writer’s words—“there is no peace for the wicked.” Justly ashamed of his life, he has probably spread the report of his own death, and if he feels soon in earnest what he has spoken of in jest, no eye will pity him, who is unfit either to live or die.

PARSON GRIFFITHS

Of Manchester, Beastly-Drunkard.

This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard.—DEUT. Chap. 21, v. 20.

This reverend brute used to officiate at the old church in Manchester. The writer of this went with an intention to be married by him, but he found him so intoxicated that he retired, and waited the arrival of another minister. Griffiths could not stand without support, which circumstance was remarked upon

by a friend, who attended him in the church, and at the altar, he exclaimed ‘ ’Tis a lie, I’m sober—sober as a judge, and I’ll let you know it to your sorrow:’ he then advanced with the prayer-book raised in his hand to inflict a blow, he reeled indeed to and fro like a drunken man, and as the scripture saith

‘The righteous shall stand, and the wicked shall fall,’

Down went the minister, prayer-book and all.

When sober he conducted himself very properly, but unfortunately he never was sober when he had the means of getting drunk, and many made him so for the sake of enjoying his humour, which was exquisite, but very unbecoming a clergyman; it rose with every bumper, and he sang, let off puns and satire, cleverly and elegantly. He was endeavouring one day to perform the funeral service, and the person who held his train behind, inadvertently let go, and he fell head foremost into the grave. In company he was reprov’d for this by a gentleman, who said ‘if I judge aright, you laid on the coffin till the mourners pulled you out of the grave.’ ‘You judge,’ said Griffiths, ‘you presume to judge aright on such a case, for shame, sir, it only belongs to Jesus Christ to judge ‘the quick and the dead together;’ when the laugh, raised by this blasphemous wit had subsided, and he was further pressed, he remarked, “we are gathered together” for the purpose of conviviality, and as this is a *grave* business, we had better drop it altogether.

The whole life of this man was a libel upon the religion he professed, and he died as he lived, in a state of drunkenness. The most surprising thing is, that in such a populous place as Manchester, where there are so many eyes upon a minister’s conduct, that he was suffered so long to run his infamous career; whether it arises from some neglect on the parts of the church ministers or not, I am at a loss to say, but there are more dissenters in Manchester than any other place of its size in the kingdom, and most of the dissenting ministers are men of education, eloquence, and devout lives. The latter hold their

places by election, and can be dismissed without a bishop's interference, provided they act unbecoming their sacred office; the clergyman of the established church is a fixture not so easily moved—he is sure of his salary and emoluments, though he preach to empty pews, and cares not anything for the displeasure of the parish, if he has the bishop on his side, and acts with common decency. There are also, in general, political reasons for retaining dissolute characters in sacred offices, which, however convenient to the powers in office, does material injury to the church. In this town I am mentioning, were not the principal magistrates who acted at the massacre, (of which I have nothing to say, right or wrong) were they not clergymen? What was Ethelston with his brandished sword, threatening immolation in place of forgiveness? a richly beneficed parson. What Hay? another; the former has got a fresh living added to the one he already had, and the latter has retired from the office of chairman of the sessions, retaining the salary as a sinecure; the prospects of such temporal rewards cause men to forget their heavenly duty, for as long as the minister has it in his power to 'put on the great pot, and prepare food for the sons of the prophets,' they will look to him, like the sons of Eli, the high priest of Israel; they will not be content to eat of the prepared victuals a regular portion, but aspire to seize the flesh fork, and take what they list when the meat is raw. No clergyman ought to be a civil magistrate; had Parson Griffiths been alive at the time we are alluding to, he would, like the children of Eli, have gone forth to battle, and probably have perished through the influence of the spirit which then prevailed; he was allotted a less conspicuous fate. The dignitaries of the church think often, that having ordained a parson, and inducted him into his cure, they have done with him; let me tell them it is their duty to watch him afterwards, and their own security, as well as the cause of religion, requires that they do it diligently.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS ;

Or, the Methodist Preacher, Major Holland, (patronized by the Duke of Kent ;) who changed his Religion thrice, his conduct never, for he always remained—a villain.

‘ Now Barrabas was a Robber.’

Field preachers are as numerous almost as the beasts of the field, and many of them possessing no better understandings. There are a gang of methodistical vagabonds who secede from the mother church, either because they do not comprehend the purity of its doctrines, or that they have disgraced it by their conduct, and see a readier way to wealth than by the path of virtue, namely, the broad high road upon which they way-lay the ignorant, and howl in their ears “ a song of Zion,” which peradventure the listeners do not understand, but believe, as the old woman did, who said ‘ Mr. Roger understands scripture things better than all the priests preaching in churches.’ ‘ How do you know that, Goody,’ said a friend, ‘ seeing you are deaf and cannot hear him?’ ‘ No matter for that,’ replied Goody, ‘ I can see by his lips, he speaks so fast that he must know what he is talking about;’ hundreds who attend these fellows are not a whit better judges than Goody. Stepney fields is a favourite spot for these ‘ false prophets’ to labour in, where the harvest is many of the idle, ignorant, and profligate. In summer, (for the spirit does not warm them in winter) I have seen six or seven of them planted on carts and dunghills, or broken gates, canting, storming, and singing to gaping fools, and in the evening have witnessed them in tap-rooms, swallowing—not the truths of the gospel, nor the “ bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received,” but fried sausages, Welch rabbits, and gin and beer, which their miserable disciples even pawn their garments to furnish them with. Their impudence is their guide; they first appear on the highways and hedges, they then get into fields and gardens, and eventually

slip over the threshold, exclaiming ‘peace be unto this house,’ into which they carry discord and every other vice; one good real churchman is worth a hundred of these brawlers, who, like the foxes of Sampson, ‘gather not in the harvest, but set fire to the standing corn, and are as destroyers let loose upon mankind.’ John Holland was one of the first amongst these hypocrites, originally a blacksmith, in the centre of the Staffordshire potteries; at the early age of seventeen he quitted shoeing horses, and making rail-ways, to rail his way towards heaven. A prophet meets no credit in his own country, and a sound horsewhipping from the hand of a divine at Newcastle, drove John from the kiln on which he was holding forth, to Stepney fields, near London, as fast as his heels could carry him. The hue and cry of a bastard child, that appendage to all methodist preachers, served not a little to quicken his pace. At the end of two years, John, who had made little progress in converting sinners, converted to his own use a silver pint, the property of a lady, under whose ‘vine and fig tree’ he had often been nourished; he was pursued and taken; for security he had placed the pint in his gallegaskins, which were searched; and thus ‘the cup being found in Benjamin’s sack,’ he was detained. The lady refused to prosecute one of ‘the fallen angels,’ and he got permission to enlist for a soldier; he became noted for his courage; the fellow feared not God, consequently not death. He was promoted to be a sergeant-major in the African corps, and married, at Tilbury Fort, a very pretty girl, whose virtue had long been as valueless as John Holland’s character. With her he went to Goree, and had the good fortune to be placed under the orders of governor Wall, who was hanged at Newgate for murder, nineteen years after it was committed. He became a sort of confidential secretary to the governor, and was at times preacher and kidnapper of poor Africans, whom he collected together under pretence of teaching them to live in peace with one another; and when those from the country came in sufficient numbers to suit his purpose, he had them seized upon, and conveyed on board of ship, to endure all the horrors of slavery.

By this infamous mode, and the prostitution of his wife, he procured a commission, and was recommended, by one destined to be hanged for his crimes, to the commander-in-chief; he was made a captain in the colonial service, and prepared to go abroad; for some reason he preferred remaining in London, and under the patronage of Lord B——, came forth on the Drury Lane boards as Octavian, in the Mountaineers, he was hissed off the stage, and wisely changed the scene by joining his regiment in the Island of Cape Breton, situated in the gulph of St. Lawrence, North America. Not having much to occupy his time, and a chaplain being allowed to the garrison at Sydney, the capital town, he abjured methodism, and put on the gown, officiating as chaplain for some years; but it at length appeared that Captain Holland had regularly drawn on the war-office for the chaplain's salary, which he devoutly appropriated to his own use; he was dismissed the service, but through his wife's intimacy with the 'rulers of the land,' got made town-major. When 'he buried Rachael,' and instigated by the evil spirit shortly after her death, he committed a rape upon a wretched settler, quite a simpleton, she could not be made to comprehend the nature of an oath, and he was permitted 'to depart in safety' from the island; he prevailed upon an Indian to carry him to the main land in his canoe; the Indian had property in charge for people at Halifax, to the amount of six-hundred dollars, Major Holland landed alone at the town of Pictou, and reported the Indian was washed overboard, no enquiry was made, and he proceeded to upper Canada, where he left the Protestant church, and was ordained a Roman Catholic priest by the bishop; he was sent among the Indians, and so successfully fleeced them, that the bishop became jealous of his wealth, and threatened to degrade him; a cause very soon occurred. A woman on her death-bed, accused him of incest with herself and daughter, and he fled the country; at the village of Necker, near Montreal, where his degradation was unknown, he received a sum of money from the church, asserting he was going on a special mission to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Lower Canada; a horse which was lent him he

sold at Quebec, from whence he also obtained money of the fathers. He embarked in a schooner, and sailed for St. John's in Newfoundland, where he again assumed the garb and exterior of a Methodist, he was admired for his preaching; and pleading poverty, a considerable sum of money was collected for him, and he sailed for England; on his departure it was discovered that he had robbed the gentleman with whom he lodged of a gold watch, four silver candlesticks, and fifty guineas in gold. The ship in which he sailed put back in a storm, and the colonists rejoiced to think they would now punish his villainy; but his usual good fortune attended him, he had removed on board an American vessel at sea, and gone no one knew where; suddenly he appeared at Charlestown in Virginia, where he commenced preacher under the assumed name of Dr. Saunders, but for an attempt to commit a rape had again to fly. He commenced strolling player, and even appeared on the stage at New York; his restless spirit of evil would not let him find a place of abode any where: in Kentucky he opened a spirit store, but was detected in an unnatural connection with a black boy, he ran from an enraged mob, and attempting to swim over the river Delawar was drowned, his corpse was swept away into the ocean as unworthy of burial in the earth he had polluted by his enormities. Thus perished Dr. Saunders, alias Major Holland: there are many in London who remember this glorious pillar of methodism, if there be (as the methodists assert) an everlasting fire prepared for the wicked, we are satisfied where this infamous wretch now remains.

THE REV. PARSON SIR ROBERT PEAT, D. D.

Once a King's Chaplain, and now a Parson in the King's Bench.

“Speaking with lying lips.”

This hero of the pulpit is one of those far travelled gentlemen, who think they have a licence to tell lies, and that we

tarry-at-home travellers are bound to believe them: where he was born, bred and educated, is of no more consequence than where Hartley, the lying felon was buried, and the lives of the two may bear a parallel, inasmuch as they both afford examples of talents misapplied, and lives which might have been respectable if properly directed, being rendered useless from a propensity to wandering abroad and lying at home. By some means or other, best known to himself, Mr. Peat prevailed upon Stanislaus, lascivious Kate of Russia's King of Poland, to confer upon him the honour of knighthood; (we even doubt this, as poor Stanislaus has a numerous set of count's and dignities in this country, bearing his cross, whom he never saw; there is one of his counts (Botalski) also in the Bench, he may prove a fit companion for sir Robert, as he is one of the most audacious liars we ever knew; when sir Robert came to London, he applied to his majesty for a confirmation of his title, which he found was not much respected by the legitimate knights of British growth. The king, it is said, refused, until sir Robert made him understand that the consequences would be to him a loss of 30,000*l.* when his majesty, always more good than wise, declared none of his subjects should lose such a sum when a slap from his sword could prevent it, he accordingly dubbed him an English sir Robert, and he went forth on the country extolling himself to all that chose "to hear and believe"—probably sir Robert remembers what Mr. Plowden said of him; we shall not at present repeat it, though it was quite sufficient to prove that sir Robert did no honour to his title, or the church. He married a lady named Smith, of Durham, famous for having every finger barbed like a fish hook, to which her neighbours' goods, that she always coveted, became attached, as if by instinct or the powers of the magnet. A humbugging tale of "mock heroics" led this pilferer into the power of an adventurer, who was allured by the charms of her purse, and valued her person only as the string which drew it open for him to plunder. Sir Robert's disposition is a bad one; proud, tyrannical, and overbearing, he never agreed with any person longer than suited his convenience, and his arrogance often caused him to lose a friend

before he had misused him to suit his selfish purposes; he very soon quarrelled with his bride, and plentiful proofs of cruelty were shown, to prove that those whom Mammon had joined, Mammon only could put assunder; a settlement of three thousand a year satisfied both parties. The lady got rid of three thousand annual torments, and he got possession of the like number of blessings, and rid of a wife whom he hated.

This great fortune soon fell from his grasp; his dissipation encreased, and the walls of the King's Bench have long had the honour of enclosing the reverend knight; he has very properly been struck off the list of King's Chaplains, and we apprehend the only list upon which his name remains is that of the Vice Society, to which no doubt he is a strong pillar of support. We have taken this very brief notice of sir Robert, because we pledged ourselves so to do in our public notices; unfortunately, the gentleman who has to arrange his biography, is out of town, but as soon as he returns we will submit the crusades, at home and abroad, of this Reverend Knight Errant and Freemason, who is more qualified to be a disciple of the gluttonous and drunken Johanna Southcote, than a pillar of the Church of Engand; he may prepare, for the evil day is not far off, 'behold I come quickly,' to 'judge him in my wrath,' and 'punish him in my sore displeasure,' and he will find that neither walls or bolts can hide the sinner from public scorn and merited reprobation.

THE RUTLAND PARSON,

A greedy oppressor of the poor, tried at the County Court of Rutland for cheating a poor woman out of a chicken.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

In a late Number, we had to bring forward a living witness of the corruptions of the church in a *swindling parson*, and scarcely is he disposed of before another succeeds—and another and another still are lying in wait for our animadversions,

From what cause we know not, the London periodical prints are very remiss in giving to the public accounts of the crimes of parsons, but we will endeavour to make up the deficiency. We are always happy to acknowledge our obligations, and for the present subject are indebted to *Drakard's Stamford News*, a journal conducted with manly ability, and stamped in every page by the sign of fearless integrity. Mr. Drakard has headed the paragraph: "*FEES versus FOWLS.*—A short time since, a *clergyman*, residing within three miles of Rutland, demanded, contrary to all former precedent in his parish, *a fee of one shilling from a poor woman, for churching her, after laying-in of a son—the heir to its father's poverty and affliction.* This unjust demand was resisted, and Judas-like, the parson set about getting hold of the money by artful means; he purchased a couple of fowls from her, the price whereof was two shillings and sixpence; in payment, he gave her one shilling and sixpence, *retaining the other shilling for his fee!!* The poor woman's husband, not relishing this mode of self-payment, instituted an action in the County Court for the recovery of his shilling, against the extortionate parson. However, when the cause was called, public shame got the superiority over clerical voracity, and his *Reverence* making no appearance against the demand, *was adjudged to restore the shilling—to which a handsome sum, under the denomination of court fees, was superadded.*"

It is difficult to tell where some of our greedy parsons would stop if they were permitted to give full swing to their inclinations; they are not content with robbing the humble ass of the poor man of his panniers as he goes to market with his burthen of fowls and eggs, but they would have the animal also, if it were worth the trouble of leading away. The prophet Samuel, on his death-bed, said to the people: "Whose ox or whose ass have I taken?"—and no one accused him of the unjust spoilation of his charge. Alas! at the present day, many of our greedy and covetous parsons might with propriety say: "Whose ox or whose ass have I *not* taken?—whose goods have I *not* coveted?—and whom have I *not* done to as I would

not desire to be done unto myself?" The words of our motto, uttered by the blessed Jesus in a moment of indignation, when he beheld the pollution of the Jewish temple, are more applicable to the church of the present day. Whoever reads the truths contained in this work, will be apt to exclaim: "It is indeed a den of thieves!"—without giving it credit for containing many honest and virtuous characters, who thus suffer for the company their lucrative profession gathers round them. So thickly is vice sown in the church, that it almost obscures the rays of virtue; they may, at times, be observed glimmering from its nave, but never burst from its centre in an halo of heavenly glory. A wise and a good heathen said: "Were there no God to see and punish vice, I would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature." For these very reasons, those who are elected the sacred advocates of virtue, seem to practice vice for the love of its beastly immorality, like the clown who went out during a dark night to dig for heaven on a dunghill! What the practice may be in London I know not, but I am sure that in the country no poor woman ever pays for being churched. Scarcely is she free from the most racking bodily pangs—scarcely can she drag her debilitated frame to the temple of God, to

"Praise him for his mercies past,

"And humbly hope for more."

but her mind must be racked to find a fee, to bribe a worldly demon for permission to bend her knee in God's temple, and offer up to him the tribute of a grateful and contrite heart. The cruelty of this greedy minister of Mammon is detestable. Had his fee been even a fee of right, we should have thought, and do feel assured that even a Welch curate, of ten pounds per annum, would have relinquished it to a poor and wretched woman, anxious to do this necessary ceremony as soon as possible, in order that she might return to labour and toil, to procure a scanty provision for the day passing over her head. Here an unjust demand is made. Resistance from the poor and friendless to the imposition of the proud and powerful gave

a shock to the parson's arrogance he never expected, and unable to procure his claim by lawful right, he stoops to base fraud for obtaining it.

We believe Turpin, the murderer, was hanged for stealing a game cock; and we can see little difference in his case and this of the Rutland parson! They both seized upon the property of another, though the one forfeited his life for the offence, and the other only a few shillings! We presume this may be called having the "benefit of clergy!"

To escape exposure, not from a real horror for having acted dishonestly, this extortioner suffers judgment to go by default, and escapes unpunished. But the deed is registered in heaven, and he has yet a second trial to undergo; he will not be permitted at the bar of the living God to shelter himself by letting judgment go by default; no technical quibbles will there be permitted to save a soul from hell; the truth, and only the truth will be heard, and by that his eternal happiness or misery must be awarded. It is truth alone that dictates the course we are now pursuing, and however unpopular it may be amongst a certain class of men, we shall persevere; the voice proceeding from the lips of truth commands attention, and operates with an irresistible energy; it silences the clamours of ignorance, and subdues the tumults of passion; it corrects the bad, and rewards the good: it also awakens the tenderest emotions, inciting to the mild deeds of virtue, mercy, and humanity.

Let some of our Rutland parsons consider this, repent and practice it, "and great will be their reward in heaven," and respectable their name amongst the children of men.

ANECDOTE OF PARSON SAUNDERS,

Vicar of St. Bride's.

In all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty.—Chap. 15, 2d of SAMUEL, v. 25.

The above circumstance reminds us of the Rev. Dr. Saunders, Vicar of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, who kept a poor woman shiver-

ing in the cold for four hours, he refusing to church her, as the weather was too severe for him to enter into church, and might injure his delicate constitution ! This unfeeling Parson never reflected what must be the state of that poor woman, just risen from a sick bed, and exposed to the damp air of a cold church, whilst his bloated and pampered frame must forsooth be wrapt in swaddling clothes, for which, however, he may hereafter have cause to repent in sackcloth and ashes, and regret that he had not, like his divine master, gone about doing good, regardless of change of seasons.

This dandy parson ! this modern Absalom ! with whom the ladies are in love, has more of pride and vain glory than becomes him ; he moves as though he spurned the earth, and aspired to Heaven, as a place appointed for beauty. Absalom, it is true, was a dandy, but he only preached in the gate, and stole away the hearts of his father's male subjects : Parson Saunders steals away the hearts of the women in his pulpit, and as one woman has given him her hand, after he had ensnared her heart, he ought now to cast off his dandy airs, and endeavour to act with due solemnity. His pattern, Absalom, left a pillar of stone to record his name ; the name of Parson Saunders will be recorded as a pillar of pride, unless he materially alters his conduct.

MORE POLITICAL PILLARS FOR THE SUPPORT OF PRIESTCRAFT,

Through the influence of the Dukes of Beaufort, Rutland, and Northumberland.

The Lord Chancellor, who is as tenderly alive to the best interests of the church as any of his colleagues in the ministry, has lately added another substantial proof to the hundreds of the same kind that have preceded it, by appointing one of the Lords Somerset to a valuable prebend in Bristol cathedral. The Duke of Beaufort's votes in both houses must of course render his wishes upon such subjects absolute commands, to

such conscientious men as Lords Eldon, Liverpool, &c. Indeed, his Grace of Beaufort, though well off in other departments of the state, has some reason to complain of his share of the church, seeing that the Duke of Rutland (who has but one or two more votes than himself) besides the Chancellorship of Ireland, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, has the archbishopric of Canterbury, the Bishopric of Ely, and some score of smaller things, distributed among various connexions. Besides, there is a Duke of Northumberland, who for young Mr. Percy has got no less than half a dozen preferments, all very lucrative ones, an archdeaconry, two prebends, several rectors, &c. The Duke of Beaufort then must consider himself neglected with only one bishopric and the paltry prebend in Bristol cathedral. Corruption; nothing but corruption!

REMARKS.—Who that reads the preceding, but must be shocked at the political bartering of the Church patronage—that is not fulfilling the observation of “Render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar’s, and to God that which is God’s,” but it is, in fact, giving all to Cæsar, and robbing God of the uttermost farthing, “can any good come out of Nazareth?” can any good be done to the cause of christianity where its ministers are selected not for their moral and mental qualifications, but from the number of votes their relatives and friends can give to support a minister in the House of Commons? We will venture to assert, without fear of stultifying ourselves, that the above young men rewarded with “the good things of this life” so profusely, are ignorant of the duties of ministers, that not one of them can write a moral discourse, and few deliver one appropriately.

We fear the solemn circumstance of ordination is turned into a mere political farce; they know before hand what text will be given them to compose a sermon from, and that they repair to the bishop for examination with it ready cut and dried in their pocket, prepared for the purpose by some poor curate, of neglected talents, who also has taught them to read a chapter in Hebrew, like a parrot, by rote, and that this procures them the insignia of the band and gown, all else is worthless in their estimation.

The writer remembers a noble lord, once Chancellor of Ireland, saying to a relative, who wished him to provide for his son ; ‘ Why, sir, he is not fit for the Customs or Excise, he is too great a fool to cast up a sum in addition, there is nothing for him but the church, or the army.’ That young man alluded to, was actually established on a living worth £400 per annum, and was drowned in crossing a ferry in the North of Ireland, to bully his parishioners into voting for Lord Castle-reagh, at the county of Down election. There is one thing in a titled Parson, the ‘ honourable’ before his name prepares you for dishonourable things, and his family connections are sufficient to announce his corruption.

ADDRESS TO SAINT WILBERFORCE.

“ Behold an Israelite without guile.”

We have had reason to write a letter to this Champion of the Vice Society, and think we have a right to question him upon some points of his religious life, which we are well informed is little more than outward shew. His speech in the House of Commons in defence of the infamous Vice Society, calls upon us to state how far he is qualified, by act or deed, to be a Pillar of the Church ; and as we are only beginning with him, we shall without further preface, state what he has to expect, and he may, in the interim, we sincerely hope, “ repent, and sin no more.”

It is well said, by a man of superlative genius, but whose doctrines we look upon with abhorrence, Voltaire, “ That priests trample with impunity upon the graves of Cato and Rousseau.” We are not inclined to be the champions or the disciples of infidelity ; nor will we pluck stones from the monument of the father, wherewith to bruise the head of the son ; or we could find the god of Mr. Saint Wilberforce’s idolatry in the pages of the infidel Voltaire—aye, reader, startle not, we will draw the veil of canting hypocrisy aside, and prove our words beyond the possibility of contravention ; for never will we assert a thing which we do not feel ourselves competent to manage, and run to the goal with successful diligence. We can travel back into ancient history as far as Saint Wilberforce ; but if we quote Pagan authorities, we do not, as he did in his reply to Mr. Hume, rely upon them as examples to be followed, to support the doctrines of the Living God ; no, no, no. The sacrifice offered by Elijah which called down fire from heaven, was not offered upon the altar of Baal ; our religion is free

from mystery ; free from jargon and cant ; it is the religion of the gospel—but not the religion of its ministers.

Mr. Wilberforce, in advocating the cause of the Vice Society, pretends to advocate the cause of religion ; and he quotes heathen authorities to justify the practices of the Christian Gang, in Essex Street ! Gracious God ! thou whose mandate the warring winds and the beating waves implicitly obey, forgive the erring mortal, who blasphemes thy name by coupling it with scepticism and idolatry.

In every country, and in every age, says Mr. Wilberforce, there were institutions for the protection of religion. True, Mr. Wilberforce, but what religion was it those institutions protected, not the plain simple faith of Jesus Christ ; but a religion revolting to human nature, and believed only from fear. And because there is no institution of an inquisitorial nature to protect religion in this happy land—is Mr. Wilberforce justified in naming himself and a secret society, amongst which are numerous Sodomites, and villains of the worst description, as the inquisitors ? does he ever reflect that the king to whom he kneels, and to whom his family are indebted for the wealth they enjoy from a plundered nation, does he remember that this king is the head of the English church ? and does not his conscience wring him for having taken the power out of his hand, to do justice with mercy.

Unhappily, we find by reference to history, that churchmen have always been the first to blow the trumpet of revolutionary war, and lead on the ignorant mass of mankind to slaughter. After the events of the French Revolution, with which Mr. Wilberforce is well acquainted, and the dreadful vengeance inflicted on the clergy, it was natural to expect that body would confine themselves to the real duties of christianity—but in 1823, when the world is supposed to be rising from the dark clouds of vulgar superstition and error, we find an ‘Army of the Faith,’ led on by a fanatic, ready to imbrue their hands in blood. Who will not deplore the miserable state of ignorance which led to the wars of France, in the reign of Henry the Third, ‘The League’ then had its ‘Army of the Faith ;’ and the inhabitants of Paris were persuaded by priests that nothing but the assassination of the king and protestants could be acceptable in the eyes of the Almighty. The people in some instances did not see they were compelled to oppose the claim of Henry the Fourth to the throne of the Bourbons, but when they saw the figure of the Virgin carried at the head of their bands, and beheld their confessors marching with arms, instead of the peaceful emblems of religion, they felt that zeal which led to scenes—the recollection of which make men blush for human nature.

Some kings, well knowing the weakness of uninformed members of society, have permitted priests to call into action for their service, all that frantic superstition which, even at this day, is found a powerful instrument in support of the persecution which despotic princes would heap upon the friends of constitutional liberty. In the religious civil wars of France,

Spain employed an army of bigots to destroy the free constitution which Henry the Fourth wished to give his subjects—at the present day, the government of a Bourbon ruling in France, has encouraged an army of Spanish bigots to destroy a fine constitution in Spain. Thus the system of church interference in the affairs of sovereigns and national disputes, is still adhered to, and enlightened Europe has got to regret the baneful influences in temporal matters, which these wolves in holy garb exercise over the credulous slaves of their will.

Let Mr. Wilberforce reflect upon this; he is a political canter, and political sanctioner of hypocrisy; we firmly believe, that if a disavowal of his celebrated trash about the atonement would insure him a place in the high consideration of ministers, he would turn his back upon Jesus Christ, and face the Devil for Mammon's sake.

Mr. Wilberforce affects to be possessed of much learning, and he always is bringing it forward in his place in the House of Commons; surely he always speaks on religious subjects, and learning must only be cant or hypocrisy, when put forth in the cause of the most simple artless creed of faith that man can imagine, and only God could frame. The religion of Jesus requires no learning to make it understood, it is calculated by God to be understood by the most ignorant of mortals. We have not been brought up in the school of scholastic history, but we have read, and have a memory; a treacherous one for such enthusiasts as Mr. Wilberforce—he could not have referred to a worse precedent in all the states of Greece, than that he draws from Sparta. The god of the Spartan's adoration was Bacchus, the god of drunkenness; and Venus, the goddess of debauchery. A mutual intercourse betwixt the sexes was encouraged—the children of free men were rewarded for murdering slaves—the unmarried virgins danced naked in the theatre, before the elders and youthful warriors, and lust and intemperance were the supporters of the Spartan religion. Lycurgus gave them laws, whereby he permitted “the great only” to practice a crime for which we have not a name, and which is with us chiefly confined to the Parsons of the church of England, composing the Members of the Vice Society, of which Mr. W. is a leader. Even Lycurgus, aware of the depravity of the Spartans, bound them to observe his laws until he returned from a voyage; he made the voyage of eternity, and never returned, but the fact of his having done so remains on record, that the Spartans were the most depraved of men. From these people, and from these laws, does Mr. Wilberforce draw inferences in support of christianity. The man must be mad, or foolish, or a bigot, whom

“No king can govern, and no God can please,”

when he brings forward damning proofs of his own imbecility, and the little knowledge he has of heathen mythology and sacred scripture. We think Mr. Wilberforce well worthy of a place in our crimes; he is a sec-

tarian without reason on his side; he is a persecutor for religion's sake, without one divine spark to illuminate his dark bosom; he is a believer without charity, and precipitates by his doctrines the malediction of eternal death upon the slumberer in the cradle. 'Oh my soul, come not thou into his secrets,' he may keep them to himself, or consult with his *fides achates*, Mr. Babington, from whose conversation he will find the consolation of being exposed in our next number, when we will 'turn white to black, and also black to shame.'

N. B.—We have already brought to contrition by our labours many divines (by name.) Amongst them the amanuensis of the Bishop of London, and the scholastic Parson Pigot of Clerkenwell. If Mr. Wilberforce, with all that humility which he preaches to others, will come to us, we will convince him that he is not the man he professes to be; that he is kicking against the pricks; and whether at Kensington Gore or Essex Street, is living without God and without hope in the world.

THE REV. RICHARD MILLES,

Prebend of Exeter; Rector of Tarring, West; Vicar of Kenwyn and St. Kiddy; Vicar of Melon cum Male, and Member of the Vice Society.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

We beg leave to refer our readers to No. 2. of this work, where we notice this wretched Parson, and the great bail he had procured to answer the charge of an unnatural offence,

Without aspiring to the gifts of prophecy, we then foretold that he would flee his country, and he, as might be expected, has done so. His infamous case is thus lightly noticed in the Times, a journal, almost the apologist of guilty parsons, and which did not mention the infamous Clogher till all its readers cried shame. We apprehend, when men, puffed up with worldly vanity, are looking up for court favor, they are precluded from telling truth by the corrupt motives of self-interest.

By the self-banishment of a beneficed clergyman, and a prebendary of a cathedral, who has also forfeited his recognizances on a charge of an abominable nature, the valuable living in one of the Western counties reverted to the gift of the diocesan,

and has been most satisfactorily disposed of. We understand that the above depraved individual, like his brother in iniquity, the late Bishop of Clogher, was some years since the prosecutor of a poor man who charged him with a similar crime, and who is now under sentence of transportation, for having propagated what was supposed to be a malicious charge.—*Times, Tuesday, March 25th.*

Here the *Times* labours under an important (perhaps wilful) mistake; one living, he says, has been disposed of satisfactorily, we have, no doubt, to the exile's successor; but what has become of the rich prebend, and the other four benefices, we are left to conjecture; if they also are satisfactorily disposed of, we trust they are divided, and not given as a bonus to one man, in order that increase of wealth may increase sloth and idleness, and idleness dissipation, ending in guilt. We hope to hear that some reparation, besides an immediate recal from transportation, will be awarded the poor man whom this reverend monster prosecuted to death; a portion of his ill-gotten wealth might properly have been applied to this atonement, but we suppose, like the bishop, he has had time to gather together his all, and sell his tithes to the best advantage before his departure; so long as such fellows are admitted to escape under the cloak of bail, so long will the church be filled with monsters. Men of depraved habits, who have it in their power, will purposely enter the church as a shield, to protect them in the practice of crime, and yet there are men of talent and ingenuity, who are so hardened as to defend favouring these Parsons in bailable cases. Verily there is no cause why they should be treated as possessing distinct privileges over their fellow men, and we always hold, that the defending of a bad cause, is worse than the cause itself. But Mr. Milles stands not alone; we have letters from numerous correspondents in every part of the kingdom where our work has spread, (and its circulation in so short a time is beyond our expectation) and we, ourselves, have made a journey through the populous Northern counties, and everywhere find the vineyard overrun with rank weeds. We find more bad Parsons than any other class of men in so

ciety, and the formidable battery of guilt they present shall only redouble our zeal and courage, to persevere in its reduction; our table is filled with canting, whining letters from Parsons, who are either smarting under our lash, or wish to avert it from descending on their shoulders, they are all animated with worldly fear; had they the fear of God before their eyes, they need not care for what men could do unto them. Let them apply to him who has power to change their hearts, and not to mere mortals like ourselves—let them cleanse the inward man, resort to penitence and prayer, and He will save them to whom a truly serious sinner never yet applied in vain.

The case of Milles is another proof how unworthily the high honours in the church are bestowed, and unless more discrimination is used in selecting beneficed Parsons, the time will come, when a shovel hat or a dean's apron will not be seen, but every one will look upon them as marks of superior guilt, and not as Aaron's breast-plate, impenetrable to the shafts of vice and immorality.

PARSON WEBB,

An Insolvent, Pluralist, Minor-Canon of St. Paul's and Westminster, Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, &c. neglecter of his duty, &c.

GUILDHALL.—Several respectable inhabitants of St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fish Street, and St. Gregory by St. Paul's, attended before Sir Charles Flower, on Thursday, the 27th of March, upon summonses, obtained against them by Mr. Holland, the sequestrator of the living, to show cause why they refused to pay the rate assessed under the Fire Statute Act, for the support and maintenance of their rector, the Rev. Richard Webb. No objection was made to the amount of the rate, but resistance solely on the ground that the clerical duties of the parishes were not performed, and Mr. Godwin, of Paul's Chain, detailed the complaints. For the last two years the church had been almost constantly closed on Sunday after-

noons; the inhabitants had twice elected a lecturer, respectable men, to whom the rector had refused the use of his pulpit, and forbid them doing any kind of duty in his church; at one time, on his own authority, he altered the hour of divine service from a quarter before eleven to a quarter before twelve, to the great inconvenience of the poorer classes; the reverend gentleman transferred himself to the King's Bench, to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act, though, in addition to his income derived from their parishes, he was in the receipt of profits from other situations, being one of the minor-canons of St. Paul's, a minor-canon of Westminster, one of the priests in ordinary to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and Chapel at Windsor, evening reader to the Foundling Hospital, and holder of a living in Hertfordshire; as to visiting the sick, and other important duties, they were wholly neglected.

Mr. Holland said he was under bond to the Bishop of London to collect the rate, eighty pounds per annum of which he paid to Mr. Webb, and the remainder to the ordinary of the diocese. Some objection arose to paying the summonses, but Mr. Payne saying the amount went to the City Chamber, they said—"We don't care where it goes, so that Mr. Webb don't get it?"

One of the defendants was summoned for non-payment of seventeen shillings and sixpence; Mr. Webb owed her eight pounds for milk; she was a widow with three children; the cases were heard, and the magistrates would make no order thereon, the remedy lying elsewhere.

This *reverend* gentleman appears to have run a most fortunate career; not satisfied with neglecting the duties of one parish, he has neglected nearly a dozen, set them all at successful defiance, and in the receipt of wealth incalculable, becomes insolvent!! He changes the hours of divine service for this own accommodation, and when his parishioners murmur, he shuts the church door, and forbids entirely the performance of divine service.

The parish, willing to let him run his career of dissipation, chose an afternoon lecturer of unblemished reputation, and he

refuses his pulpit to him from mere wantonness of power, and laughs at the expense he has put his parishioners too; his character appears to be more than commonly bad, if we judge from the case as heard before the alderman, which requires no comment, he owes a poor widow 8*l.* for milk, which will be her ruin: in what way he may account for squandering his revenues (if he has done so) to the commissioner, we are not aware, and trust he will be cautiously 'weighed in the balance,' and then no doubt he will be found wanting in every good quality that becomes a minister of the gospel; and this pillar of the church is one, 'chief amongst the rulers,' who are trying to extort additional tithes from the city in order to support their extravagance. If the Bishop of London would leave off attending to schoolboys squabbles at the East India College, and purge his diocese of such 'whited walls' as Mr. Webb, it would more become him, and if he does not do so, we will try to shame him into his duty.

THE REV. PARSON ROE,

Of Newbery, Hypocrite, Fornicator, and a Burning Shame.

"Fornicators and Adulterers, God will Judge."

Some men pursue a career of iniquity with unexampled success and impunity, they probably at first commence it with an intention of leaving it off as soon as convenient, that convenient time never comes; they get so habituated to the mantle of guilt, that they can wear no other dress, and at last they put it so carelessly on, that its rents and imperfections are not only visible, but the nakedness of the wearer is exposed, and his disgusting appearance ridiculed, despised, and condemned. Of the truth of these observations, we shall drag forward by the ears Parson Roe, of Newbury, who has long been known as the holy confessor, *alias* ungodly paramour of the widow Greenway, but as he sinned in secret, no public notice was taken of it, every one whispered the tale, but no one blazed it aloud to the world till now.

The parties, however, forgot all common decency in pursuit of their unlawful pleasures, and after they had been hunted from the highways and hedges, they could not confine their deeds to the hour of night, but strong in iniquity, lost to all moral decency, with windows half closed, the carpet was made a scene, upon which we would fain even close the windows of our imagination, did not truth and duty imperiously keep them open. Little children and wayfaring men stared in with horror upon this revelling scene, and the fame of such iniquity spread throughout all the land, yea, even from Dan to Beersheba; her daughter must have known of his acts, for she was always sent out of the room preparatory to their setting her an example, she may hereafter follow to her misery and destruction.

The people of all ranks in the town were incensed at the infidelity of the pastor; mobs assembled at his door, blowing horns, cracking whips, beating marrow bones and cleavers, and all that disgraceful riot occurred by which an humble and honest community shew their detestation of a superior's crimes. Fortunately no accident occurred, though the coaches on the road were furiously dragged along by the horses, amidst blazing tar barrels, and dismal yells, that announced the degradation of a minister of the gospel; had any life been lost, if not in the eyes of the law, in the eye of God, Parson Roe would have been guilty of murder.

It was in contemplation to burn him in effigy, but we are not sure it has been put in execution: at any rate, we hang him up here in effigy, as a warning to all future generations to avoid the consequences of letting the operations of mortal beauty tarnish the beauty of godliness, and check the inspirations of the Holy Ghost.

And yet this veteran sinner—this man clothed in the garb of sanctity, and covered with the wig of wisdom, could not, without horror, see a poor man's cart cross the street on a Sabbath day. He has, moreover, nine children, who must either be training up in the wickedness of their father, or must, if virtuous, abhor his very name. If he has any heart, he must; in

either case, feel at times—as miserable as he deserves to be every hour of his life. The curtain that surrounded his iniquity is withdrawn, and ‘he that spreadeth out the skies like a curtain’ will not let him pass unpunished; his hoary head, like Joab’s, will not be suffered to ‘go down to the grave in peace,’ and even though he cling ‘to the horns of the altar,’ his hold will be loosened, and the bottomless pit receive the corrupt and hardened sinner. If this exposure turn him from his evil ways, and he avoids the wrath to come by penitence and prayer, we shall feel happy at being the recorders of his infamies, which render him at present a burning shame in the Lord’s temple, and ‘verily the smoke of his iniquity ascendeth up for ever and ever, Amen.’

THE KING *versus* THE REV. T. ROWLAND.

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.”

This was an indictment for wilful and corrupt perjury, against the above named parson, tried at the Kent Spring assizes, for evidence given by him on trial of a woman named Mary Drury, at the Quarter sessions, New Romney; he had prosecuted her to conviction, for sending a threatening letter to extort money.

The indictment alledged, that the parson denied he had written a certain letter to the girl, and that he swore he never met her on certain occasions. The letter he had written was in these terms, and we call it ‘The Hypocrite’s Epistle,

“DEAR MARY,—I send you one pound; I have no more to day; if you will come to me here to morrow night at seven o’clock, you shall have more. I must see you before you go away.”

Up to this time the Parson was a man of fair reputation. Mary Drury, to whom this letter was addressed, was of humble parentage; for her writing to him what was termed a threatening letter of exposure, &c., to extort money, he (the Parson)

prosecuted her and she was convicted and sentenced to death under the Black Act, 9th Geo. 1st, cap. 22. sec. I. She afterwards received the royal pardon, it appearing the letter did not come under the statute ; unfortunately the pardon was not under the great seal, the girl being too poor to pay the expense, and it was doubted, whether her evidence was admissible on trial, for the evidence given by the parson, he was now prosecuted ; he was a prisoner in the county goal, having been surrendered by his bail, the formality of proof required by law, not being established, the Jury were directed to find the defendant—Not guilty.

EDITOR'S REMARKS.—Thank heaven, it seldom happens that the Editor of a public work has to animadvert on a case of such unparralleled atrocity as this. Our pages, which through six preceding numbers are filled with clerical infamy, contain not a case equal to this for cold-blooded villainy, hardness of heart, disregard of shame upon earth, and contempt of God's holy word and commandment.

In the first place the parson seduces the girl, for no attempt is made to attain her reputation, which the fellow would have done had it been possible, he then abandons her during her pregnancy, with a solitary one pound note, and a promise of more which he never intended to perform. Yes, reader, he abandons her who was guilty to him alone, at the period when from her state she was not able to gain support by the labour of her hands ; when the burden she bore made her an outcast from friends and society ; when the slow moving finger of scorn was pointed at her ; and like the traveller in the sandy desert not even a solitary shrub raised its blighted leaves to afford her shelter. Oh ! yes, at this time, with the pledge of love about her—when women become doubly interesting, and their errors are forgotten ; when he was most to blame, and should have taken her to his bosom with all that generous feeling which palliates the errors of man—and when he should have said, in defiance of the world and the world's law—' Whither I go, thou shalt go ; where I abide, thou shalt abide : my for-

tunes shall be thy fortunes, and my God thy God ; at that time he inhumanly

“ Casts her like a loathsome weed away.”

And when she applied to him for support, he throws her into a gaol, and prosecutes her to death.—‘ Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon,’ hide it from infidels and savages, lest they blaspheme the name of the living God, for the crimes of his abandoned and detestable minister.

Mercy, it was true, was extended to the unfortunate girl, a mere technical error saved her life, to the sorrow, no doubt, of her blood-thirsty seducer, who foresaw his impending disgrace ; he has been prosecuted for the wilful and corrupt perjury, and escaped the pillory or transportation, only because it was doubtful whether the evidence of his victim could be received against him. Here again, is a hardship which calls aloud for a reformation, or a renovation of our criminal statutes, because an innocent woman cannot pay for a seal, she is to go through life accompanied with the brand of guilt ; her oath is not to be taken, and she is shut out from all the privileges of a Christian and a Briton, as if she were a felon and an outlaw. To this absurd formality is Parson Rowland indebted for his acquittal, though his guilt was as clear as the sun at meridian ; in the case of the poor girl, the formal error which caused her condemnation, was not permitted to save her ; she was indebted to royal clemency for a life, which never ought to have been put in jeopardy.

I know not for what reason, but Parsons, more than any other class of men, are most difficult to be brought to judgment for their crimes, and almost always escape the punishment ; surely it is a mistaken lenity that suffers them to escape, on account of their sacred characters ; on that very account they should be more rigidly attended to. With the exception of Dr. Dodd, we know not any parson expiating his offences on the scaffold of ignominy ; our pages are filled with accounts of parsons meriting death, who are living in splendid infamy, and

laughing at the laws. With respect to Mr. Rowland, his conscience, we may be told, will gnaw and torment him, 'like the worm that never dies;' if that were a reason why he should escape, why then the murderers lately executed should all have been pardoned; for they too had consciences, we presume, equally tender with that of Parson Rowland, and it was only an act of royal clemency that prevented him from being a murderer also.

If Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt for looking back with regret upon the pleasures that the accursed city afforded, Mr. Rowland's heart ought to freeze, and die within him, when he reflects upon his damning attempt to hide the guilt of fornication and cruelty under the veil stained with innocent blood.

The anathema, and maranatha of the Lord is upon him, and though heaven and earth should pass away, the anger of the most high will remain, and 'God's right hand be stretched over him still.'

THE REVEREND PARSON BATEMAN.

Who employed a fellow to murder Ex-Sheriff Parkins.

"Thou shalt do no murder."

The reverend fellow is minister of Farthingstone, in Northamptonshire, and we believe one of that class, who conceive they are paid for neglecting their duty, or rather think they are so far above every one, that to arraign their conduct, were flying in the face of divine providence. We are not inclined to respect the high eminence on which such fellows stand, considering that wealth and consequence, when bestowed upon a scoundrel, renders him a more proper object of public censure than the sinner in a private station; inasmuch, as his example is more conspicuous, and his power to work evil amongst mankind, more extensive.

We are not aware how this parson commenced his career, he is a bon-vivant, and what is termed a jolly facetious fellow,

a bottle companion of Colonel Mouncey, a wealthy man, telling lies with as much care, and more ingenuity than a Methodist parson; he has been in India, and of course has Robin Hood's licence for pulling a long bow.

Gilsland Wells, near the borders of Northumberland, is a sort of Harrowgate, possessed of a mineral spring, (made by the doctors) it attracts company in the summer, who fill a few boarding houses, dance and sing, and while away the time. Gilsland is a diamond in the midst of a desert, for all around are deep gullies and morasses; mountains without verdure, and nature in her rudest and most uninviting attire. At one of the houses, we believe the Shaws, Colonel Mouncey, Parson Bateman, and Mr. J. Wilfred Parkins, since so celebrated as the Ex-sheriff of London, were assembled at a convivial banquet, where they all, no doubt, paid hearty devotion to the shrine of Bacchus.

Colonel Mouncey told an Indian fable of a man that had been buried up to the neck for three years in the earth, and refused to be disinterred until some one gave him a certain sum of money, and a horse to ride on to the saint's tomb, whom he adored. According to the Colonel's account, some person, out of compassion for mistaken zeal, furnished the fellow with the requisites; he was dug out, mounted the horse without saddle or bridle, and accomplished an 120 miles' ride with ease and comfort. Mr. Sheriff Parkins was rather sceptical on this subject, having sojourned in India himself, and expressed pity for the state the naked man must be in, after riding bare-backed so far; whether from ill will, or his natural propensity to ridicule, we pretend not to say, but Mr. Parkins raised a laugh at the Colonel, which highly offended him, and his 'Vicar of Bray,' Parson Bateman. A squabble ensued, and the Ex-sheriff gave the Colonel a good thrashing, very justly, after he had been first assaulted. We have heard that he also beat the parson, but will not pledge ourselves to the correctness of the report; we believe the worthy Ex-sheriff is well able to beat a dozen parsons; his broad shoulders and nervous limbs announce him of

the Herculean breed, and as we do not wish to come under his lash, we shall advance nothing but of which we are certain; we prefer a handling by the Vice Society, to the weight of his hand, but fortunately we know him to be merciful, if he is strong, and should have been unfeignedly sorry if his life had been sacrificed to the spleen of a malignant villain; for in spite of his erratic movements, the Ex-sheriff has done much good, and neither wishing for his smile, or caring a rush for his frown, we say, that he is a real warm-hearted grumbling Englishman, a friend to the poor and unfortunate. We doubt much if he likes parsons..

Parson Bateman, anxious to revenge his friend and patron's cause, forgetting his duty to God, employed a pensioned soldier, whose mad deeds when a hired murderer, qualified him to act the part of a private assassin, to shoot Mr. Sheriff Parkins, promising him reward, and also to bear him harmless, for such were the words the fellow used in his confession after he was apprehended; owing to some error on the part of Mr. Parkin's solicitor, the bravo escaped, and consequently the parson also. Not a shadow of doubt was entertained of the dreadful conspiracy, and with horror we reflect on the minister of God, becoming a secret murderer, through the means of an ignorant man, who never had an idea that he could do wrong, when he was acting by superior orders.

This man remains a pillar of the church militant, and in his responses from the forum of religion and morality, gives due emphasis to the commandment 'thou shall do no murder.' We can do no more than add this fellow's name to the list of those we have consigned to infamous fame for their crimes; he is as guilty a murderer as though the sacred chalice in his hand were a bowl filled with the blood of his victim; and his fingers staining the pages of hallowed truth, with the stream of life issuing from the heart of Mr. Parkins.

Let him catch the moments that pass quicker than the sparks fly upwards—let each setting and rising sun behold him on his knees like Daniel, deprecating the severity of Almighty justice,

and his morning and evening song be ' Deliver me from blood guiltiness, oh Lord ! ' This may save him, but we would not take his chance for all the wealth that clerical assassins have wasted since the murder of Jesus Christ, who died, even to save such wretches as Parson Bateman.

PARSON DAVISON.

Drunkard, Fornicator, and Robber of the Sons of the Clergy.

If Satan fight against Satan, how shall his house stand.

Parson Davison is descended from a good family, rather in arrears with the Heralds' College, from numerous slips in the bastard line, of whom he was most conspicuous ; he received a Collegiate education, and went the grand tour, as tutor, to a nobleman's son. Davison was an excellent scholar, and had done justice in that particular to his charge, so as to make him a passable speaker in the house of Peers, where he now occasionally barks, that the House may know the dog is not dead. When they returned from the continent, the young man and his tutor occupied apartments in the Albany, and dashed into all the extravagances of the metropolis. Davison was only 27 years old, his pupil 19 ; they both kept mistresses, and contrived to spend the £6,000 per annum, allowed by the noble father, with more ease than reputation.

The fame of their extravagance reached the ears of the old man, and he made a journey to London, to have ocular demonstration of what he had heard. He saw them in high glee at the Opera, and traced them to Escudier's, in Piccadilly, where they had apartments as married men, and brothers ; he managed to be introduced, and blew up the whole party.

Grateful for what Davison had done in his early day for his son, he presented him with a commission in the army, declaring his conscience would not permit him to do any thing for him in the church. Davison was by no means a fightable man, and ac-

cordingly sold out, after parading about London for two years as a lieutenant in the guards; he lived on the produce of his commission, and the produce of a girl, well known by the name of Kitty More. She was greatly attached to him, and so was he to her, from self interest, till she broke her neck by a fall from her curriele, on Blacheath; he was with her at the time; and having conveyed her body to her apartments, conveyed the curriele to Tattersal's, and sold it next day. He buried her privately, and as he was acting man, appropriated all she left behind to his own use, the amount was £2,000. With this sum he took orders, and through the influency of his former pupil, obtained a small benefice in Cornwall, he never resided upon it, and spent his days in London as a profligate. The King's Bench, that receptacle for damaged parsons, received him at last, and the door of the world was closed upon his vices for a time. The death of his pupil's father raised him to the peerage, and raised the hopes of Parson Davison; he was not disappointed in prison, and he came unto him, to make a proposal. His lordship was encumbered with a mistress, and had an inclination to take unto himself a wife; he began by getting Davison the rules of the prison, and put him into genteel apartments in Prospect-place, where he visited him frequently, and always brought the lady in his hand. One day he came alone, and Davison, over the bottle, lamented her absence, and swore she was a d—d fine woman. 'Do you think so,' said his lordship? (a-la-negligence) I am going to cut her. 'I wish I could afford to keep her,' said Davison, 'If you wish it,' replied the peer, I'll put you in a way to do it, for it is on your account we are going to part, she likes you better than me, and I have long seen it; she is willing to marry you, and able to pay your debts, and I will give you a benefice, now vacant, worth £800 a year. The parson snatched at the bait; he was married, and regularly inducted into the living, which he has ever since held: whilst the church is supplied with parsons through the vortex of whoredom, can we wonder that purity is sapping the foundation of its godliness. Parson Davison fixed a curate on his benefice, and continued to live in London; his wife bore

him several children, but his conduct broke her heart, and left him single handed once more in the world. He sent all his family, three daughters and a son, down to his living, and placed over them a housekeeper, as an instructress and a mother, and he, whenever he chose to reside, lived openly with her in a state of fornication, and she sat at the head of the table. To the credit of the surrounding families, they did not visit them, though they received him at their houses ; but his brother parsons, less scrupulous on matters of morality, came with their wives and their little ones to this den, where, if their ‘ bones were not broken in pieces,’ their flesh was corrupted, and the minds contaminated.

One young lady, a Miss Careley, he was the means of betraying into the embraces of a John Forrester, a fox hunter, and for which friendly act, he received the sum of 500*l.* In a moment of intoxication, several years afterwards, he married Miss Careley to her keeper, and the lady rewarded him with 1200*l.* and a small living of 80*l.* per annum ; of this transaction he made a constant boast, and swore it was the best deed of his life. Formerly he kept hunters, and was a high gambler ; now he is a low one ; a head bully at country cock-fights—donkey races for silver cups—shooting matches for ploughs or suppers, and is much fallen ; he has about 150*l.* a year to live upon, the rest of his income being set apart to pay his debts. Not long ago, he gave out that he was robbed of 50*l.* near Netherton, and the country gentlemen subscribed the sum for him ; it has since been discovered the tale was all a burning lie, and one poor man, after being kept in gaol nine months, was tried for it and acquitted.

He is an excellent preacher, and is even selected to preach the visitation sermon before the bishop, who is well acquainted with the infamy of his life ; he was one of those, appointed to collect benefactions for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy, and it is supposed he got more than 500*l.* ; 90*l.* was all he paid in, and swore he received no more.

His family have all left him. One of his daughters is in keeping at Newcastle, by an old Alderman, and another married to

a weaver; he is much addicted to intoxication, and in company with his housekeeper, spends a jolly life with the farmers, with whom he is on good terms, letting their tithes cheaply in his drunken moments. He once knocked at a late hour at the door of the public-house, Mr. Brown asked from the window, 'Who's there?' 'I am the resurrection and the life,' said he, 'so open the door, or I'll be your death, by God.' If the sentence, 'go ye wicked into everlasting fire,' is pronounced in his present state, Parson Davison will surely hear it, and consider himself even past redemption.

ACCOUNT OF

DR. PRETTYMAN TOMLINE,

Bishop of Winchester, and Baronet of Nova Scotia.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

This richly-endowed prelate laid the first foundation of his advancement in the church by being domestic tutor in the Earl of Chatham's family, where he began the education of our late "heaven-born minister," William Pitt: he is a man of no talent whatever—remarkable only for taking care of the main chance, and enriching himself at the expence of others. An instance of this is to be found in his acceptance of his pupil's library. All who had any claims upon him, gave up their debts, except Mr. Tomline; Mr. Pitt owed him about two thousand pounds, and he declared he was too poor to relinquish so large a sum, but would take the deceased's library as a set off: he got it, and sold it for nine thousand pounds—an instance of treachery worthy of being recorded as a disgrace to the mitre. When this *liberal-minded* man became Bishop of Winchester, he was solicited to continue a subscription of twenty pounds per annum, which his predecessor had given towards the support of an hospital, he refused, alledging it would form a *bad* precedent for future bishops, and he would not dictate to posterity.

A curate's widow, with a large family, had a pension of

thirty pounds a-year, which expired with the life of the donor, the late Bishop; Dr. Tomline sent her a five-pound note, and said he could not afford to continue her pension, as he was poor himself! At this time, he had nine thousand pounds per annum, and a private fortune of half that sum!

Avarice is the ruling passion of this man; he has lately published "*The Life of William Pitt*," in which, breaking all the ties of friendship and confidence, he gives to the world Mr. Pitt's private letters, which were never intended or fit to be seen by the world. In fact, to put a few pounds in his purse, he has condemned the private reputation of his pupil, patron, and benefactor. He has lately established his right to a baronetcy, with a large fortune attached—and if ingratitude, ignorance, and avarice, are inscriptions to be placed on a chief pillar of the church, "*he that runs may read*" the *Bishop of Winchester*, whose only prayer is for long life and useless riches.

BRISTOL ASSIZES,

BEFORE THE RECORDER, SIR ROBERT GIFFORD.—CONDEMNATION OF AN HYPOCRITICAL VILLAIN,

A METHODIST PARSON,

Who married three wives, and lived also with a harlot.

Thomas Day, aged 64, a methodist preacher, a man of meek and pious exterior, was tried on an indictment for bigamy, in having intermarried with Elizabeth Doncaster, his former wife, Mary Day, being still alive.

The parish-clerk of St. Mary, Woolwich, in Kent, proved that on the 28th of August, 1809, a marriage was solemnized in the church, by banns, between Thomas Day and Mary Lancaster.

A baker, residing in the borough of Bristol, knew the prisoner, as his lodger, for four years, who, during that time, lived with a woman named Doncaster, or Davis, who passed for his wife, until his former wife, Mary Lancaster, came from London, and insisted on a provision for herself and his children,

when a "furious piece of work" took place between the two wives.

Elizabeth Doncaster, the last female married, stated she had known the prisoner ten years before she married him.

The prisoner was called on for his defence to these several serious charges.

A METHODISTICAL HYPOCRITE'S ATTEMPT AT EXCULPATION.

'MY LORD,—I have of late endured many sorrowful visitations of Almighty wrath and human rancour, and I have peradventure suffered severe tribulations under my imprisonment for my sins. When I took Mary Lancaster by the hand, I lived with her about a month, and verily the days of my pilgrimage were few with her in the valley of sin, for I found her heart lusted after variety, and she laid down unto other men, in violation of the law of *Moses*. I exhorted her, *and stood to it like Job*, till one day I found her with a shoemaker in my house, to whom I said—"put off the shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Then, moreover, I took him by the *scuff* of the neck, and thrust him from the door of my tabernacle. Then did Mary let me into a secret—that she had a husband—"one of these that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters," neglecting the "wonderful works of the lord on land." Albeit, she had married another man from Deal, a smuggler of *strong waters*, and a corrupter of "the waters of everlasting life;" in short, my lord, I could never fathom the *bottom* of her, and as thou hast a soul to be saved, so save me, and "judge not, lest thou be judged.'

On approaching the bar, to receive sentence, this miserable hypocrite appeared to totter on his limbs; sharp misery seemed to have worn him to the bones; and, instead of the gay *Lothario*, who had carried away captive the hearts of a congregation of damsels, he looked as *Lazarus* risen from the tomb. The learned judge commented upon the enormity of the prisoner's crime, as being a minister of the Gospel, and one who pre-

tended to set an example of virtue for others to follow. The sentence was transportation for seven years. Finding his sentence passed beyond human redemption, he resumed his pristine vigour, and walked contemptuously out of court, muttering—"I am persecuted for righteousness sake."

This fellow, it appears, was not contented with having three wives to administer to his carnal feelings, but he also sojourned at times with a concubine. He had the impudence to say—as Christ told the thief on the gibbet, 'to day shalt thou be with me in Paradise, so I hope to be in the Paradise of thy mercy.' (meaning the judge.) What analogy there was betwixt this blasphemer's case and that of the blessed Jesus, it is difficult to comprehend; but this is the way with all these wretched *canters*, to gratify their inordinate lusts, they scruple not to marry several wives, consort with prostitutes, debauch their neighbour's and friend's wives and daughters, and then ascribe it to the influence of the Devil, the tempter. Satan is blamed for their fleshly lusts, and they exclaim that an evil spirit is busily employed buffeting them about, when it is only their own lewd inclinations to which they give way without one effort of resistance; and when they are visited by Justice for their enormous offences, they cant about Jesus Christ and their good intentions, and account themselves amenable to no earthly tribunal, though totally unfit to appear before a heavenly judge, in whose sight no man living can be justified.

The fellow was an itinerant preacher, and a favourite with silly women, and he practically perverted the text, 'bow down thine ear, and incline unto me, O daughter of Sion! hearken unto me, and I will direct thy ways.' He has now got a taskmaster over him that will make him feel, nor abate one whit of his punishment, even though he whine like Wesley himself, and we trust the executioner of the law will not temper it with mistaken mercy, and this bigamite, adulterer, and whoremonger, be made to repent his sins. We wish we had, in the words of the poet—

"————— A whip of scorpions,

"To lash such scoundrels naked through the world."

AN EXPOSITION OF THE HYPOCRISY, FRAUD, AND WORLDLY MINDED INFLUENCE, EXERCISED BY MANY METHODIST PREACHERS OVER THE IGNORANT, POOR, AND NEEDY.

“ Woe unto ye Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites ; it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for you.”

To call the cant of hypocrisy religion, were an insult to the Deity, and the common sense of mankind ; yet many of the preachers of the methodist persuasion are mere vulgar, cunning hypocrites, affecting to worship God only as it serves their interested purposes. John Wesley was a man of considerable knowledge in the minds and ways of men, he took advantage of the weakness and credulity of human nature, to establish himself as gospel-head and civil law-giver for a sect which has flourished greatly since it first spread from the parent stem.

He, like Jesus Christ, communicated his plans and doctrines to the low and ignorant ; but Jesus had no earthly home—all space was his temple—the heavens his only roof to shelter, and the hearts of all true believers his invisible dwelling. John Wesley aimed at worldly power and riches, the kingdom he sighed for was of this world, and he aimed at ‘laying up for himself treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal.’ In order to establish his future fame, as founder of a sect—he bought and built ‘temples, made with men’s hands,’ and honoured the God of Fortune more than the Most High. His deep laid plan has been more deeply dug—more widely extended since his dissolution. He (John Wesley) established a set of men called ‘Circuit Preachers,’ to go to the uttermost parts of the kingdom ; he fixed them in certain districts, amongst people to whom they were strangers ; and to support these ministers of his sole election, he exacted a weekly tax from every member of his community. Next to them he formed ‘Class-leaders,’ whose object is to drill the people by insidious means, to believe or tell all the falsehoods imaginable. They go round the room, and question thick-headed boobies, silly, old, and enthusiastic young women, as to their feelings ; one declares he has been sorely troubled, by the Tempter, with carnal longings after his neighbour’s wife, but, praised be God, he was resolute in the Holy Spirit, and made the Tempter flee. Another young and foolish girl, perhaps, says she had been tempted to prostitute her body, but had at last overcome the great Devil through the influence of Jesus Christ ; at such times, the whole assembly will often set up a great cry—yea, shout with a loud shout, ‘Glory ! Glory ! come down blessed Jesus, &c.’ as if they were in a storm on board of ship, and bawling to a man in the shrouds, so as to overpower the noise of the wind. Moreover, ‘Love-feasts,’ as they are called, is another part of the scheme for wringing money from the hard

hands of poverty: for then every one is expected, and in a manner forced to give liberally, and beyond their means. At these feasts, a mouthful of bread and water is distributed, and the patients, for such I call them who submit to be doctored by these hypocrites, then declare their experience to a set of rude, ignorant, and greedy dogs.

No one, who has not mingled in these silly and unhallowed rites, can have an idea of the extravagancies which are uttered—the gestures which are used—and the raving maniac deportment of these visionaries; but the principal object to which the exhorter directs his attention, and which he never loses sight of, is to collect the pence.

“Do put some money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat.”

I remember one impudent fellow, at Lane-end, in Staffordshire, declaring to his gaping auditors, that he saw Charity, descending upon them from heaven, in the shape of a mystic dove, and crowns and seven-shilling pieces glittering in their faces, which their hands would soon put down into the plate.

Every member of the Methodist persuasion, also is compelled to have a quarterly ticket, for which they pay at least one shilling; so poor and wretched are many of these infatuated and deluded beings, that they are distressed beyond measure to raise this trifle; parting with their garments—selling the bread meant for their childrens' mouths, and often robbing to obtain it; that wives scruple not to rob their husbands for this purpose, is a fact, and they think it a lesser sin than going without the blessed ticket of fellowship. There is an instance on record, of a man bringing his wife to justice for repeated robberies, that had at last brought him to ruin, when she confessed that she gave the money to John Wesley.

We recollect a minister, Adam Clarke, moreover, from the desk, told them (his hearers) that if they would not raise money to support their ministers, by labour, they were in duty bound to stint themselves of their pint of beer per day, the use of tobacco, or a portion of their food, as manna must be given to the labourers in Jesus' vineyard—was ever any thing so monstrous. The quarterly tickets are a manifest extortion, much worse than the seals of Johanna Southcote; she charged half a guinea for a seal, which lasted through life, and ensured the possessor an entrance into heaven, (so she said) here, every quarter, if you live to the age of Methuselah, a ticket must be renewed, and a tax drawn from your pocket.

‘The Conference,’ which assembles annually, have it in their power to appoint the ‘Circuit Preachers,’ who have a regular salary drawn from the poor. The ‘Conference’ are a set of proud, vain-glorious, pampered men, whose superior cunning has raised them over the others, and who live in luxury, when their followers can scarce procure bread to support life. No Methodist (we mean the vagabondizing) preacher will discourse in a chapel until it is

made over to the society, thus they will soon be possessed of greater riches than the established church ; they, the Conference, are absolutely temporal lords of episcopal sees ; they enjoy fines and forfeitures ; their patrimony is every day augmenting by donations and extortions, but never diminished by sale or alienation ; they are a body, who, under the mask of simplicity, possess power and wealth equal to the bishops, and are full as avaricious and rapacious. So besotted, are the Methodist preachers in general, that they eat, like gluttons, of the fat of the land, spread before them by the sweat of Industry's brow.

Adam Clarke, a sharkish carnivorous swallower of any thing rather than the truths of the gospel, was invited to dine at Atringham, in Cheshire ; immediately upon entering the door, he did not, in the spirit of those commands, laid by Jesus on his disciples, say ' peace be unto this house,' but asked, in the spirit of greediness, ' is there any swine in the pot.' Pork being too strong for his craving stomach, luckily only a knuckle of veal was found therein, or he would have shaken the dust from off his feet, and left the house, cursing ' all that dwelt therein.'

In the same spirit of rapacity, they covet their neighbour's wives and daughters, and then lay the blame on the Devil, which is the effect of their pampered fleshly lusts ; thus they will commit the sin, and then atone for it in prayer. " *Defende nos O Deus, ab hoste hereditario Diabolo.*" (From our inveterate enemy, the Devil, O Lord, deliver us) when, in fact, the enemy of which they complain, is their devilish inclination to lust and debauchery, from being better fed than taught.

The circuit preachers are a great curse, they are sent amongst strangers, and as they know their term is only limited to a year, they employ that time in fleecing the flock mercilessly, whom they are so soon to leave.

Local preachers, who act without hire, are often sincere good men ; they are known to those whom they address, and who are at liberty to attend or keep away from their meetings ; and if the Methodists were wise enough to elect their own ministers among themselves, they would be much happier, both in temporal and spiritual matters.

It is folly to argue, that the despotism of the 'Conference' is voluntarily submitted to. The power which an informed mind obtains over weak ones is easily maintained, and the dread of Hell-fire an admirable bug-bear to drive ignorance into their toils.

Amongst the members of the Conference, is the place where a false conscience is most common, and consequently most difficult to be guarded against, which they themselves cannot with truth deny. There the sources of wealth are opened to a favoured few ; there the passions act in their full force, and desires burn fiercest where the baits are most alluring. By the example of these men, the purest hearts are liable to be adulterated, and the most discerning to be blinded ; impatience after favour ; anxiety to preserve power, and artifice in pleasing, form those fashionable consciences

which are in themselves really monstrous. These men, when distributed abroad amongst the ignorant, are powerful instruments to do Satan's work; by them the minds of many are warped aside from natural rectitude; their language in its very air is infectious—the daily sight of vice in so many enticing shapes as they can place it, lessens its horror; the listener to these insidious liars, first tries to palliate, and next to justify himself, and his conscience sinks insensibly from light to darkness, and in the mazes of Methodism forgets the straight path of pure Christianity.

These 'Circuit Preachers' differ from all, even of their own sect, in points of form and religion—to them its precepts are more relax—they allow themselves an amplitude and freedom of conscience which they will not tolerate in others; and that they take the utmost extent of their allowance, is manifest from a saying in every one's mouth—"That a Methodist talking of conscience, is as little to be believed as when he sets up for disinterestedness." Yet St. Paul tells us there is but one God, and one faith; woe to the men who represent God as indulgent to the minister, and severe to the flock, and accommodates his faith to conditions. "Let him be accursed" said that apostle, "who shall preach to you any other gospel than that which I have preached to you; be he accursed, though he were an angel from Heaven." So, Messrs. Circuit Preachers, I must tell you that you are liable to this curse, by presuming that there are any other laws of conscience for you, than those very same by which the meanest of the people are judged. The Methodist interested ministers will lecture against vice and profaness, whilst in their own families the gorgeous dresses of their wives and daughters encourages vanity and folly; these trappings are extorted by fear from others—fear may answer their worldly purposes, but it is not imperiousness, or the uplifted arm, which can always bring mankind to reason—terrifying instruction only avails the giver, and not the hearer, who casts his mite into the hypocrite's treasury, not from love of God but terror of Hell. Is not the whole Conference in itself a mass of deceit? Does it not swarm with creatures who, without the name of Annanias, are absolute originals of the same hypocritical stamp? Can there be a more visible grimace than for such men to preach poverty amidst the wanton enjoyment of riches and luxury? Far be it from me to censure the original faith, on which Methodism is founded—it is Christianity itself—only perverted to promote selfish interests by many of its ministers; their deceitful crimes, and the consequent corruptions extending through the wide spreading sect, and oppressing the "poor in heart," are what I do condemn—am exposing—and will continue to hold up to mankind as a vile imposition, with all the ability in my power.

Christianity, as delineated by the inspired writers, is that of a hallowed influence pervading the whole man; dwelling in every faculty; controuling every action, and imparting a character of integrity and beneficence to the whole deportment. The impious neglectors of relative duty, (and of

whom I have been speaking) can neither live in the possession of a good conscience, nor maintain the evidence of an accepted state. What is Christianity, after all, to any of us Churchmen or Methodists, if we fail to embody its principles in the every day movements of life? The vile, canting, extorting preachers who go the circuit of Mammon, and not of God, ere long will find in mournful experience, that it is only a dream; and when all the mists and prejudices of this dark world shall have vanished—these worldly speculists in heavenly faith, who never felt its transforming energy in their hearts, nor its holy influence in their lives, will awake up to all the sad realities of endless despair. We shall take up our pen on this subject from time to time; and amongst “The Crimes” which we are holding up to universal detestation, the Methodist Parsons will hold a painful pre-eminence.

W. B.

Their worldly hearts a thousand passions feed,
While each to guilt, or to misfortune lead;
Both day and night in turn they tyrannise,
And will destroy the spring from whence they rise.

INHUMAN CRUELTY OF THE

REVEREND METHODIST PARSON, JONAS CUNDALL, AND
HIS BRUTAL WIFE,

To a parish apprentice, Frederick Foster Kaye.

“Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.”

This cruel monster lives at No. 5, Low Street, St. Peter's, Leeds; on the first of April, in consequence of information received from various parties, he was summoned before the magistrates, for cruelly flogging and ill-treating a poor parish apprentice, aged fourteen years, named Frederick Foster Kaye.

The magistrates, after a painful and impartial examination of witnesses, fined him ten pounds, and cancelled the boy's indentures; a very slight punishment for such an atrocious offence, for it was only a few shades distant from a deliberate attempt at murder.

The food this un-Christian hypocrite allowed to the poor fatherless boy, who was confided to his protection, and demanded his most charitable care, was of the most revolting description, very often oatmeal and water boiled in the morning, was given to him in so small a quantity that it did not suffice to break his fast. Bad as this was, it must have been made worse when warmed over again during the day for his dinner. He was often tied up, and merely at the caprice of his master and mistress, horsewhipped most

unmercifully. At other times, Mrs. Cundall, a worthy coadjutor in the infamy of her husband, dragged him to his master's bed-room by the hair of his head, and Cundall got out of bed, pinned a blanket on his own shoulders, and beat those of the boy dreadfully with a heavy kitchen poker, which, with a large stick, were the weapons alternately used to torture this innocent creature. His body all over was most dreadfully bruised, and the brute force which accomplished this must have been very great. His mistress was in the habit of rubbing his naked elbows up against the wall till the skin and flesh came away; and the agony felt by the boy must have been excruciating indeed. The poor youth frequently complained to his wretched mother, and from her scanty pittance she spared him a morsel of bread, to keep him from perishing through starvation and cruel treatment!!

These atrocities at length reached the ears of the committee who are appointed managing-guardians of the poor; and, upon an investigation, they were so fully convinced of the cruelty exercised to the poor unhappy victim, that an application was made to the magistrates, who went to the utmost rigour of the law in awarding punishment. The reader will consider this but a very slight atonement for such brutish conduct, heightened by the knowledge that he who had done it was a *minister*, pretending to preach the doctrines of Christian charity and humanity. It is a pity that a separate charge was not also made against the wife, compared with whom the Jezebel of the Bible was an amiable character. This statement may, however, hold them both up to public scorn, and be a good lesson to others, to avoid the steps of cruelty when they see its perpetrators punished, and shunned as a pestilence, a shame and a disgrace to the methodists, in and out of Leeds, who have many more villains of this description amongst them that we are preparing to expose in our future numbers.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE CASE OF PARSON ROE.

Of Newbury, Adulterer and Fornicator with the widow Greenway.

“ His right hand is under my head, and his left doth embrace me.—Solomon's Song, chap. 2nd, 6th v.

We did not intend to have said more of this parson and his abandoned and lascivious widow, had we not been threatened with prosecution by persons from the neighbourhood; one of whom, a brazen-faced, bloated, parson-looking fellow, had the impudence to tell us to beware, for young Roe was come to town

to consult counsel: if this young child of an abominable sinner would call upon us, we will convince him that we have no fear but that of God before our eyes, and will teach him more of true religion in half-an-hour; than he has been taught by his father since the day of his birth.

We understand that Newbury, for two nights, was a scene of riot, and that constables were on the alert to prevent Roe being burnt in effigy. To the increasing shame of this depraved rector, we are told that he has been seen to enter the widow's house, and immediately proceeded to pull off her cap, and play with her in a manner decency forbids us to repeat, and for which he merits an expulsion from the church, with his gown pulled over his head—nay, with his shirt off, that he might be lashed, for the infamous example thus set to the numerous eyes that our exposures have directed towards him. We remember reading of Cranmer the Archbishop, who recanted and signed his recantation, burning the hand off that had done the deed, saying, 'this hand, this guilty hand hath offended;' were Parson Roe to really repent, and consume his offending parts, whether mental or bodily, so that they sin no more, it might be some atonement for his bare-faced enormities; what his paramour must think when she looks upon her really beautiful daughter, we do not know; no doubt the widow exclaims at the sight of Roe 'as the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons of men. I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.'—Solomon's Song, chap. 2nd, 3d verse. We will tell this lecherous widow that the fruit in which she delights is more poisonous than that of the Upas tree, in the blasted desert of Java, for it poisons body and soul: and if the sin of Eve was great, hers is sevenfold, as the Tempter to whom she yielded was not clad in the brilliant scales of the serpent, but in the robe of man, made venerable by the wig, which denotes sanctity and virtue. We pity parson Roe's wife and family—we feel none for him, and if he is not more cautious in his future exploits, we will do more than we have done, and he may live to see the day when he will be driven from the ark, and 'find no rest for the sole of his foot' in Newbury.

THE REV. PARSON GOVETT,

Vicar of Staines, and Curate of Ashford, an oppressor and a fool.

“The Sabbath was made for man—and not man for the Sabbath.”

When the legislature had it in contemplation to reduce the revenues of the church, and make modesty, competence, and religion, go hand in hand through a peaceable and smiling world, the above avaricious parson undertook to make every inhabitant of his parish become a *saint*; the arm of labour was to be drooped in supine rest; no wheel should be turned, save the wheels of Ezekiel, as he turned over the leaves of his Bible; and bread, neither leavened nor unleavened, was to be issued from the baker's shops, even though “there was a cry in Israel, Rachel weeping for her children, and she grieved because they had it not.”

Possibly the writer cannot detail the *screwing* career of this parson without inclining to the ludicrous, but he must do his duty, and if the reader laughs to scorn the vile hypocrite, the lesson is the same as though he had been lectured into abhorrence.

Parson Govett is a man enriched by the genuine flowers of literature. His mind is embellished by all the arts, elegancies, and accomplishments of life. To him, the extremes of either zone are open; the heavens have been his contemplation, the fields his study, and nature his book—but the labours of art and parental care, the peculiar endowments of a well-informed mind, which in earlier ages would have been pronounced the effects of inspiration, have been lavished upon him with useless profusion. He stands alone amongst men like the watch-light on a mountain top, to warn the tenant of the valley that a plunderer is approaching to deflower his garden, seize his harvest, and ravage his fields. A baker of the name of Smith, who had read the remark of Jesus when his disciples rubbed out and eat the ears of corn, presumed to sell his bread on the Sabbath morning. This gave offence to the devout

Parson Govett, and he turned informer himself. The consequence was, that the baker received a summons, and the magistrates fined him one pound one shilling, and this was continued every Sunday for weeks, and probably is to this day. Calculating that Mr. Govett pursued this honourable office of a vile informer for six weeks, of course he received half the penalty, and by this un-Christian-like practice, pocketed three pounds of the baker's money, to add to his already over-flowing stock, for no parson in the kingdom exacts tithes with more minute severity than he. In that way, almost might it be said by him to his flock: " 'But the very hairs of your head are all numbered,' and if 'two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and one of them should fall to the ground,' I will have the tenth of them for my portion."

However, the parson, wearied out by being a personal informer, would not desist, but delegated his infamous office to an underling. It was in vain that the whole town murmured at and reprobated his conduct; his motto was: "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword; I am come to set man at variance with his father, and the daughter against the mother, and a man's foes shall be those of his own household." The obedient sycophant whom he employed was his curate, named Heron, to whom, no doubt, the informer's share was very acceptable, and in proportion to his neediness his zeal increased, so that he numbered on his list the butcher and green-grocer: these have all been repeatedly fined, and yet continue to set the parson at defiance. Such was the sensation in Staines and the neighbourhood, such the scorn and detestation of Parson Govett's inquisitorial power, that mobs traversed the streets execrating his name, and that of his informer. A gentleman shot a bird, called a *heron*, the name of the informing curate. This bird was hung upon a gallows placed on the bridge, and beside it a rotten cabbage, as a satire upon the parson's corrupt motives in these persecutions, and a pig's head with a penny-roll in its mouth, a fit emblem of the greedy swine, who devours his own tithes with true clerical rapacity, and yet will not al-

low those from whom he exacts them to gain, by honest industry, sufficient means to pay them. 'Woe unto you,' Parson Govett, 'ye exact tithes of mint and annise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy and faith; these ought ye to have done, and leave the others undone.' Verily this parson is one of those 'blind guides that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel;' 'he makes clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within is full of extortion and excess.'

So great was the sensation caused by this unseemly conduct, that it was actually in contemplation to call out the military to secure the peace of the town; here we have an instance of the mischief one bad sheep can do a flock of thousands; the peacemaker becomes a sower of dissention, and a stirrer up of sedition. Taking into consideration parson Govett's exalted office, we conclude he must be learned in the law and the prophets, and must suppose he acts from other than ignorant bigotted views; 'if his ox or his ass,' (we mean his curate) fell into a pit on the sabbath day, assuredly he would raise the whole town to assist in pulling them out, however worthy to remain there and perish; and yet in his christian charity, his godly humanity, he would deprive the poor of a morsel of bread on a Sunday. How many, Mr. Parson, are there in Staines, who labour the whole week and do not receive their hard-earned penny till so late on a Saturday night, that they have no time or place to purchase a Sunday's dinner before the succeeding morn; but even in a scriptural view is the baker and butcher of Staines justified in what they are doing? 'Jesus replied to the Phariseess, who taunted him with permitting his disciples to break the sabbath; 'have ye not heard what David did when he was an hungered and they that were with him? how he entered the house of God and did eat the shew bread which was not lawful for him to eat? or have ye not heard how that on the sabbath days the priests in the temple profane the sabbath and are blameless?'

Here Mr. Parson Govett, thou canting hypocrite and common disturber, is a witness against thee! thou art unable to refute—

at least thy own interest will not permit thee to attempt it, for we give thee no credit for acting on religious impressions. David did not ask any one to sell him bread when he was hungry—he stole it; he committed what in modern times is a sacrilegious burglary, and broke open the house of God, distributing consecrated viands to his followers, and yet our Saviour held him blameless; the necessities of nature are to be attended to before all the forms of the law, and man is not to starve on the sabbath more than any other day. Even the priests in the temple were forgiven for profaning the sabbath, and we doubt not but Parson Govett helps himself liberally ‘to bread and wine’ every day after he has preached the sermon, for which he is so well paid; he is, let me tell him, not only the minister of God, but the servant of man. His parishioners pay him the tenth of all they have got; he is their hired servant, to mind their ways, and not their tyrannical self-elected lord to prosecute them with starvation, and render the day of rest and thanksgiving, a day of tribulation and cursing; and no doubt the curses of the poor in heart, not loud but deep, are poured fourth in secret on this parson’s head more profusely than his benedictions from the pulpit, which are not valued either in heaven above, or the earth beneath, as falling from the lips of an informer—a persecutor, and an oppressor.

All the pride of office is attached to their very righteous parson, and not one spark of his divine master’s humility; he is one of those reprobated by our Saviour, who make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost seats at feasts, and to be called Rabbi Father; yet he cannot permit a poor man to enjoy the sabbath in peace.

Parson Govett’s crime is one against all society, and he merits record in this book as one of those dogs in the manger, who will permit none to eat but themselves, and shelters his purse-proud tyranny under the name of zeal for the Lord; admonition, no doubt, will be lost upon such an unfeeling fellow. The inhabitants of Staines are doing well to resist his oppression, they do well not to beware of the leavened bread, but of the Pharisees who would prevent them from eating it.

Parson Govett has had, like other greedy dogs, his day---but a day of retribution is at hand; 'The Lord shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' Mat. chap. 24. We are glad to see the universal abhorrence which this fellow's conduct has created; he is a false pillar of the church, appearing to afford it support, when in reality he is corrupting its foundation, and the sooner he is removed the better.

N. B.—This acrimonious parson would do well for a Jewish high-priest; he recollects all the forms and outward ceremonies of religion, whilst his motives within, are the reverse of charity and humanity. We beg him to remember, that however the forms of Jewish worship were tolerated in the earlier ages of the world, they were accounted superfluous, and the whole of them were nailed to the cross, with the body of Jesus Christ, but were not released from it with his immortal spirit, that soared over all the relics of idolatry, leaving a plain road to heaven for all men to travel, neither halting on the seventh or seventeenth day, to observe obsolete forms impeding their progress to a haven of heavenly rest.

ANECDOTE OF PARSON NICHOLL.

The Reverend Parson Nicholl, vicar of a parish in Northumberland, and who taught the writer to read without good pronunciation—write with bad spelling, and calculate most wretchedly; was nevertheless a man of talent, and a wit: he kept a niece for a housekeeper, and he very charitably fathered all her children. He frequented cock-fights, and was a good shot; partial to a bottle and a friend, and the promoter of mirth and social glee; he was no swearer or drunkard, and performed his duties with regularity; he was an eloquent preacher, humane and charitable in his disposition, and as parsons now go, would be accounted above the better sort of them.

In his parish was a widow named Sarah Wilkinson, worth 2,000*l.* per annum; she affected to be righteous over much, and kept a young man in her house, who read prayers night

and morn to the family. It was suspected that this was not the only family duty he turned his hand to, and Mrs. Sarah Wilkinson proved very large with—the dropsy, so she said, but no one believed her. She arrested Mr. Nicholls for 200l. borrowed money, on a Friday; he bailed the debt, and preached a sermon on the Sunday, when, as usual, Mrs. Sarah Wilkinson, dressed in her silks and satins, occupied her family seat, facing the minister. The text was ‘and Sarah proved great with child,’ which Mr. Nicholls delivered with peculiar emphasis and significant gestures towards Mrs. Sarah Wilkinson. All eyes were turned alternately upon her, and the preacher, who expatiated eloquently on the sin of hypocrisy and fornication, and at last drew inferences from the story of Potipher, ‘Come lie with me, Joseph;’ Joseph was the name of her young friend who sat by her side, and was more than suspected to be her paramour. Joseph blushed—the audiences tittered—and Sarah fainted—she was carried out to her carriage, and in a few weeks—she proved herself to be no Lucretia, to die for virtue’s sake, and her young friend, though a Joseph by name, was a Solomon by nature. Whether there was any malignity in this clerical mode of revenge, we will not pretend to say, but if Lawrence Sterne, who, the day after his wedding, in presence of his wife, lectured from the text, ‘We have toiled all night and have caught no fish;’ if he was justified in this indelicate allusion, then is Parson Nicholls justified also. We quote this anecdote, to shew the levity that parsons do often make use of in the pulpit; they recollect not that for every idle word they utter they will have to answer, and Mr. Nicholls did not follow the pattern set him by his Divine Master, who would not even condemn the woman taken in adultery; the pulpit is too often prostituted for base purposes, and it was not the way to make this prostitute a penitent by lashing her openly, and probably the parishioner was not a whit better than the pastor, who both acted from carnal impulses, not having the fear of God before their eyes.

ADDRESS TO THE CHRISTIAN READER FROM THE KING'S BENCH.

“ In bonds and imprisonment for Jesus' sake.”

The cruelty and injustice of the Society for Spreading Vice in placing me here, is admitted by all who are acquainted with my case; it is not that I have printed and published a Romance, or a Caricature, that I suffer, these are only the ostensible reasons. The real cause is, that my name is Benbow, and that I have been the scourge of hypocrites ever since I knew the distinction between virtue and vice, and to this very work am I indebted for much of their spleen and malignity. God forbid any member of this miscreant gang ever should be otherwise than my enemy; I would consider the friendship or esteem of such monsters as old Wilberforce, Lord De Brook, and the dishonourable Philip Pusey, as the greatest curse which could befall me; whilst I continue to be persecuted by such people, the world will have an opinion of my innocence I hope I deserve, and a reliance on my exertions in the cause of virtue, morality, and religion, which will not be placed in vain.

Out of my prison will I speak, and fearlessly give my thoughts to the world as usual, for I am not to be bent down by oppression, or intimidated by threats; they may rob me as they have before done of my goods, but until they rob me of life, they cannot silence me from exposing vice wherever I meet it,

My imprisonment was hailed by all wicked Parsons in and out of the Vice Society as their triumph. The sons of Belial rejoiced over me; they imagined that the lock of this prison would be a padlock on my lips; but they have done themselves an injury it is not in their power to remedy. For even here, in this very limited circle, I am surrounded by guilty and infamous parsons, who but for my incarceration would have remained hidden, and the world lost the benefit of their example which I am going to hold up, in order to encourage virtue by exposing vice. Yes, these gentlemen read in this work the

accounts of other's atrocities, and hugged themselves in the idea that they were secure in secret: their eyes shall be opened; the doors of the prison opened to afford instruction to mankind; here I shall elbow vice in every corner. On my right is a gambling parson, on my left a drunkard; behind me an adulterer, and before me victims of beastly sensuality and vices I dread to think of, and dare not name. Even as I write, I see at a little distance from me one who little dreams I am about to record his infamies! yes, there he goes, rotten with infamy, and festering in the corruption of a guilty heart, and hiding his head for a time from the strong arm of justice. For splendid iniquity, and all the damning vices that ever sunk a sinner's soul, this fellow stands supreme over all the KING'S BENCH PARSONS.

THE REV. PARSON VAUSE,

Curate of Christchurch and Garston, Liverpool.

“Destruction and misery are in his way.”

Which town he left for reasons which we decline putting on paper. He is a learned man; he has read deeply, and acted vilely; neither moral ethics or religious discussions have had any effect upon him, more than serving as a cloak to hide the multitude of his sins; hypocrisy has thrown her veil over his head, and he is ‘cloathed with curses as with a raiment,’ but we will uncover his nakedness, and shew him to the world in his natural deformity. We understand that cheating is one of his smallest accomplishments, and that, very possibly, brought him hither, to which his creditors will give a hearty assent; he extorted tithes greedily; to waste them in licentious debauchery; not content with committing simple fornication, he generally coupled the foul act with adultery, and neither the wife or daughter of his neighbour or friend could escape his lewd attempts. He ogled girls from the pulpit, and has, during the singing of psalms, pencilled a note of assignment, to give to a

strumpet as he left the church. He has been known to sleep all night with harlots in a brothel, and administer the sacrament to them in the morning as he said a cup of wine was an excellent washer away of sin.

Can any thing be more depraved and horrible than thus making the Lord's Supper a strumpet's breakfast, and doing that which will serve to damn his own soul. One Christmas he preached a sermon to the prisoners in the King's Bench, and in the afternoon was detected in bed with the most common strumpet who frequents the prison. There is a story of him which will not soon be forgotten in Liverpool, nor shall, if we can assist its immortality in these pages. He had long pestered a virtuous girl with his nauseous addresses, and at last, by the advice of her friends, she made an appointment to meet him in a garden, at the close of day. He dressed himself in his holiday suit—silk stockings on his fine limbs, a new shovel-hat on his guilty head, and with a gold-headed cane in his hand, this clerical Adonis—this emblem of purity and truth, hastened, reeking with lust, to immolate (as he thought) another victim on the altar of his intemperate debauchery. The young lady stood to receive him on a beautiful grass plat, and when he advanced to salute her—the earth gave way beneath his feet, and he sunk up to his neck in a hole filled with *odoriferous sweets from the Temple of Cloacina*. The pit was dug for him, he had, in fancy, dug for innocence. He screamed, swore, and called aloud for help in the name of that God he had so often blasphemed, and whose commandments he was arrested in the career of breaking. A party, who had lain in ambush, appeared, and covered him with reproaches, and then suffered him to extricate himself and run from the garden, stinking with infamy, and dripping with impurities; he was too filthy for kicking, or the mob who looted him home would have given him his just deserts. Since this memorable event, (and probably for other reasons) he has gone by the name of *Sir Reverence Vause*; and the smell of his iniquities will stink for ever, and the smoke thereof rise up like the flame of the Bottomless Pit, into which if he falls he never can get out again.

What our feelings are towards this man we have fully explained; what he may feel when he reads this, we are not aware, but sincerely hope it may lead him to repentance—he has a long account to settle with Heaven, and, we fear, will be a bankrupt at the Judgment day. What will he think when he approaches the boundary between time and eternity, which terminates all his lusts in this world, and fixes his condition for that to come? What will be his thoughts when the last sands of his numbered hour are running—when the beat of his once warm heart becomes too languid to be felt at the extremities of the frame—when his restless limbs lie still and motionless—when the eye is fixed, and the ear deaf to consoling kindness—when his pestilent breath, oppressive and laborious, becomes faint and feeble, till it dies away, and to the listening ear there is no sound amidst the breathless silence—when surrounding friends (if he has any) continue to speak in whispers, and step through the chamber on tip-toe, as if fearful of disturbing him who struggles and dies—whom the voice of a thousand thunders would not startle; who will hear no more till the archangel's trump bursts the barriers of the grave, and calls him before an offended God, to hear the dreadful sentence pronounced “*Go, ye wicked, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels.*” Yes, Mr. Vause, ‘to this complexion must you come at last;’ your time is short, make the most of it as it flies; perhaps your *imprisonment* here may have a good effect; from it you may peruse this work, and repent. That you may raise your thoughts from the *King’s Bench* to the *King of Kings*, is our fervent prayer; and that this brief record of your infamy may cause many to turn from ‘steps that go down to death’ we dare to hope with confidence, for none can look upon such a vile sinner without disgust, and mend his ways, according to thy word, to whose mercy we commend this *apostate parson*, for if thou deal with him in judgment, all hell will groan at the reception of a sinner more accursed than they.

THE REV. W. B. EVANS, B. D.

An Insolvent Parson, who attempted to defraud his Creditors.

“ Verily he shall not depart hence until he has paid the last farthing.”

Came up to be heard on his petition. He is a fine young man; and had been a merchant up to the year 1817, when he entered into holy orders, deeming it a more profitable trade; he resided at Conbridge, in South Wales; his schedule and balance sheet were *extremely defective*, he had entirely left out a residence where he contracted debts to a great amount. The parson pleaded *ignorance*—if the Court had allowed the plea we presume he must have been dismissed from the church; and if it really was a just plea, then the bishop who ordained him must have been a rogue or a fool. He was remanded to correct himself, after being told that *plain facts* and not *fine preaching* was necessary in a court of justice.

THE REV. W. SOUTHWOOD,

An Orphan Robber.

“ Woe unto you, who destroy the widow and the fatherless.”

This man, who is a dissenting parson, made a similar application, and was opposed on a bond for £300. This notable was pastor of a congregation in the west of England, who had raised the money to pay for the chapel he preached in; he endeavoured to get rid of paying his debts by becoming a bankrupt, but failed in the attempt. At Bristol he paid away a bill of exchange, which he forgot to take up, and found his way to the King's Bench prison. The fellow was remanded, and, we suppose, the debt on which he was arrested to be a collusive one, to effect what he could not do by bankruptcy. It appeared a matter of indifference to him through which door of liberty he passed, so that he could avoid paying a just claim to a child

who had been a week deprived of its only parent. We trust that if the attempt at fraud is not accounted for by this Parson, he will be turned out of the church. To see one of his profession at the bar of the Insolvent Debtor's Court, is a scandal to all his brethren; but to see him there, covered with guilt, excites indignation and demands punishment. With respect to Mr. Southwood, the trading, cheating dissenter, there is nothing like twelve months at the Tread-mill to induce him to do justice to the fatherless child, whom he is planning to rob, as well as those who erected the chapel, of which he is endeavouring to make a speculation of worldly interest.

BRUTAL CONDUCT OF A DISSENTING PARSON TO A POOR BOY.

Scarcely had we done recording these two infamous divines, before we meet another, in a dissenting garb, at the Police Office, Bow-street. It appeared, that a poor boy had pursued some ducks into his yard, where he seized a broom-stick, and beat him so severely, that he broke his arm: we should, in this case, have gladly adopted the scriptural law—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" our laws are too slight for punishing such cases; but unless his congregation wish to hear the doctrines of Christianity from the mouth of a brute, they will dismiss him with disgrace. It is strange how such fellows set up in God's stead, and persuade people they are righteous over much. The Dissenters in London have, of late been getting from bad to worse in the choice of their ministers, and if we were permitted to put questions to the Divine Being, like Abraham, peradventure not a righteous one would be found in the Gomorrah of their building. Pillars of the Church! God help us! Pillars of Hell! stout without and hollow within, to fall beneath a deceived world, and precipitate it to perdition.

THE HYPOCRISY, FOLLIES, AND IMPOSITIONS OF THE

REV. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S. S.

Minister of the Gospel at Providence Chapel, Gray's-inn-lane.

“Woe unto you, blind guides.”

It will, no doubt, be recognised, that this is the history of that preacher, who, when a certain part of his apparel was worn out, prayed for a fresh supply, and received new ones, as he stated in the pulpit, by special interposition of Providence. The reverend coal-heaver, who, by preaching, came to ride in his coach, and marry the titled widow of a Lord Mayor, could be no ordinary man; he was born in 1774, in Kent. His nominal father was named Hunt, was a day labourer, at seven or eight shillings a week, ‘a poor, quiet, honest, God-fearing man,’ (said the S. S.) who was shut out of his own bed for years, by a wretch that defiled both his wife and his bed. I am a bastard, begotten by another woman’s husband, and conceived in the womb of another man’s wife—the offspring of double adultery. Barnabus Russel, the real father, secretly owned the boy for his own child, and put him to a day school. The nominal father, by this neighbour’s assistance, had eleven children. William was a servant in several situations, and met with many curious adventures. At the age of eighteen he became acquainted with a tailor, who had a daughter, an only child, a little black-eyed girl, younger than himself. Although he was a plain young man, she fell in love with him against her parents’ consent, and vowed eternal constancy. He left the village, and she with child; the parish officers refusing to suffer him to marry, fearing a large family would fall to their charge. The hypocrite pretends to have loved her, and felt at parting; but he ran away and changed his name, quoting scripture as a precedent.

After many years of unsettled life, wherein we find him in different characters of a rogue, liar, knave, and fanatic, he married, and the troubles that followed, brought him to some

serious thought. They had six children, the whole died in convulsive fits, and all turned black; he confesses that at this time he envied the brute creation, and was frequently tempted to throw himself into the Thames. The stings of conscience he pretends to have received were great, his troubles manifold; and had he had courage enough, he certainly would have committed self-murder; his conversion is absurd. He relates it came over him while on a ladder, a little before night, in the act of pruning a large pear-tree against a wall; he saw a vision of light, brighter than the sun, and presently a voice from heaven said to him in plain words, 'Lay by your forms of prayer, and go pray to Jesus Christ! do you not see how pitifully he speaks to sinners?' These, he says, were the words *verbatim*. He immediately went into the tool-house, and as he always did when praying, pulled off his blue apron, and covered his face with it, and prayed thus. 'Oh, Lord! I am a sinner, and thou knowest it; I have tried to make myself better, but cannot. If there is any way left in which thou canst save me, do thou save me; if not, I must be damned, for I cannot try any more, nor will not.' That moment, says he, the spirit of grace and supplication was poured into my soul, and I forthwith spake as the spirit gave me utterance. I immediately prayed with such energy, eloquence, fluency, boldness, and familiarity, as quite astonished me; as much as though I should now suddenly speak Arabic. Thus he continued for a quarter of an hour, and then he says Christ appeared to him in a glorious and conspicuous manner, his body stained with blood: from that time he gave up manual labour, and prayed at every opportunity, and in every place. The next Sunday he went to church, and discovered Isaiah's meaning of these words, 'His watchmen are blind, they are all ignorant: they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough; they are shepherds who cannot understand.' When I came out, said he, I shook off gown, cassock, and the church discipline, and discovered God's service is perfect freedom; so he went home and burnt the *Whole Duty of Man*, and some

other books of national devotion, which he calls old stuff of the same linsey woolsey manufactory. There is no doubt but at this time poverty followed him so close, that he and his wife committed thefts to satisfy the cravings of their appetite: carp and partridges, he says, he found dead in his master's garden, and his wife was always hunted out of the harvest fields as a notorious gleaner. He removed to Thames Ditton, and there carried coals fourteen months on the river, at ten shillings per week; preaching on Sundays. This gave him his name of the coal-heaver. Soon after this he gave up work, and trusted wholly to prayer for subsistence; for eight years he got on in this way, and relates many anecdotes of his success.

One day, having nothing but a bit of bread in the house, he went out in search of some meat, and saw a stork run and kill a fine rabbit just in time for him to pick up and carry home. His wife lying-in, and no tea in the house, his wife told the nurse to put the kettle on in faith, and before it boiled in came a present of a pound of tea.

(To be Continued.)

REV. PARSON ROGERS

Of Langadock, a meddling Politician burnt in effigy.

Our God shall come, and keep no more

Misconstrued silence as before;

But wasting flames before him send.

PSALMS.

ROGERS V. LLOYD, LEWIS, AND WILLIAMS.

This was an action for damages, brought by a political parson, against Mr. Lloyd, a magistrate, and a man of considerable property, for the dreadful suffering he, the parson, had endured (before his time) by being burnt in effigy. At this harmless sort of *Auto-de-fe*, the other defendants had assisted, and by strength of lungs, howled out in the closed ears of this wooden devil (for it certainly was not, any more than the original thing

of flesh and blood, a God of the people's idolatry) execrations and blasphemy, to the derogation of God's word and corruption of good manners. Somewhere the prophet Isaiah or Jeremiah, it is of little consequence which, reproaches the stupidity of the Jews, for taking unto them logs of wood, framing these like the form of man, crying 'ah, ah!' this shall be my God, and falling down and worshipping it; moreover he censures them for not seeing their error and sin when they threw it into the fire, and it is consumed. Parson Rogers having this portion of scripture in his eyes, no doubt, applied it to his case, and foolishly imagined Squire Lloyd and his myrmidons were as ignorant and superstitious as the stiff-necked Jews, and ought to be punished for it under the Bible statute.

"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, &c. &c."

That Squire Lloyd had made for his amusement, but not for his worship, a graven image, is true, but the men who made shrines for Diana, at Ephesus, under the directions of Alexander the coppersmith, were guilty compared with the Welch artists, who did that to censure vice, the others did to promote idolatry.

We are not aware that even this image was 'like any thing in heaven above,' for we firmly believe the likeness of the living original, a political parson, is not to be found in the kingdom free from evil, amen; and if all of them were buried 'in the waters under the earth,' or even a warmer place under the earth, then might we say to the king, the head of the church, as queen Sheba said to Solomon, 'Happy are the people that sit in thy sight, for they behold thy glory,' pure and free from stains; if the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, God help and be merciful to the posterity of political parsons, for if God be jealous, they are lost for ever.

It was the accursed meddlers in the human laws and constitution of Palestine, that persecuted to death the Lord Jesus Christ; he was murdered by Jewish political parsons, who de-

manded, according to infernal custom, an innocent victim to be crucified, to please the base passions of a demoniac multitude.

How many an innocent man is even now, in these enlightened days, persecuted for his votes and interest at elections, by political parsons, who follow a multitude to do evil; verily, their crime is great, a day of retribution is at hand, and we, in this work, feel a presaging hope, that we are the destined avengers of freedom in some degree, by the exposure of their vile contumacy.

But enough. This trial came on at Shrewsbury; one of the defendants was a hedge carpenter; ‘a hewer of wood,’ who cut down and made up the image: the other, the ninth part of a man, who made the habiliments for the wooden devil. The parson had given evidence on a trial arising out of an electioneering contest, which was disbelieved; and Mr. Lloyd, on his return home, determined to have a jollification, and render the name of a political brawling parson infamous in the neighbourhood of his estate.

The effigy, made out of a fir tree, was dressed in black, habited in bands, and decorated with a ‘trencher-cap,’ on which the parson’s name was written. It was carried in procession through the streets, and then roasted on a gibbet, over a bush fire. Mr. Lloyd was drawn in his triumphal chariot, round the scene, by the populace; and finally, when he considered Rogers was well enough done, or sufficiently roasted for his sins, he levelled a musket at him, and smote him with a leaden bullet on the forehead, even as David smote Goliath, and he fell to the ground amidst shouts of victory, and there was consumed to dust, which was scattered on the wind, and seen no more.

The learned Judge reprobated the proceeding as foolish on both sides, and directed the Jury, who gave a verdict for Rogers, the political parson, damages £10.

[This cause excited considerable merriment in Court; and if Parsons for the sake of a paltry £10. will go into court to be exposed and laughed at, they deserve all they receive, and the reprobation of those who view with detestation the Political Crimes of the Clergy.]

THE REVEREND PARSON SYDNEY,

Curate of Nottingham ; Rector of Ilkeston, Derbyshire, valued at 400l. per annum ; Bastard Son of the Marquis of Granby ; a cruel Husband ; a notorious Drunkard, Gambler, and accomplished Blackguard.

Or if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their fate survey.

YOUNG.

It is most extraordinary, that those persons who have, from birth and education, had the fairest opportunities of improving themselves, are often the foulest characters ; and the greater their reward is upon earth, the greater is their contempt for all laws human and divine. This infamous man, who has rendered himself deserving of our lash as severely as it can be applied, is a natural son of the Marquis of Granby, by whom he was educated, and brought up with more than common care ; had he been his son and heir, he could not have shown him more parental affection ; and whilst in his parent's sight, Parson Sydney behaved so as to give promise of future talent and behaviour which would render him an eminent ornament to the church, in which his father intended to advance him, with all the interest due to his extensive fortune and connections, as well as the favour he personally enjoyed with majesty, from his own individual merits ; these good intentions—these splendid prospects were all overclouded by Mr. Sydney's irregularities, that early marked him as an object for the slow moving finger of scorn : the tares were discovered amongst the wheat before it was half ripe. The righteous seed, so bountifully sown, had fallen amongst briars and thorns, to be choaked in its growth, or strewed on the highway, to be deservedly trodden under foot by every worthless vagabond that chose to do so. Sydney became a very prodigal son, that devoured his living with harlots, which makes him now fain to fill his belly with the husks that swine do eat.

His name stands on record at Nottingham, for all the vices that ever disgraced a man, and reduced him below the level of the Hottentots of Africa, or the Cannibals of New Zealand; he totally neglected his pastoral duties—he buried the dead in a state of drunkenness, and he christened children at the font, where he had, the minute before, lapped water from like a dog, to allay the burning heat within, and take away the smell of strong liquors from his breath, that he had swallowed at the pot-house, in order to give him courage to blaspheme the name and service of God with zeal in the cause of the Devil.

He married a lovely, young, and virtuous woman, sprung from very humble parents, and an honour to her sex; her he treated worse than an Indian of Nootka Sound does his wife, whom he quickly knocks on the head when he is tired of her, for he endeavours to murder her by slow and tormenting degrees; he beat her dreadfully, and often tying her to the bed-post, to prevent her from going to public worship; keeping her without food, and finally, without raiment, for he pawned or sold the shoes from her feet, and the linen from her wretched form; eventually he turned her out of doors, and she now resides with her poor and aged parents, who are scarce able to supply her with life's humblest necessities, and her health is so weak, that her hands can do nothing towards her support. Such inhumanity is scarce to be credited; but we are aware that our pen is not able to stigmatise this monster's character as it really merits; and except for the example his vices set to others, to shun a similar course, we should not record them, for he is dead to all shame, and if ever a soul in a living body was damned, without chance of redemption, that of Parson Sydney is so beyond hope, and beneath future care. When he was promoted to the living of Ilkeston, he damned his father for an old fool, and said if he had given him a commission, he would have made a damned fine soldier, that he was fitter for a devil than a parson.

The latter part of his infamous assertion was unhappily too correct; the former not so by any means. The danger to which a soldier is continually exposed, reminds him of being

always prepared for death, and no one can be a good soldier if he be not a good man. A soldier, said Corporal Trim, in *Tristram Shandy*, who has been marching and counter-marching, charging others to day, to-morrow charged in his turn, standing for hours knee deep in the marches in water, prays as heartily as a Parson, and with less of his fuss and hypocrisy. All parsons do not pray with hypocrisy, nor did Parson Sydney; he prayed with scorn and ridicule, and at last was removed from his living. He now is a jobbing Parson, he will walk five miles to preach a sermon, or bury a corpse for sixpence and some bread and cheese and ale; and thus is a useful hackney to the lazy parsons around. He handles cocks, and feeds them for cock-fights, trains dogs for badger-baiting, poaches, and sells the game, robs hen-roosts and pigeon houses, and if he was not too worthless for transportation, would have been in the hulks long ago. Behold the consequences of long-continued vice! the destruction of both body and soul.

The world holds not on her surface, as a Parson, a greater brute than this son of the Marquis of Granby; the highways and hedges, stables and barns, are his resting places, and even thence he is spurned, when discovered, as unworthy of that shelter humanity would give on a stormy night, even to a beast of prey: his sins pass all understanding, and baffle description, and in future, if any one would point out an object, whose society would pollute hell, and disgrace the angels in the bottomless pit, they will remember and shudder with abhorrence, at the name of Parson Sydney.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF DR. CHISHOLM.

Adulterer, &c., residing at Hammersmith.

“Blessed are they that see and believe.”

We hear that some of the good folks of Hammersmith are sceptical, relative to our account of the above aged sinner; now we can tell these sceptics that we know much more than we have yet given. We are aware

that Doctor Chisholm is ill, but that is of no consequence to us ; we are informed, and believe, he belonged to a society, and was one of those that persecuted us almost to ruin. We dare his family to come forward—they know all we have said to be true ; or why did the son come and threaten us on the day of publication, and then proceed to Mary Heales, the mother of his father's bastard, and give her two pounds, and say “ that the business might have been hushed up, but for this d—d book.” We also know that the Bishop of London sent our letter to Doctor Chisholm, who received it ; and we hope the Bishop of Bristol will send him also the one we have found it our duty to write him. Mr. Fullilove is the name of Mary Heales' landlord, who demanded the arrears of her rent at the door of the church ; and, in fact, we know so many more corroborations of our account, that only for want of room in this Number, we are deterred giving names and facts more disgraceful than those we have already published.

LIFE A-LA-JEHU ;

Or, the Horse-dealing Divine.

A complaint, which has caused a great deal of conversation in Bath, was made by a French gentleman, named Lafir, against a Parson in Bath. The magistrate advised the matter to be brought into a court of law :

The Frenchman's account was as follows : I go to buy a horse from him, and he ask me 40 guineas ; I say, no, by Gar ! I no give dat. Well, say de Priest, you have him for dirty-five guineas, but d—n mine eye and limb, you no have him for less.

Magistrate.—How could you think of dealing with a Clergyman so ready to swear.

Frenchman.—Oui, I did ; I thought a Priest swear only true, so I give him de money. Well, I got on him, and he go beautiful ; but I ride him next day, he go upon tree legs. I ride him again, he go upon tree and a half. — I give him doctor—but by Gar he go upon his knee.

Magistrate.—Then you mean the horse was unsound.

Frenchman.—Oui, he got the gout.

Magistrate.—The gout ! horses don't have the gout.

Frenchman.—Oui, oui ! he vas a priest's horse, and dey both have de gout ; the horse's leg vas swell, and so vas de master's.

Magistrate.—Well, I suppose you returned the horse.

Frenchman.—No : he swear d—n his b—dy eye he no have him. I keep him in de stable for twelve week ; and what do you think I got for him ? by Gar, £15.

Magistrate.—Well, I think you received more than you had a right to expect, in a transaction with this jockeying Parson.

Frenchman.—Receive ! I no receive noddin' at all ; I got de £15 to pay for de dinner—for de horse's dinner for twelve weeks, to Mr. Bell.

REMARKS.—We have not been able to find out the name of this infamous horse-dealing parson, nor is it of much importance ; he is too infamous almost for public reprobation. The above has found its way into all the London newspapers, and as it is a police report, we entertain no doubt but one, that is, that the story is given much too favourably, as few newspapers meddle spiritedly with a Parson's infamies.

If the Frenchman carries this roguish transaction into a court of justice, as the magistrate recommended, it must come to the Bishop's ears, and deaf as these mitred gentlemen are to complaints against their pastors, we do not see how he can avoid stripping this holy cheat of the gown he has disgraced. A red jacket and a jockey cap is his proper suit ; his very language is suited to the meridian of the stable ; or, indeed, it would degrade the scavengers of the dung-hill, and disgust a veteran from the perlieus of Drury Lane.

His sins cry aloud to heaven for vengeance, and in common justice to themselves, the clergy of Bath should join in a memorial, to have this fellow delivered up, bound hand and foot, to ecclesiastical vengeance. If such a transaction had taken place among ostlers and chanters, the offending wretch would have been klicked out of every public-house parlour or tap-room in Bath ; and are the divines of that fashionable, learned, and elegant place, less refined in their feelings, and moral in their opinions, than the scum of the streets, whose souls have never been penetrated by a divine ray from above ?

We hope not—we dare hope that one Parson will be found bold, manly, and sufficiently religious, to vindicate his profession, and avow the sentiments of indignation he must feel at his jockeying brother, riding roughshod over all moral decency ; and in brazen guilt, standing as a cheat and impostor at the bar of a police office—at least, if he was not there in *propria persona*, it was conscious guilt that kept him away, and the fear of an instant committal for having obtained money under false pretences. We like not to find fault with simple errors in a magistrate's judgment, but are of opinion, that had the case been heard at Bow-street, a warrant would have been issued for the apprehension of the criminal, and high bail demanded for his liberty. In fact, such a fellow should not be suffered to go at large ; he is a wolf amongst lambs, repacious, greedy, and cruel ; a spoiler of his fellow men, and a disgrace to his holy calling ; and it is a great addition to his foul crime, that he selected for his prey the stranger, who unsuspectingly confided in the truth of a British Parson. In France, the name of a Protestant Clergyman will be blazoned abroad—become

synonymous with cheat, and for the infamy of one, (if uncondemned by his fellows) a multitude will suffer, whose lives have been hitherto considered without stain.

REVEREND CONSPIRATORS AGAINST FREEDOM.

Priests are not what they seem to vulgar eyes,
In our credulity their value lies.

There is no circumstance in the efforts of corruption more disgusting than the zeal of the militant clergy. The strange discrepancy between their religious and political creed, the sugaring over worldly passions with expressions of peculiar sacredness—the low-fawning, and base prostitution of their public flatteries—and the eagerness with which they outrun other panygarists of slavery, are more nauseous than the servilities of lay expectants, or the open denunciations of profligacy. Far be it from us to contend, that he who assumes the sacred office should cease to exercise the rights, or perform the duties of a citizen, when he throws the spirit of his creed into his political conduct, he is worthy of the highest respect; but when he uses his profession as a cloak for maliciousness, or when he debases the sanctity of his faith, into the base engines of unhallowed power, he becomes the most despicable of panders.

There are several varieties of character among the clerical enemies of freedom; of these the least offensive, is the mere tool, the decent sensualist in orders, who quietly sits at good men's feasts, and cringes delightfully at their smiles; he is not perpetually acting a new scene in 'The Hypocrite,' his life is only one uniform lie: he has sworn that he was moved by the Holy Ghost, to undertake the ministerial office; but he does not voluntarily repeat the pious appeal, unless it is necessary to his promotion; he does not pretend to an active faith; no proselyting zeal disturbs his repose—he resigns his own mind to that of his patron, but the offering is of no great value; he gives his vote at an election, or asks that of another, or utters the common-place dogmas of absolute subjection to the great, as mechanically as he eats and drinks. 'For this, among the rest, was he ordained;' his prejudices at last appear principles, and he creeps almost innoxious into the grave.

Not so the more solemn and haughty Episcopalian Aspirant; he clothes his inward meanness with a garb of priestly pride, ready at all times to execute the will of those above him. He takes peculiar delight in unhallowed wars, and palliating the most criminal excesses by his logical subtlety, he runs riot in paradox—he rejoices to wrest texts to the destruction of rights, to point the lightning of heaven against all who oppose him, and beat the

sword of the spirit into fetters. His eye is fixed, not on the skies, but on the mitre, while he enforces the charities of his faith with all the meekness of hypocrisy.

There is, however, a character more despicable even than this, where real fanaticism mingles with worldly ambition, and lends influence to its exertions. He professes to live in the immediate sight of the Almighty, yet bows down to earthly power; eulogises war, and all its horrors, in the name of the Prince of Peace, and represents the universal parent as commanding submission to the deadliest tyrannies; he lulls the spirit of enquiry by his honied tones, or scares it by super-human terrors; he expatiates on the mysteries of eternity, yet would employ them for worldly gains. He would change the pure gold of christian grace into worthless metal; at his touch, humility grows dishonest, patience sinks into abjection, humanity is contracted into party spirit, and contentment settles into despair; bigotry in religion gives vitality to his political violences, and renders them more dangerous and disgusting.

There is always some excuse which may be given, for supporting established authorities, but what can be said of Parsons, who sustain a factious association, which tends to inflame political animosities into a quenchless rage, and to destroy every lingering feeling of good-will in the hearts of opposing parties. Are they aware, that in this act, they violate at once every principle taught, and every feeling exemplified in the life of their great Master; let them refrain from the use of celestial armour—let them cease to point the sneer of the infidel by their own practical infidelity, and they will need no degraded aid from Attorney Generals and special juries against blasphemers; still less will they find it necessary to associate with those whom they accuse of blasphemy, the names of men, whose offences are, that they have decreed persecution for opinion; advocated the removal of corruption, and cried out for enquiry, and for justice against the perpetrators of foul and atrocious crimes. We have been led into these remarks by perusing a list of

THE BERESFORD MONOPOLIZING POLITICAL PARSONS,

A Family made rich by the Corruptions of the Church, and doing dirty work for Ministers.

We here subjoin a moderate enumeration of the immense revenues which this rapacious family derive from the public purse; these are the causes why some have asserted that the Church of England is a trade carried on for the benefit of particular families; some hundreds of which have contrived to get the helm almost exclusively into their hands, and care not what hazards they run if it benefits themselves; nay, it is possible they would run the bark of religion on the rocks, if they were sure of having the plunder of the wreck to themselves.

The most Reverend George de la Poer Beresford, prelate of the order of St. Patrick, visitor of Trinity College, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, his incomes are valued at £150,000 per annum.

The Honourable William Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, and Primate of Connaught.

The Right Reverend George de la Poer Beresford, D. D., Bishop of Kilmore.

The Right Honourable and Reverend George de la Poer Beresford, Provost of the Archbishop of Tuam, Vicar-choral of Cork and Ross, &c. &c.

The Honourable and Reverend William Beresford, Rector of Cloyne, with 323 acres of glebe, Prebend of Laceagh, Vicar of ditto, and of Baldare, Kilcoala, Liskerry, Adregoole and Clare.

The Honourable and Reverend George Beresford, Rector and Vicar of Feenagh, 708 acres of glebe.

The Reverend Charles Cobb Beresford, Rector of Ferman-mangulsh, &c. 400 acres of glebe, Rector and Vicar of Kiliasheer, 1,300 acres of glebe, &c. &c.

Reverend I. H. Beresford, Prebend of Kilsonaty, Rector ditto, and of Ahern and Ballynoe.

John Beresford, Register of the Consistorial Court, Kilmore.

Reverend H. I. Beresford, Curate.

Having exhibited this family picture to the public, we leave it, with all its gross and corrupt features, to their inspection; it will, no doubt, excite a generous indignation; and what renders the thing coarse is, that not one of these plunderers has the least claim, on account of talents, or zeal in their vocation; they are proud, ignorant, selfish, and profligate, infamous by their conduct at elections, and ruling the poor with a rod of iron.

If these things do not demand reformation we know not what does, and in our future numbers we shall hang up in effigy some of the Beresfords, no less celebrated for their Political practices than their private vices, and who even dishonour the name of corruption.

To the Editor of the Crimes of the Clergy.

SIR,—It is my disposition and general maxim to give every one an opportunity of correcting errors and propagating truth; though the latter sometimes may not be so pleasant, especially to those whose actions have introduced my name into one of your Numbers, an article, headed “The Rev. Parson Bateman, who employed a person to murder Ex-sheriff Parkins.” I avail myself of a leisure moment to give you a correct statement of that circumstance.

Your informant has given a very classic and correct description of Gilsland Spa, which is situated on a small estate purchased for Major Mouncey, from an unfortunate young prodigal named Carrick, by Mr. Robert Moun-

cey, solicitor, Carlisle, brother to the Major, for between 2 and 3000l.; a very small consideration in proportion to its real value. I was residing there for a few days, rustivating with a select party, Sir W. Douglas and his niece, Col. Douglas of Annan, Mr. Bosanquet and his family, from London, &c. &c. in perfect tranquillity, till the arrival of Major Mouncey, and his companion, Parson Bateman, on July 2, 1819. In respect to former acquaintance, they drank wine from my bottles; and after dinner the improbable story was told by Major M. of a man being buried up to his neck, in India, for three years! at the expiration of which, he was dug out of the earth in perfect possession of all his animal functions, without even a crack in his skin; and that immediately after his exhumation, he counted five hundred rupees into a bag, laid it across a horse, and rode away, in performance of a vow, 120 miles, to a Hindoo idol. The risibility of the company was excited by my asking a simple question: Whether the horse was saddled or bare backed? or whether the naked Hindoo had any thing to protect his limbs and posteriors from the hard-trotting Tattoo? which is a notoriously vicious horse in India, and the sort said to have been given to him by Major Worsely, in whose black regiment Mouncey was a Captain. All the rest was as described in the deposition before the magistrate in Carlisle, till I was attempted to be assassinated by the Major's servant, who had been a desperate fellow in the artillery, and gained a pension for being "the foremost of a few men, who charged and captured a six pounder, in an attack on the Americans at Hampton, Virginia, in June, 1813," but who, in a bad cause, had not courage enough to draw a trigger to dispose of poor me, whose frown even he had not to encounter, as my back was towards him. He was seized with a trembling fit whilst close to my back, with a loaded pistol in his hand, concealed under his coat; and afterwards, when in custody, confessed that he had been mainly excited to the deed by the Parson, not as you state, minister of Farthingstone, in Cumberland, but rector of Farthingstone and curate of Overton, Northamptonshire; and who having married some years ago a Cumberland lady, by whom he has a son, a barrister: through the lady he became possessed of an estate near Carlisle, where his overbearing disposition is well known; he preventing every one from shooting, or hunting across his lands, and having laid many informations against his neighbours, several of which have been turned round upon himself, and one of them a most ludicrous affair, where he lodged an information against John Bell the blacksmith, for having shot a hare; whereas poor Vulcan, who was no stranger to the Parson's disposition, placed his leathern apron in a furze bush, not far from the Parson's house and fired his gun at it, and afterwards ran to the spot and seized, not the dead hare, but his leather apron, and hastened home with his game; the Parson supposing it to be a hare, lodged an information! This, and the other similar acts, Mr. L., solicitor of Carlisle, informed me he had been made acquainted with professionally; and further, that he had been ap-

plied to, to commence a prosecution against the reverend gentleman; and in addition to what has been stated, I have been informed by his brother clergyman, (in Carlisle) that his parishioners in Northamptonshire had offered to pay a considerable sum more than his tythes, dues, &c. on condition that he would preach and pray elsewhere, and never come near them. Prior to my receiving this information, I have frequently met him in company, where he appeared to be what is called a jovial, eating, drinking, carousing, swearing, and sporting Parson, and occasionally assisting the Reverend Mr. F—— of Evangelical celebrity, in performance of his sacramental duties at Saint Cuthbert's church, Carlisle, where, for the first time in my life, I took the sacrament, receiving the bread or wine (I cannot say which) from the hands of this reverend sinner, a very short time prior to this horrid event, the particulars of which are minutely detailed in the affidavits, taken at Carlisle, before the magistrates, and which I herewith send you. After much difficulty I obtained a warrant for the apprehension of the intended assassin, but could not get a constable at Carlisle to serve it, and was obliged to go in quest of one to the next town, and then to proceed across the most wild and mountainous country I ever travelled through; and whilst going down a hill, the shafts of my gig getting out of the tugs, fell on the horse, which took fright, and the constable and myself narrowly escaped being thrown over a precipice. It was about eleven o'clock at night before I apprehended Little, which I did in his master's house, and conveyed him to a public-house, about a quarter of a mile distant, where I placed him in a room with the constable, who was to convey him to Carlisle, intending, myself, to accompany them early the next morning.

Before I retired to bed I paid them a visit, and was much surprised to find them so friendly and accommodating to each other; on my urging the constable to take care of his prisoner, Little, the soldier, replied, "Ah! you have no occasion to be afraid of me, sir, for I would not go away from my uncle for the world." Uncle! Uncle! said I; yes, sir, replied the prisoner, my father married his sister! Ah, then, if that is the case there can be no objection to your sleeping in the same bed with each other, and for fear that one of you should *rise* before the other, I shall take the liberty to put a pair of handcuffs on the right hand of one, and the left of the other; after which, I barricaded the room-door, and placed my bed against it, and early the next morning moved off to Carlisle, with the prisoner handcuffed to the gig, by my side, and the constable walking after. On our passing through the town of Brampton, the people came out to cheer and congratulate me on my narrow escape; and on our arrival at Carlisle, the ferocious wretch, on his examination before the magistrate, unhesitatingly confessed that he had been instigated to the horrid act, and promised to be borne harmless, if he would do the business affectually. He, assisted by the entreaties of his wife and children, begged to be admitted as king's evidence: the offence

being considered ballable, he was permitted to go at large, under securities, one of whom was a Mr. P——, head clerk to Mr. Robert M——, an attorney, and brother to the Major. This being a few days prior to the quarter sessions, a bill was drawn up by Mr. L——y, solicitor, who was the only one in Carlisle who had the courage or independence to act, the importance and influence of the parties implicated being so great, as to intimidate the others. The Parson's son, A——, was a counsellor at the time, on the Northern circuit, and was actually in the same room with the Honourable Mr. L——b, the late candidate for Westminster, when I called upon him to consult professionally how to proceed against the parties, when Mr. L. advised, that I should not take any proceedings against the major or his servant, but proceed against the Parson, and accordingly, a bill was drawn up, and presented to the Grand Jury, on which old Mr. Pearson from London, John Wilson, the hostler of the inn, who overheard the Parson exciting Little, the assassin; and Little, himself, were examined before the Jury, who returned a true bill against the Parson, who pleaded not guilty, and entered into recognizances to take his trial at the next sessions.

My duties calling me to London as Sheriff Elect, I left the North, bringing Wilson, the hostler, with me, who expressed himself afraid to stay there, for fear of his life, he having acted honestly as he had done towards me. I unfortunately entrusted this important business to the management of J. H——, solicitor, in London; when on the eve of the trial there was great neglect, or mismanagement on the part of H——, or his clerk, who informed me that it was not necessary for me to attend at the sessions until I received from the defendant a notice to that purport,—whereas by not appearing to prosecute, the Parson was, as a matter of course, discharged by proclamation, thereby escaping for the present the sentence of an earthly tribunal. I should be glad to see this published as an apology, or rather, as an explanation for my not having done what thousands in the north wished me to do, to prosecute that wicked man to the utmost extremity of the law.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

W. PARKINS.

[We feel greatly obliged to Mr. Parkins for the trouble he has taken in correcting our former statement, which, though not exact in every minutæ, was still, in substance, true. We have the official documents in our possession, taken on oath before the proper authorities, which fully substantiate the charge against the Parson; and we are much astonished that such an atrocious character should go unpunished.—EDITOR.]

THE REV. THOMAS BURGESS, F. R. S.

Minor Prebend of St. Paul's ; Delegate of the Lord Mayor ; Provost of Christ's Hospital ; Visitor of Dulwich College, &c. Whoremonger, Bruiser, &c.

" So shalt thy judgment be ; thyself hath decided it."

The subject of this sketch is nearly related to a Welsh bishop. He has been highly honoured by the king's notice, and was a most intimate friend of the late Percy Jocelyn, Bishop of Clogher. He was educated partly at St. Paul's school, where he distinguished himself by boxing with and knocking down watchmen, ringing at doors, or in slang words, beating the rounds, in a state of phrenzied intoxication ; this suited him much more than the rules of the gospel, which says, that its ministers ought to be blameless in all things, and patterns to the church,

He was in the habit of sleeping with a common strumpet, to whom he paid weekly the sum of five pounds, until she robbed him of his watch, when he changed her for another, whom he imagined to be more honest ; such was the example he set, and impudently gloried in his shame.

He was a constant attendant at theatrical representations, where he was a conspicuous figure in the boxes ; drumming with his cane—encoring God save the King, and rendering himself a nuisance to all near him.

He had promised a poor curate to present a petition to a noble lord, high in office, and when he was reminded of it by his servant, the reply was, ' The curate may go and be d—d with his petition, he would not lose his night's fun to save a curate's soul.' He then reeled off to the play, to expose himself as a mark for public scorn.

He is a busy member of the Constitutional and Vice Societies, the latter of which, he declares, has nearly ruined him ; in what way we leave the people to guess. We do not see how any one, on terms with the Bishop of Clogher, could escape from

ruin and infamy, even if he wore what Parson Burgess despises, the shield of religion and virtue.

He is moreover a visitor of National Schools, and in the course of a speech, delivered before the Lord Mayor, he declared that the poor should be taught to consider the rich as their lords, and be content with whatever was given them. For this slavish doctrine, out of the mouth of a tyrant, he merits general execration.

We believe this to be the opinion of many parsons beside this fellow, who manages to neglect all his benefices, and spend his time in London as a noisy braggart and imperious bully.

For the present we have done with him, though much matter concerning his infamies is in our desk, but we will keep the rod in pickle, ready to make him smart when we choose to apply it to his shoulders; and the necessity, we fear, will soon arise, for every day is adding to the catalogue of his vices; in his nature there is not a spark of religion, and in his manners no moral decency.

A. C.

BARNARD WARD, ESQ.

*Parson of Springfield; Captain of the Ballyculer Yeomanry,
and Master of the Ardglass Orange Club, in Ireland.*

And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron, and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.—REV. chap. 19, v. 15.

This worthy, to whom we have given all his titles, is an orthodox Parson of the Irish established church, which appears to differ widely from that of England: he is a vicar with 500l. a year; a Yeoman Captain at 250l. a year; a Magistrate at 100l.; and he is Master of a Lodge of rascally Orangemen. I say rascally, for I know them well, and should not be far from right if I applied the same epithet to Master Barney, for by this familiar

name is he hailed by the brethren of the Lodge ; he performs the duty of his parish regularly every morning of Sunday, and is regularly drunk every evening : he swears like any military black-guard, and fines and confines like any Judge Jefferies. He has a wife and three bastards in his house, for he keeps his house-keeper to breed children, and his spouse to do the dirty work of his mansion. Yet for an Orangeman he is accounted moral, and, considering that he is nearly related by blood to the London-dery and Bangor families, who are both afflicted with hereditary insanity he is tolerably quiet. As Sam Foote wittily said, when he shammed mad, to get the butcher's wife out of the coach, ' I never bite but in dog-days,' so it may be said of Master Barney ; but then he is for ever snarling at all around him, and is a perfect dog in a manger ; he believes that every Catholic will be damned, and ought to be murdered, and that George the Fourth is a God upon earth, and greater than God's vice-gerent, the Pope. He rides on a Sunday morning to church in full regimentals, of whom it might then be said, " And he was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the word of God." Rev. chap. 19. v. 13. He reviews his corps of Yeomanry in the church-yard, and then, followed by them all, rushes into church, where he preaches with an orange cockade pinned to the right sleeve of his surplice. In the afternoon he gets drunk at the Lodge, and his hellish crew keep the neighbourhood in a state of alarm all night ; but no Catholic dare complain, or Master Barney would lay him by the heels in a minute.

Would to God I could say anything whatever in his favor, but he has put it out of my power ; his wife is never seen, and he is too often seen ; he sallies forth to the fairs in battle array, and half drunk—' His eyes are as a flame of fire ; on his head are many crowns, and he has a name written no man knows but himself.' Rev. chap. 19. He is a basilisk, destroying peace by the lightning of his eyes, and injuring the church and king by his intemperate conduct. What are to be done with such fellows ? ' A bridle for the horse, a whip for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back, ' said Solomon. A little of all of these would do this Orange Parson great good, and benefit all the country round, who really dread him as a pillar of fire, sent to consume in wrath, and not to serve as a guide to the land of promise and peace.

Do these idle revellers, when drest up in their lodges like buffoons, imagine that the established religion would be extinguished if not for their support. The Protestant religion has stood the test of ages ; it cannot be shook by the attacks of infidel blasphemy ; its mildness and purity form the rock on which it stands : it is shielded by reason, and supported by truth. How insolent, how daring, how presumptuous, how arrogant must any set of men be, who imagine they are almost the sole support of our religion, while parading the public streets like a set of mountebanks with discordant music, flags flying, and obstreperous noise. Master Barney is one of these, and we sincerely pray, from such bad company, ‘ Good Lord deliver us.’

INFAMOUS CONDUCT TO A POOR SHOEMAKER,

*Of No. 5, Richmond Street, Soho, by the Parish Officers of
St. Ann's.*

The case of this poor man's child's coffin being torn from the burial place to make fire-wood, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Since our exposure of this horrid transaction, so disgraceful to all connected with St Ann's church-yard, the poor man has been assailed in the streets with repeated abuse from the constables and others connected with the vestry. He has a very large family, and the other day, when bread was to be distributed, he attended to receive some, and got shamefully abused in the vestry-room by the Overseers, Churchwardens, and others in conclave assembled. They said he had brought the parish into disgrace and ordered him to be turned out of the room, telling him he deserved two months in the Penitentiary ; he very properly gave them as good as they sent. What a set of fellows, impudent and shameless, must these parish janissaries be ! A man is accounted by them infamous because he does not patiently submit to the violation of his infant's tomb, but expresses his manly indignation. The parish officers have only brought disgrace upon themselves ; let them tell us why the under sexton was not dismissed, as they

promised the magistrate should be done; and why this poor man's family are to be deprived of parish relief, because their little brother was disturbed in the grave. Shame on such proceedings! we are sure all who read this will patronise in his humble profession, the honest poor man who is the object of their vengeance, and whose address stands at the head of this article.

THE REV. PARSON CURTIS,

Brother to Sir Billy Blubber, Rector of St. Martin's Birmingham and Sollyhall, a Politician, Fox-hunter, Gormandizer, and Robber of the Poor.

Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?

GAL. chap. 4, v 15.

This notable pluralist, and brother to him who has made an immense fortune by the sale of unleavened bread, commonly called ship biscuit, partakes all the bad qualities, and none of the virtues of the greasy Baronet; he has none of his liberality or hospitality, nor of his candor. Sir William is known in the place where he made his fortune; but the parson who derives his from Birmingham, seldom visits it, except to distress for his tithes, of which he is more greedy than Judas Iscariot was of the bag. He attends all the political meetings at Birmingham, but seldom is seen where two or three are gathered together in the Lord's name, and is almost a stranger to his pulpit. The poor people of Birmingham are partial to small gardens; they are locked up all day, and glad to recreate in the evening or morning, in cultivating a little spot to yield them vegetables and healthy amusement. This came to the knowledge of Parson Curtis, and he employed a tithe proctor to value them, and extorted from them as tithe, the sum of three and sixpence, and upwards, according to their size; many of them

could not afford to pay, and are now without a small bit of ground, and go wanting vegetables, to satisfy the rapacity of one man, who devours more at one meal than a labourer does in the course of a week.

If Parson Curtis did any duty in return for this oppression he might have some feeble excuse for his greedy avarice, but he does none; his time is devoted to fox-hunting, politics, eating and drinking, he is a glutton and a wine-bibber, already overgorged with the fat of the land, yet seizing the last penny from those who toil by the sweat of their brow, and cannot gain a meal per day for a poor wife and a helpless family.

We feel it a duty to expose this atrocious conduct; from him to whom little had been given he took all, and from himself, to whom much is given, nothing is received; but a man so greedy of temporal wealth is incapable of feeling for the spiritual welfare of his flock, he is not to them a shepherd, but a wolf, that not only preys upon them himself, but leaves them a prey to others—a prey to hunger and poverty; but the lord shall judge him, because he scorned the prayer of the poor and needy, who die that he may live; in the life to come he will have his reward, but we fear not in Abraham's bosom, to which he has a claim.

THE HYPOCRISY, FOLLIES, AND IMPOSITIONS OF THE

REV. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S. S. I.

Minister of the Gospel at Providence Chapel, Gray's-Inn-lane.

[Continued from page 178.]

His name got up, and he being more in request among the flock, he found the want of a horse, then wished, and at last, prayed for one; before the day of prayer was ended, one was presented him, which had been purchased by subscription.

‘I told God (said he) that I had more work for my faith now than heretofore ; for the horse would cost half as much to keep him as my whole family : I pleaded before God, and he answered it, so that I lived, and cleared my way just as well when I had a horse to keep as I did before.

‘Having now had my horse for some time, and riding a great deal every week, I soon wore my breeches out, as they were not fit to ride in. I hope the reader will excuse my mentioning the word breeches, which I should have avoided, had not this passage of scripture obtruded into my mind just as I had resolved not to mention this kind of providence of God : ‘And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness ; from the loins even unto the thighs shall they reach. And they shall be upon Aaron, and upon his sons when they come into the tabernacle of the congregation, or when they come unto the altar to minister in the holy place ; that they bear not iniquity and die. It shall be a statute for ever unto him and his seed after him.’— *Exodus, chap. 28, ver. 42 and 43.* By which, and three others, viz. *Ezekiel, chap. 44, ver. 18 ; Leviticus, chap. 6, ver. 10 ; and Leviticus, chap. 16, ver. 4,* I saw that it was no crime to mention the word breeches, nor the way in which God sent them to me. Aaron and his sons were clothed entirely by Providence ; and as God himself condescended to give orders what they should be made of, and how they should be cut ; and I believe the same God ordered mine, as I trust it will appear in the following history.

‘The scripture tells us to call no man master, for one is our master, even Christ ! I therefore told my most bountiful and ever-adored Master what I wanted ; he who stripped Adam and Eve of their fig-leaved aprons, and made coats of skins and clothed them ; and who clothes the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, must clothe us, or we should soon go naked. And so Israel found it when God took away his wool and his flax which he gave to cover their nakedness, and which they prepared for Baal ; for which iniquity was their skirts discovered and their heels made bare.— *Jeremiah, chap. 13, ver. 22.*

‘I often made very free, in my prayers, with my invaluable master for this favour, but he still kept me so amazingly poor,

that I could not get them at any rate. At last I was determined to go to a friend of mine at Kingston, who is of that branch of business to bespeak a pair, and to get him to trust me until my master sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop I forgot it, but when I came to London, I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoemaker, in Shepherd's Market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not. I opened it, and, behold! there was a pair of leather breeches, with a note in them; the substance of which was, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:—

“Sir,—I have sent you a pair of breeches, and hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them, and if they want any alteration leave in a note what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them.

“J. S.”

‘I tried them on, and they fitted me as well as if I had been measured for them, at which I was amazed, having never been measured by any leather-breeches-maker in London. I wrote an answer to the note to this effect:—

“Sir;—I received your present, and thank you for it. I was going to order a pair of leather-breeches to be made, because I did not know till now that my master had ordered them of you. They fit very well, which fully convinces me that the same God who moved thy heart to give, guided thy hand to cut; because he perfectly knows my size, having clothed me in a miraculous manner for near five years. When you are in trouble, Sir, I hope you will tell my master of this, and what you have done for me, and he will pay you with honour.”

‘This is as near as I am able to relate it, and I added, ‘I cannot make out ‘J. S.’ unless I put ‘J.’ for Israelite indeed; and ‘S.’ for sincerity, because you did not sound a trumpet before you, as hypocrites do.’

His prayers seem always to have been successful; by the same

means he soon after obtained a new bed, a rug, a pair of new blankets, doe-skin gloves, and a horseman's coat. 'My wife,' says he, 'got gowns, hampers of bacon and cheese, hams, and, now and then, a guinea.' About this time he was found out as the father of the child by the tailor's daughter, and obliged to settle with the parish by paying thirty pounds. Thus paying a legal demand he could no longer evade, he found matters not to his liking, and accordingly left Thames Ditton for London, where his drawings on the *Bank of Faith* became still greater; so much so, that although in debt twenty pounds, he commenced building *Providence Chapel*. Timber he prayed for, and got from one; chairs for the vestry from another; a pulpit-cushion from a third; a splendid bible from a fourth; china from a fifth, &c. &c. Money was liberally lent and given—the chapel sprung up like a mushroom, and when finished he was in arrears *One Thousand Pounds!* 'So that I had plenty of work for faith—if I could get plenty of faith to work.'

His congregation was not of the first order—he being too illiterate for them. Neither were they of the lowest—they would have been too poor for him; he, therefore, chose his ground and men well—among the surrounding shopkeepers—who were in easy circumstances.

Huntington found himself getting on in the world, and accordingly attacked the Clergy and Dissenters, which brought a host upon him, and it required all his attention to combat with them: but the most formidable opponent was Rowland Hill, by whose interference he was excluded the Tabernacle at Greenwich. He is said to have taken up one of Huntington's books with a pair of tongs, to give to his servant to light the fire with.

A young woman, a convert of his, informs him she is going to marry with a man who is unconverted, he makes use of the following language:

"MY DAUGHTER IN THE FAITH,—I received your's, and read it with indignation. There are but two families in this world; the children of God, and the children of the Devil. If a daughter of God marries a son of Belial, she makes herself daughter-in-law to the Devil. You verily

“believe that he will be converted to God. Yes, a likely matter that God will convert a man to satisfy your carnal desires! Where will not a giddy woman run when her wantonness is kindled, and she is left to kick against Christ! God compares such as you, who have waxed wanton, to a wild ass braying after her male. He goes with you to hear the gospel, and approves of it! No doubt of that; and he will appear to get a deal of comfort from it too, while your carcase is perched at his right hand.”

(To be continued.)

BLACOW THE BRUTE.

A would-be-Joseph; and a Political Lying Hypocrite; the Liverpool Slanderer of a Martyr'd Queen; Curate of St. Mark's, and also of West Derby, near Liverpool.

“And Nathan said unto David, thou art the man.”

We are very adverse to mingling any thing of a political nature in these lives of infamous men, but unfortunately for the church many of its members are addicted to the state—we mean the good things that the state can bestow, and to obtain which they make the pulpit, wherein God's holy word and commandments ought only to be enforced, a forum of political animosity—a vestibule from which they declaim upon the worldly interests of man, and throw from their lying lips a consuming flame, which devours all within reach of its pestilential vapour.

The licentious qualifications of these political parsons are great; they propagate their opinions from a place where they are secure from interruption or insult, and like the Yahoos of Dean Swift, protected by infamy, they rest at ease upon a dirty eminence, and squirt their filth on all around them.

Parson Blacow; ah! who has not heard of Parson Blacow? the vilifier of an injured and persecuted Queen: it will be well recollected that he pronounced an anathema against our late

Queen from the pulpit of St. Mark's, Liverpool; he had his motives in this, no doubt; he was toiling in the field of promotion; 'I am the true vine, and my father is the husbandman,' said the Lord of Life and Light, the giver of all good, whose chief merciful failing (if he had a failing) was tenderness to a woman; witness the wretch caught in adultery, whom he forgave, on condition that she sinned no more. Parson Blacow preached such political doctrines, that he might have said 'I am the vine of hell, and Satan is the husbandman; to rear me in vice, to raise me up superior to all in the vineyard, and blight every lovely flower around, by the falling of my pestilential dews.' At a moment, when the Queen of England was upon her trial for life and death; and reputation, dearer than every thing, but the hopes of eternal life; at that moment, when all the malignant power of the government, and all the duplicity of its infernal agents were let loose against a friendless woman, who had almost to contend alone against this combined host—When the axe that severed the neck of Anna Boleyn was whetting in the Tower, to be glutted with the gore of another innocent victim, and planks for the scaffold were preparing for the horrid spectacle of innocence, suffering the death of a malefactor; yes, at that moment, when even Satan himself would have dropt his spear in mercy, did Parson Blacow mount in the pulpit of terror, clad in white vestments that covered a corrupt and blackened heart, and denounce in eloquent language the fate and fortunes of her, who is now beyond the reach of his calumny, and unmoved by all a wicked world can say. Yes, I rejoice to say it, she sleeps that sleep which no malignant political preaching villain can ever break. She rests in peace, where Parson Blacow, 'either in or out of the body,' will never be seen.

Slander cannot reach the tomb,

Malice dare not there invade;

Scorn revolts from death's dark gloom,

And calumny ceases to upbraid.

The maledictions of Parson Blacow recoiled upon his own

head; he was not credited—his hearers in the church, and those to corrupt whom he printed his ‘Killing no Murder,’ or his Proclamation for the Destruction of Virtue; believed not in his truth; as a liar he became universally abhorred and despised. The defenders of the Queen’s innocence in her life did not forget her when dead, they very properly reflected that her fair fame, as a national example, was precious, and they determined to advocate it, even without hope of reward; for she was gone who could reward them. No fee was marked upon the brief held by a Brougham or Denman upon this occasion; the brief was a dear recollection of their beloved mistress. The fee, that conscientious feeling which the good man prizes above rubies; far be it from us to praise where it is not due, but in this case we pass over ten thousand blemishes in the character of these eminent men, as concerns our lamented Queen, and give them just credit for being her voluntary defenders, when the grave held out to them no hopes of preferment, and the smile of its slumbering tenant was lost upon the blanched cheek of eternal rest.

These men dragged Parson Blacow, as a libeller of the dead, before a public tribunal of justice; the vengeance of their indignant eloquence fell upon him, as that of Demosthones upon Philip of Macedon, and did that which force of arms could not do. It drove him from his strong holds—from the sinuosities of the church; it wrenched his hands from the horns of the altar—it spurned him from the portal gates of the temple of God, and consigned him to herd with FILTHY DUNGEON VIL-LAINS.

His confinement, we lament to say, was limited to six months, a poor and fragile punishment for so hideous an offence as his; he pronounced an innocent person guilty, and prejudged her case upon which the legislature was deliberating; he called her an adulteress, of which he had no proof, and he invoked the wrath of heaven upon her unprotected head.

Fortunately our faith tells us that the prayers of the wicked are not heard—fortunately our faith tells us that they recoil upon the blasphemer’s head. The stream of burning lava that

flowed from Blacow's mouth, that volcano of burning falsehood, runs back to its source with fiery desolation.

Yet this abetter of slander—this disturber of the dead—this fellow who had converted the hallowed and bishop-consecrated pulpit into a political tribune, had friends. 'Call you this backing your friends?' these friends held a meeting in the parish church, the scenes of his detested eloquence, to raise subscriptions, and pay the fine set upon his wretched head. The Bishop very properly condemned the proceeding, and ordered the church to be closed, and refused admission into God's *sanctum sanctorum* to the friends of one who had disgraced his holy office, and in canonicals, made a mockery of peace, and trampled mercy under foot.

Would to God that this was all we have to record of Parson Blacow, but the pen must move onward, though guilt retards its progress, and blood brings it to a full stop.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, my good reader. This very reverend divine, to whom ancient maidens and lecherous wives lent a willing ear in public and private, had a heart awake to lust, but dead to love. He would, as Shakspeare says,

Smile and smile,
And be a villain still.

It is possible that he thinks the base iniquities of his early days are forgotten.

There is, Parson Blacow, an eye from which nothing is hid, and an ear that hears the breathless whisper of infantine repose. We possess a portion of this power, and by that power, denounce thee as a vile seducer; an abandoned miscreant, who rioted in the ruin he had made, and with hellish malignity, triumphed over a husband's happiness, and a family's desolation. And ye, gracious powers, that make mankind your care, that inspire me with resolution, as I 'fight the good fight of faith' in this work, give me courage to relate, and language to expose, the man who overturned the throne of reason in a lovely and virtuous woman: beheld her torn from her weeping

friends, her agonized husband, and helpless children, to breathe her last within the walls of a mad-house.

Yes, he beheld all this, of which he was the author, and he yet lives: Oh, yes! he lives to read and hear our recital of his depravity, and when he dies, let the truths herein be twined round his neck as a passport to that place where he may cease from troubling, but never can be at rest.

The story is this: Parson Blacow attempted what we will term a clerical rape, on a young married woman; he had tried to debauch her mind by anti-scriptural words, widely different from the church of England, and imagined her body was ready also for his debauchery. 'A fool is wise in his own conceit,' and so was this fellow. What did he do? Reader, hast thou the feeling of a man? art thou alive to the follies, weaknesses, frailties, and virtues, of lovely woman? I answer for thee, thou art. And wilt thou believe that this lascivious Parson Blacow slandered the wife to her husband; and intimated that she had seduced him. 'Oh! my soul, come not thou into his secrets,' he is worse than the pestilence that destroyeth at noon day. 'She gave me of the fruit, and I did eat,' said the trembling Adam, before God. There was an excuse for Adam, the terrors of the Almighty were before him, and from his sin, he had lost the innate power derived from heavenly virtue.

This scoundrel Blacow says, she compelled me, the inspired and elect of the Lord, to eat of forbidden fruit; she ought to be damned, and I to be spared. Well, the laws told the Parson he lied in his throat, and condemned him to twelve months' imprisonment. Let the inhabitants of Liverpool look to this; 'blessed are they that hear, see, and believe.'

We trust they will mark their sense of this political parson's conduct, by at least abstaining from his lectures. Why is he not dismissed from the church? is there no cause? Yes, my good reader, even a greater cause than this: the unhappy woman went mad, he had driven her out of the pale of reason, and she died raving in a Lunatic Asylum, possibly cursing the name of her seducer, and calling on God to punish him.

We have that opinion of the Divine Mercy, that we believe this woman is now happy, and that punishment awaits her—murderer. I paused before I wrote the word, but my heart dictated to my pen, and ‘What I have written I have written,’ and will stand by it; for the deliberate seducer, under the mask of sanctity, is as deep a murderer as he who plunges the steel into an unwary bosom. Had this Parson Blacow been in heaven, he would have joined Lucifer in rebellion against his God, to further his ambition; his conduct has shaken, and is shaking the pillars of the church. We consign him to the stings of his death-bed conscience, and the contempt of the world.

Let the inhabitants of Liverpool mark him, and beware.

W. B.

King’s Bench Prison,
May 7, 1823.

THE REVEREND PARSON WYLDE,

Of Nottingham, a convicted Cruel Oppressor; commonly called by the Ladies their ‘Amorous High Priest.’

“Let such an one think this, that such an one as we are in word, by letters, when we are absent, such will we also be in deed, when we are present.—2nd Cor. chap. 9. ver. 11.

If a man in common society commits a crime, either *privately* immoral, or *publicly* against the laws of his country, he is invariably sure to be dismissed from any office he holds, how happens it then, whilst the Clergy commit *offences* and *crimes* innumerable, that they are never removed from their benefices, although, in our humble opinion, they ought to be more severely punished than any other set of men when they are guilty, for the best of reasons—because they are placed *above* all other men to set an example of justice, mercy, and righteousness; not only to preach it with their lips, but to practice it in their lives; not only to be good and just in the pulpit, but to carry it into domestic society, and let it be seen in every action

of their lives as 'a burning and a shining light' to conduct men in the way of truth.

If a parson, moreover, usurps the *civil* as well as *religious* power over his parish or parishes, it behoves him to be still more cautious that his footsteps do not slide, and the divine mercy and truth inculcated by his religion should be by him carried into the spirit of the magistrate, so as to prevent him doing any thing contrary to laws human or divine. Few parsons, however, get made civil magistrates but to serve their own selfish, corrupt, and interested ends. It is not for the peace and happiness of their neighbourhood that they aspire to be legislators on the bench, but to gratify their domineering passions—to make themselves of worldly consequence, and inspire with terror poor poachers, silly girls who have been seduced by sillier fellows, labouring men, and grown-up school-boys—they themselves committing a hundred acts of injustice and oppression with impunity. Government wink at their atrocities because they are useful in suppressing the spirit of liberty and controuling elections. The bishops remain silent. To punish a parson, would be condemning religion, and placing the church in danger—as if it would not render both the church and state more secure, and higher respected, to get rid of their bad members—besides, it is a duty they owe to society that bad men should be removed from among them. '*If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee,*' and if the church were rid of all its ministers who in their right hand carry the lash of the civil law instead of the book of mercy, it would not have reason to fear the censure of any one. However, if the bishops will not handle a scourge to drive sinners from the temple, we will assume the power, sheltered under the right we have to use it from the words of him who never spoke without just cause: 'it is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'

The necessity of these observations will be obvious, when we state the case of Parson Wylde, a man *wild* by name and nature; running wild as a colt after other men's wives, and

wildly and madly executing the law with injustice towards the poor and ignorant.

He was tried at the late Nottingham Assizes for cruelty and oppression; for wishing and endeavouring to intimidate a poor labouring man, by cruelly confining him in a secret dungeon, to make him swear falsely against his master, Jervis Bourne, Esq. The case was clearly proved against the reverend oath-despiser, and he was fined in the penalty of *forty pounds*.

Yet after this convincing proof that he was totally unfit to remain on the bench or in the church, he still remains fixed as a Pillar of the Temple, distorting *magna charta* to serve his corrupt views, and declaiming from the pulpit with lips that would have made a poor wretch commit perjury. '*Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: nor by the earth, for it is his footstool.*' This text was either forgotten or despised by Parson Wylde, who would have had the poor man 'bear false witness against his neighbour,' and break God's commandment, to the destruction of his soul. By doing what he did, the parson broke two solemn oaths he had himself taken before God---the one as a Christian Divine, 'to bring into the way of truth' all that are deceived. The other, as a Magistrate, 'to execute the laws with justice and mercy.' A punishment does await him for this where every idle word is registered; and it will be of little use to him crying out like Cain, '*My punishment is greater than I can bear,*' when the sentence is passed from which there is no appeal.

As a favourite with the ladies, he has been more fortunate than wise. A few years ago he was called '*The Amorous High Priest,*' and assuredly the title was not given him for his continence. More of a Solomon than a Joseph, he appears to have been a debaucher both of minds and bodies. With the good wives of Nottingham he is accounted a champion in their cause; forgetting the cause of religion and justice, and invariably encouraging them in anarchy against their husbands' peace; and he has bound over upwards of a hundred poor unhappy hen-peck'd husbands to keep the peace to their wives,

when in fact they dared not break it, or verily their heads would have been broken; even 'rent in twain' like the veil of the Temple.

There are, no doubt, many women who despise this time-serving, liquorish parson, but he labours in a vineyard something like Naboth's, over which a woman wanting virtue rioted with a covetous and ungodly eye.

When a poor fornicator is brought before his magisterial chair, he thunders forth an anathema upon the trembling sinner's head; condemns him without hope of redemption; and denounces upon him the utmost rigour of the law; and his law is never tempered by any of the attributes of divine mercy: he bids no one to 'repent and sin no more,' but his manner to the women implies 'Go, and sin again' 'yet seventy and seven times,' and I will forgive thee. Alas! what is the forgiveness of such a man worth? The benediction that cometh from lying lips must be 'sharp as a two-edged sword' Were I one of his parishioners, I would shun him on the bench as a pestilent tyrant, and keep from his church as 'a painted sepulchre,' in which he was the image or idol of profane idolatry; for such he is in his own conceit, and those who dread his frown, are like some nations that *worship the Devil from terror*.

His manner of examining young girls who come before him to swear illegitimate children, is highly indecorous and unbecoming; he is disgustingly particular as to the *how*, *when*, and *where* such accidents happened; giving them gentle squeezes of the hand, and *amorous looks*, suitable to the bully of a brothel, or a Turk in his seraglio, and not to the chair of sedate justice.

This practice is often deplorably painful to the feelings of the young and deluded girls---we do not hold a woman to be of a debauched and infamous character, because she has once had the credulity to believe in a man's protestations of truth and love, or that her ears have been familiar with indecent language; in some instances at least there may be virtue, though for once it has been thrown off its guard; and how dreadful it must be for such a female to be insulted by a brutal and lech-

erous fellow, old enough to be her father, and who ought to pity her misfortune, and console her with hopes of honourable reparation on earth, and mercy in heaven.

“Lovely penitent arise,
“Come and claim thy kindred skies;
“Come, thy sister angels say
“Thou hast wept thy stains away.”

Of one thing we may be certain, that the example set by such men as Parson Wylde will encourage bastardy amongst the low and ignorant, for no one can hold in high estimation the ceremony of marriage, when performed by polluted hands, and amorous looks from the minister.

We have gone more into this man's case than we at first intended. We have many readers in Nottingham; and we trust the exposure of his vices will have a beneficial tendency upon their morals; and we entreat them for the good of their souls, not to think worse of religion because an unrighteous parson may neglect its doctrines. ‘Many shall come in my name,’ said Christ, and ‘liars and false prophets arise up amongst you,’ but still the doctrines of religion will remain pure and unshaken; ‘Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.’ Sorry should we be, that a single soul should suffer for another's example of infamy, and the only way to prevent such examples from having a bad effect, is to do as we are doing—hold them up, free from covering, to the scorn and contempt of the world. The deformity of vice has only to be seen in contrast with the heavenly beauty of virtue, to make us hate one and love the other. We have more Nottingham Parsons on our table, ready for animadversion; and we beg to assure Parson Bigsby, that we think him a fit companion for his brothers in iniquity, whose crimes we have just held up for the abhorrence and execration of mankind.

We have not given many minute particulars respecting Parson Wylde. At first we always try what effect it may have to wield the lash with a merciful hand; reserving to ourselves the power to lay it on heavier if we see it necessary so to do.

Where admonition fails of effect, correction must be tried. We do not recommend the study of Coke or Blackstone to this Parson, but advise him 'To fear God, and keep his commandments; for thereon hangs all the law and the prophets, both ancient and modern. 'His heart has gone after strange gods,' but we hope he may repent, and check the fire of his passions, lest he 'go through the fire to Molock,' as a brand whose guilty flame will extend in punishment through all eternity.

CLERICAL INFAMIES PRACTISED IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA, BY PARSONS FULLERTON, MORGAN, AND BARTON, SABBATH BREAKERS, ADULTERERS, FORNICATORS, AND SLAVE MURDERERS.

"The noise of a whip and the rattling of the wheels."—NUM, chap. 3, ver. 2.

"An island that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea."—Ibid, ver. 8.

It is not our intention to confine our selection of men who dishonour their holy calling by their conduct, to Great Britain alone; our information shall be drawn from every part where the Church of England is acknowledged as the true faith. 'The isles of the sea, and those that are afar off,' 'shall hear us and be glad.' Every place to which the dominion of Britain's King extends, there shall our eye extend also; in fact, wherever guilt finds a refuge, we will ferret it out. As David did unto Saul, so will we do to guilty parsons; and in the caves of their infamous repose cut off their skirts, and make them ashamed in their hearts' core.

The dissipation prevailing in most of our colonies, is too well known for repetition here; and it is to be feared, the example set by the ministers of the gospel tends greatly to their corruption. The colonists are very seldom rich in education, and their moral virtues are poor indeed. The slaves are in wretched ignorance, and if a minister set them an example of murder, they would follow it, and believe it was written in 'the good book of Massa Buckra,' for such they call the Bible.

We select those three men from numbers, for their superior vice, and will briefly do them the justice of exposure.

PARSON FULLERTON

Was Rector of the parish of St. Ann's, Jamaica: a most unwearied drunkard, for Jamaica rum passed through his bowels like a river; it was

his solace night and day ; kept by his bed-side to quench his thirst, when his conscience disturbed him at an hour when darkness spread her mantle over half the globe. Afraid to be alone in the presence of his maker, he drowned the terrors of a guilty conscience in intoxication, and sunk again into dreaming sleep.

He had only to preach once a week, and that he would not do. The inhabitants often assembled from a distance, and he would order the church doors to be closed, and laugh at their folly in coming so far to be disappointed. He has been seen at his window, arrayed in canonicals, ready to go and perform divine service, when the negro girls passing, have been beckoned by him into the house, for the basest of purposes ; and he has never gone near the church. Such a monster of iniquity should, in fact, never have been permitted to pollute the sacred walls.

PARSON MORGAN

Was another curse of the Church on this ill-fated island. He, indeed, would run through divine service, and from the church proceed direct to a common gambling house, where he drank, wenched, and played at cards for the remainder of the hallowed day.

He had numerous slaves in his possession ; and even on the Sabbath day he delighted to have them whipped dreadfully, himself standing by and directing the torture with merciless cruelty. Many have died under this punishment, but in Jamaica the laws seldom noticed such murders, and tyranny reigned secure in horrible grandeur and depraved exaltation. How little did this fellow remember the Lord's injunction relative to the bondsmen : 'Thou shalt not rule over him with rigour, but shalt fear God.'—LEV. chap. 25, ver. 43. In truth, the parsons in Jamaica are many of them cast in the same crucible with Parson Morgan. 'They all lie in wait for blood ; they hunt every man his brother with a net.' 'The best of them is a briar ; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge.'—MICAH, chap. 7, ver. 4. Examples from men of his holy calling contaminated the minds of numerous ignorant slaves ; the negroes said, when justifying themselves for having committed bad deeds—' Massa Parson do so ; he know good book ; no, it be no sin, for Massa Parson do so.' There is no punishment adequately severe for such a fellow.

PARSON BARTON

Of Yallahs, to the eastward of Kingston, kept his concubine, Betsy Christian, openly ; and encouraged, by his language and actions, the slaves to commit fornication. Yet no punishment awaited these monsters ; so true it is, that what is everybody's business, is nobody's business ; though, God knows, religion concerns all who breathe, and these parsons will deeply regret their unconcern, at the judgment day.

Mr. Barton's unfortunate prostitute had the very name of Christian given to her at the baptismal font, for the acute felicity with which she comprehended the truths of the gospel, and yet he had the base cruelty to destroy those early impressions, and complete her misery. Better for her that she had remained in idol worship, on the African shores, than to know truth, and afterwards abandon it: her last state was worse than her first: but much of her sin will rest on his guilty head. Does not the Law of the Lord relative to priests expressly declare, in imperious language, 'A divorced woman, or profane, or an harlot, shall he not take; neither shall he profane his seed among his people, for I, the Lord, do sanctify him.' Here the parson flies in God's face, and sins with knowledge before his eyes. These fellows also appear to consider blacks as brutes for their service; and that they may torture, kill and slay them at their pleasure. Do they not recollect the spirit of God sent the Queen of Sheba from Æthiopia to acquire knowledge from the lips of Solomon, and therewith to return and instruct the blacks, her people; and is it not recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, chap. 8, that God inspired Philip to go and meet the Eunuch and Minister of Candace, Queen of the same land, Æthiopia; he was a black man, and an instrument in God's hand, to extend the light of truth over regions darker in ignorance than the shades of the skins of the people. Verily, in this we have a proof that God's mercy makes no distinction between white and black; that all are equal in his eyes; the only distinction being of the mind, where guilt or purity prevails most. Many a man with a black skin will find mercy at God's hand, when many who on earth wore black coats, will be rejected. I fear those parsons of Jamaica merit the threat contained in the 4th chapter of Hosea, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge; because thou also hast rejected knowledge, I will reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest unto me.' And assuredly, if they do not quickly resolve to lead new lives, the further sentence of God will alight upon them, which says: 'As they were increased, so they sinned against me, therefore will I change their glory into shame.' 'Hear ye this, oh priests, and hearken, ye house of Israel.' If we have heard of the sins of parsons at such a distance, surely the Lord hath heard in heaven and will punish with an avenging hand.

P. S.—We return our best thanks to our kind correspondent Mr. H., of Pentonville, for most of the particulars contained in the above atrocious cases; and the hint that he has given us about Jamaica Parsons, in future shall be religiously attended to.

THE LIFE OF PARSON FLETCHER,

Adulterer and Murderer.

"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Repent, and be assured of salvation, is a maxim, followed by many of our clerical divines at the present day. The murderer at the gibbet, through their persuasions, declares that he dies happy, and is going to meet our Saviour: most persons long to meet their Saviour, but not in such company. That the crucifixion took place between two thieves is no tangible reason for supposing that rogues are held in equal estimation in another world with him who died for his virtues; yet will fools tell you so. Yes, I say fools: parsons will preach of a death-bed repentance as the salvation of a soul; it is good to make a man believe so if you can, and thus make the gallows of infamy the ladder of everlasting life. For my part, I conceive such a ladder feeble and unsupportable; the angels of God do not ascend and descend upon it. The moments that precede the sinner's death are not moments occupied by real devotion; they are consumed by fear; it is fear—it is a dread of Almighty vengeance that produces the placidity of mind, which enables a man to consider the halter of the law—the silken cord that binds him to salvation.

Gracious God! what motive have I for living honest, and bringing up my children in the same path, if iniquity in another world meets the same reward as virtue; the drunkard may reel over his full bowl—the lecher riot on the lascivious bosom, and sensuality debauch both body and mind; the assassin hide the dagger, and with it his crimes in his breast. All this may be done, and a death-bed repentance cover all. Away with such follies! let me look for mercy beyond the grave, from an eminence of some years standing, surrounded by long practised virtues, and exhortations breathed in silence; where no eye can see, no ear can hear, but him who rides upon the whirlwind, and settles in heaven, breathing calm upon the troubled soul.

That there are men who depend upon the repentance of a death-bed, we have a melancholy proof to record in PARSON FLETCHER, L. L. D. He came into the world from a virtuous mother, and a religious father; he left it by the hands of a hangman on the scaffold of ignominy. He was born near Andover, in Berks, and educated at St. Paul's school, from whence he was preferred to a curacy in Somersetshire; his talents were great, and acquired him the patronage of Lord Chesterfield, by whom he was presented with the living of Berkhamstead, worth twelve hundred a year; and here he commenced his career of crime. Horse-racing was his peculiar delight, and he raced, run, and cheated, every year with impunity;

he totally neglected his duties as a minister, he laid himself out to corrupt, and not to convince ; and debauched to his carnal inclinations many of his parishioners' wives and daughters. Maria Selby was very, very fair, and very good till she met him ; under a promise of marriage he seduced, and then abandoned her : she died broken hearted, and blessing her murderer. Yes, reader, she, with all that sweetness appertaining to her sex, could not depart from life without leaving a benediction upon her destroyer.

At last this fellow committed forgery, and obtained from Fig's bank £1,800 ; he was detected, and escaped to America, where he figured as a man of fashion ; he lived near Philadelphia with a woman he called his niece : imprudence and extravagance brought him into difficulties, and to extricate himself he committed the crime of murder. An old farmer who had often lent him money, but finally refused to do so, was the object of his vengeance, he was found dead on his bed with his throat cut, and turned, as though the deed had been done by his own hand. Some time after Parson Fletcher passed a note, value 400l., it was the deceased farmer's, and led to his apprehension ; when, upon uncontrovertible evidence, he was adjudged to be hanged, and suffered the punishment before thousands of spectators. On the scaffold he confessed his guilt, and thanked God he had done the deed, as it had purified his sins for the company of his Redeemer. Aye, the thing is true ; a life of depravity was closed by a death of superstition, for such was the end of Parson Fletcher ; he actually declared, and probably believed, upon the scaffold, that all his sins were forgiven.

Such doctrines as those which whisper peace to the departing soul when polluted with crimes, we abhor, and can only express our wonder that a man well educated, and who 'erred and strayed' from his own inclinations, could wind up the last moments of his living career with a story of folly and fallacy.

Much might be said upon this man's infamy, but it would occupy too much of our pages. We leave him where he is ; we fervently hope his repentance on the scaffold was sincere. We hope, but are afraid to believe it. The Bishop of Peterborough, by whom it is said this man was ordained, will derive little consolation from his exit ; we will tell the Bishop that it would be good for him, if in his thirty-eight foolish questions he propounded one most material : do you intend to be honest ? the answer might be that of Parson Fletcher, who swore he was inspired by the Holy Ghost, but surely not to commit adultery and murder, and died praising God that he was entitled to Hell flames ; for if such be not his portion, the reward scripture holds out to virtue ceases to be desirable.

THE TALE OF A RANTER.

Or some particulars in the Life of Jonathan Saddler, formerly a Methodist Parson, latterly a Morning Preacher of the Established Church.

A man who lived by the destruction of woman.

"And this water that causeth the curse, shall go into thy bowels, to make thy belly to swell, and thy thigh to rot, and the women shall say Amen, Amen." NUM., chap. 5, verse 23.

We have already stated some cases of Methodists that have greatly exposed the sect, and we mean to pursue our plan, and do not despair in time of accomplishing the restoration of several patients from the mania and absurdities of Methodism. In pursuance of this resolution we have chosen to expatiate on a Ranter's life of great note in the society, though afterwards an apostate to the mother church: we shall be more diffuse than usual, intending his life for an exposition of the talents and practices of the whole community, and a warning to our readers to shun such a hypocrite crew.

We shall for once relinquish the solemn state of denunciation we generally have used, and as the tale embraces a variety of domestic occurrences, we will speak in homely language such as all can comprehend, whether learned or unlearned; and if we touch upon things that create a smile, it is necessary they should be known, to prove that all the holy cant of a Methodist has worldly vice in view, and the truth is not in him. Of Jonathan Saddler's birth we know nothing, probably he was a child of chance, abandoned by his parents, under the idea of 'cast this bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.' He first became known at Wrexham, where he officiated as labourer in a workhouse garden, which he quitted to labour in the vineyard of the Lord, where the produce was more productive and attractive in his eyes: he soon became eminent in his new profession, and was mightily and numerously followed. He was regularly inducted into the society, and his fame spread from Wrexham through all North Wales; he was not, as he said, an indolent sower, but scattered his seeds all over the land. Many an honest labourer had, however, reason to curse his diligence, if not upon his own account, upon that of his wife and daughters, who, from frugality, industry, and modesty, became profuse, idle, and shameless. Frequently would these unhappy females rise at midnight, and huddling on their clothes with straggling locks, an air of wildness, and a ticket in their hand, rush from their quiet home to seek the Lord in prayer, and to strive and wrestle with him as they were taught to do, for assurance of call. The place of resort was either in a barn or a meeting, which had been erected by voluntary subscriptions, collected

from those whose families were at the same time destitute of the necessities of life. Here, aided by a few tapers of the rushlight size, which served only to render darkness visible, did numbers assemble—nor was there wanting young men in their prime, who, by the energy of their passions, were ready to demonstrate the frailty of the other sex, for which purpose little persuasion seemed to be necessary. At these times Saddler generally bethought himself of some distressed cases, and recommended a general collection; and it is a melancholy truth, that when money was short, wives have robbed their husbands, and entrusted the coin to the distribution of the preacher, who thus made religion the agent of theft.

His adulteries, and seductions of artless girls in the different counties through which he passed, were many; and he regarded secrecy as a zest to his pleasures; not that he would have been at a loss for justification, for he had all the reprehensible parts of David's conduct at his fingers' ends—but his chief engine was a godly conference for the proof of innate frailty, and that they might be experimentally convinced how strong the Devil was in the flesh.

It was his pride not to scandalise his bretheren; and as this was all the patriotism he possessed, so it was all he desired—in truth, if his fellow creatures did but swell his vanity, and bring him a splendid subscription, he was ready to allow they were worthy of the kingdom of heaven—if otherwise, they were dead in trespasses and sins, unworthy of a call, and the children of Satan.

After three years spent as an itinerant preacher, he became desirous of something new; he wanted a less hazardous mode of personal vice, and a more permanent and easier means of deluding the public, and filling his purse—in plain language, he wanted a wife, and he panted for episcopal ordination; this he obtained by denying the tenets of Methodism; but as he never had been at College to take a degree, which he thought of value to his importance, he dubbed himself V.D.M., which at full length means Verbi Dei Ministeri, or in English, Minister of the Word of God. He came to London to obtain a curacy, or a lectureship, and a wife; his courtship was characteristic, and worthy of record. A sermon he preached from a text in Solomon's Songs, led him to a wife, short and crooked, but possessing money. She was a shoemaker's only daughter, and she made the first advances; she sent him a note, the material part of which was, "that being spiritually-sick, and he appearing to be, although a young yet an able minister, she wished to have some conference with him, and appointed a day of meeting." Saddler, whose vanity was always predominant, sent word he would attend the summons; he then fell into a sweet carnal reverie about matrimony, and then repaired to give an evening lecture. He dressed in his best on the appointed day, and thought himself as handsome as Solomon; and that his language might be as brilliant as his figure, he studied Ovid for an hour or two. He proceeded to the abode of his olive com-

plexioned beauty, (we know the house well) it is one of those snug boxes every citizen after he has got up a little in the world is desirous to obtain for the benefit of the air, and a short stage to London.

Tim Crispin, the lady's father, purchased the box in question, as he truly argued a man sits coolest under the shadow of his own vine, and he was warm both in bodily corpulence and purse. This was now Miss Crissey's, with £4,000 to boot; her disposition was rather acidulated, and as among friends she owned thirty summers, so she had from carnal melancholy mixed among crack-brained enthusiasts in hopes of legal comfort, which she now sought for at the fountain-head of noise and nonsense.

According to ancient custom, which the delicacy of modern times has excluded as a religious act, Saddler saluted the lady with a holy kiss, and expressions of a spiritual nature. His soul was full of love and compassion for all afflicted in body or mind, and instead of beginning conversation as a dandy would, he took the lady by the hand, and enquired how her poor suffering soul did: "Tell me," he said, "Oh! tell me how you felt? how you now feel? and the Lord will enable me to divide things right, for furthering the work I am sent to do." Suffice it: he was now admitted as a suitor, and when he could not see her for a day or two, furnished her with saint-like epistles, such as the following:—

"My dear disciple and sister in grace, with holy zeal and most fervent love, as becometh me, an unworthy but pains-taking minister, and as I cannot see you to day, being full of communications to other distressed females, I sit down to write.

"Oh! my dear young lady, I hope you will be stedfast, and that you resolve to follow me, who really am earnest in your cause, dictated by the operation of grace; I must tell you, my dear sister in the Lord, that my soul seems as it were knit unto you; there is such a beauty and meekness in your manner—such a flow of new Jerusalem-love constantly beaming from your eyes, that with good King Solomon, I say, it is my hope you will always sit under my shadow with delight, and my fruit will be sweet to your taste. My time, dearest of disciples, is short, or I could write for ever on so divine a subject;—so wishing you, when all things are ripened for it, a large and copious effusion of every needful good, both of the upper and nether springs, I subscribe myself, whether I am he who planteth or watereth,

"Your's, sincerely,

"In brotherly love,

"JONATHAN SADDLER."

Thus, by writing and canting, Miss Crissey became his wife; carnal delights were far from their minds; but considering that the Lord wanted ser-

vants, and heaven had much room to spare, they yielded, for glory's sake, to increase and multiply.

As the lady's was not an apron-string fortune, Saddler soon held it in his own name, and tried, by every exertion, to get a footing in the Established Church, having hitherto declaimed in Tabernacles. However, he was employed as morning preacher, and became a stationary planet of light.

He had not been long in the bonds of matrimony, before a love of variety appeared necessary to complete his happiness. A change of female domestics now became rapid, and his wife lectured him severely; on these occasions he urged to her the frailty of men, and said his soul was hers, but his body was sometimes under the influence of Satan. These arguments the wife by no means considered true, which caused family quarrels, the result of which was conviction. On either side his home became hateful; he entered a club of tradesmen, in a tavern near Newgate—he fixed his eye upon the servant, a spirited young girl; but whether it is that public houses are unpropitious to spiritual love, or that pot-wenchs are a species of female to whom Methodistical rhetoric is unintelligible, his progress was very slow; and one night, half-sens over, he attempted her chastity, which caused him to be kicked out of the house. His wife, on this event, cursed the hour in which she first saw him—renounced for ever the impious tenets of Methodism, which involved every thing wicked, foul, and absurd, and told him to go to the Devil his own way, and she would find heaven by an opposite path.

Why Mrs. Saddler yielded so tamely was, because he had in his rage called her an harlot—a term among married women, as hateful as that of a severer kind; that is, comparing a woman to the female of the canine species. Freed now from domestic altercation, he indulged his animal sensations without controul; he even commenced an amour with an ancient dame of fifty, of a sour aspect, but the motto of *fronti nulla fides* is true: a vinegar visage is no proof of crabbedness. He had a variety of intrigues in succession; his wife left him to live with an uncle, and he left his situation in the church by an unpleasant mode, that of expulsion. He retired to live at Flint, in Wales, and there found fools to hear him preach, and foolish women to submit to his debaucheries—to one of which we advert in our motto to this article. She was a servant maid, whom he seduced, and as she proved in a family-way, it is supposed, that in the sacramental cup of which he persuaded her to take when extremely ill, he introduced a medicine to cause abortion, or poison; for the child indeed was killed within her, and she died literally of a decay of the flesh, which became corrupt in every part. Before this event he had sailed from Liverpool for the United States, but whether he be alive now or not is very uncertain: the law of man cannot reach him, but the law of God will visit him when

Shivering like a parched scroll,

The flaming heavens together roll.

When life is lost, and Time expires on the bosom of Eternity.

The Tabernacle near the City Road was the place wherein he often preached, and many of its present attendants were his hearers.

We have thus wound up the tale of a ranter, and the life of a hypocrite, who, with the cant of Methodism in his mouth, had the Devil in his heart; and we fear, in that sect he has a hundred parallels, who live by deceit and subtle villainy, making heaven a cloak for their earthly impurities and propensities. Beware of them! they are ever preaching of grace, election, and arbitrary reprobation; and if peradventure their hearers understand not this, then damnation for unbelief is resorted to as all-sufficient.

If parents discover in their children an early predilection for hypocrisy, perhaps rising through weakness of the brain, let them, for their own credit, as well as paternal affection, use proper means to dispel the vision before it becomes a sad reality; better means cannot be taken than placing this work in their hands, where all base fraud that tends to the dishonour of religion and the ruin of human happiness is pointed out in its false spirit, and the balm of truth given with a liberal hand.

We can only add, that lives of Methodist Parsons are like trials for crime, the curse of the present age. These fellows subvert the morals of youth before they are capable of thinking for themselves; or in other words, of discriminating between truth and falsehood—virtue and vice; but no one that properly attends to this publication, can be misled by such vile canters; As members of the Church of Christ, we are its strong advocates, and the enemy of all who either forming a part in its ministry or out of it, by their conduct attempt to injure its firm foundation. We spare not either Methodist or other, who act in derogation of God's holy word and commandments; and we feel assured, no one who carefully peruses our book but will lay it down under a conviction that he is a more enlightened man, and a sincerer christian.

METHODIST PARSON BLAKE,

Of Twickenham; Brute, and Adulterer.

“And the man that committeth adultery with another man's wife—even he that committeth adultery with his neighbour's wife, shall surely be put to death.”

It was well and truly said in the House of Commons by Mr. Hume, in reply to some stupid and bigotted remarks of that whining sectarian Amalekite, Butterworth—that church and state had more to fear from canting Methodists, than from poor oppressed Catholics.

We have in the course of this work, exposed many of the frauds of Methodism, and we entirely coincide with Mr. Hume, in his independent opinion. The Methodists work upon the poor and ignorant, and are unwearied in their attacks till they seduce their victim to their opinions: if one fellow fails in his object, another succeeds with more of the serpent, and finishes by his subtlety the vile work his brother had begun. Besides, any one that can cant well may become a preacher amongst these fellows. By the laws of England, a butcher cannot be impanelled on a Jury; the barbarity of his trade is supposed to have hardened his heart, and from taking daily away the lives of the brute creation, it is presumed he will look with indifference on the life of a human creature. And yet there are butchers innumerable, who are soul lovers among the Methodists, and who, with the blood of innocent lambs yet reeking on their hands, go forth from the slaughter-house to preach "The lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world," having just destroyed the emblem of their Saviour. But any one will do for a Methodist Parson who can cant and whine the ignorant into a belief of the trash laid down to deceive them. In this instance Master Blake was a linen-draper, one to whom if you gave an inch he would take an ell; he was famed for superior sanctity, and in Twickenham looked up to as the godliest of the godly. One of his hearers, a poor and industrious shoemaker, had a wife, dear to him as his *sole*—in fact she was his *awl*, and the *end* of all his pursuits in this world. She was, to drop metaphor, really a modest and good woman, till Master Blake bewildered her senses by his rhodomontacle preaching; and when once the understanding is shaken by visionary theories, the virtue of the body soon falls a sacrifice to the first corrupt invader. The fellow seduced her, and planted the tree of misery in the garden of happiness; but he has not been punished—he still lives and preaches blasphemy, for nothing else can flow from so corrupt a source. The way of Methodism is the high way to hell, and Mr. Blake is one of the guides to conduct, and the first to enter where he is sure to meet his due reward.

We have said so much upon Methodistical villainy that we refer our readers to our former numbers, and shall, in future, merely state the facts of their selfish and seductive practices, by which all may see they are living without God in this world, and can have no hope of him in the next. This fellow, Blake, we are told, accounts himself in a state of grace—it must not be the grace of God, but that of the Devil, which prepares him for the flame that is never quenched, and the worm that never dieth.

THE REVEREND PARSON SANDELANDS.

Rector of the Chapel, Five Fields, Chelsea; a consummate villain.

The Tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure.
Job, chap. 12, v. 6.

This Parson, whose fame is ringing in the ears of every one at Chelsea, was a man of classical attainments and accomplished manners; he insinuated himself into the good graces of all with whom he got acquainted. I have no knowledge who first inducted him into holy orders, or where he held his first curacy, nor is it of importance, as it is probable his first essays were marked with sincerity equal to his talent; it was not till success had made his brain giddy with vanity, that his extravagance increased his wants, and led him to the perpetration of every crime to supply his necessities. He was for some years famed for preaching charity sermons, and his superior eloquence laid many a heavy contribution on the pockets of his hearers. He was often the treasurer, and doubtless robbed the poor, whose cause he had so ably pleaded.

He managed, through female influence, to get appointed to the large and wealthy chapel in the Five Fields, Chelsea, where he stamped his infamous name by actions never to be forgotten.

He became notorious as a drunkard and an imposter, he went from house to house, particularly to strangers who had recently

come into the parish, and solicited alms for the poor, and as charity begins at home, he appropriated them to himself. He married the daughter of an eminent corn-chandler, resident in Mary-le-bone Lane—his name is Lawrence; he very soon squandered the liberal portion he had with her, and, under false pretences, cheated his father-in-law, Mr. Lawrence, of seven hundred pounds, and from his treatment of his amiable wife, she had to seek refuge in the house of her afflicted parent, and abandon the monster for ever. Mr. Lawrence did not expose him—he continued to wear the outward garb of humility, and many still believed in him, for his low drunken debaucheries were confined to brothels and gin shops, who profited by concealing his vices.

He contrived, amongst his other schemes, to get placed at the head of a Philanthropic Annuity Office, and swindled hundreds out of their property who confided in his tales of the benefits to be derived from entering therein. Amongst the number, was that truly good woman, the Dowager Lady Lake, who, with small means, has done more good than others with ten times her income. He persuaded her ladyship to place two thousand pounds in this annuity office, and accordingly she paid the money into his hands for the purpose of seeing it properly vested. He furnished her with documents, apparently properly signed and sealed, which, on his flight, were discovered to be forgeries, and she never recovered one farthing of the money.

Miss Lloyd, of Chelsea, was another that suffered from her mistaken confidence. She lost 2,500*l.* in the same manner that he had imposed upon Lady Lake; and there is scarce a person of respectability in Chelsea that has not cause to regret and execrate his atrocious villanies.

It would occupy our whole number to give an account of the tithe of his robberies and impositions—at last, he was found committing a nameless offence, and to avoid finishing his infamous career on the rostrum before Newgate, he decamped at the moment a warrant was issued for his apprehension. He is now in France, officiating as a curate: it is to be presumed that

there his character is not known, and he can tell such a plausible tale, a stranger would believe him to be virtue in the garb of holiness. He may rejoice in his escape, but for such villains there is a day of vengeance in store—"For while they be folden together as thorns, and while they be drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry."—NĀHUM, chap. 1, v. 10. We leave our readers to make their own comments, only remarking from this man's case, what every one may rely upon as a certainty, that imprudence is the forerunner of poverty—poverty introduces you to intemperance—and intemperance is the mother of guilt and infamy; so that every one should avoid the first, if they would avoid the horrors of the last.

REVEREND DR. BUCKNER,

Lord Bishop of Chichester: a fighting Parson.

"He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."

This bishop is not only a pious, but a charitable and learned man, and we only instance him as one of the many ways there are of rising to eminence in the Established Church.

For some are born, my son, he cries,

With base impediments to rise,

And some to rise with none.—PRIOR.

Courage often succeeds where learning, talent, genius, and industry fall back, wither, droop, and die in obscurity. Doctor Buckner was long a humble labourer in the garden of the gospel. The garden brought forth fruit, but not for him; and, to use a sacred metaphor, for many years he 'toiled day and night, and caught no fish.' At last he got appointed chaplain to a regiment, where he signalized himself, not as a field-preacher, but a warrior; he displayed such gallantry at the siege of Valenciennes, and other places, that his valour recommended him to a man who was no great judge of learning, the Duke of York,

who procured him a bishopric. It is a bad precedent; nor shall we ever think it justifiable till we are convinced that the way to the throne of mercy is through blood and slaughter.

A HUE AND CRY AFTER A PARSON.

“ Newcastle, Northumberland, and Durham.—Sixty Guineas Reward.

“ WHEREAS the Reverend ROBERT BATES, late of Whalton, in the county of Northumberland, hath accused himself and me, and also himself and other persons, with having been guilty of odious and indecent practices, and hath left his home before the report came to my knowledge, I hereby offer a reward of FIFTY GUINEAS to any person, or persons, who will discover the place of abode of, or produce the said Robert Bates, so that I may be enabled, by legal proceedings, to make him answer for so unfounded and malicious an accusation, and thereby vindicate my own character. In the meantime, until I have that opportunity, I most earnestly entreat that the public, and those who have been acquainted with my hitherto unimpeachable character, will be pleased to suspend their opinion upon this truly unfortunate subject.

“ Having also received anonymous letters of a very scandalous nature. I hereby offer a reward of TEN GUINEAS for the discovery of the writer of such letters.

“ THOMAS LISLE.

“ Pilgrim Street, Newcastle,

“ 18th June, 1810.

“ P. S. The said Robert Bates left Whalton about the 27th of April, accompanied by a man-servant, out of livery, who has much the appearance of a countryman.

“ Mr. Bates is about forty years of age, about five feet ten inches high, stout made, and of a florid complexion.”

PARSON WILDBORE,

Vicar of Tilton; a King's Bench Blackguard; and a liberal Subscriber to the Vice Society.

That the land spue you not out also, when ye defile it.—LEV. c. 18, v. 28.

This wretched mortal held the vicarage of Tilton, worth fourteen hundred pounds per annum; he was only extravagant in one point, that was in his love for liquids; he drank himself into the King's Bench, where he remained a length of time, and resolutely refused to pay his creditors one shilling. The loss of liquor only could affect him; the loss of liberty he deemed fortunate, as it gave him more leisure to get intoxicated; he began at day-light, and was always drunk before others had gone to breakfast. He usually got drunk three or four times a day, alternately sleeping and swilling for hours. This was his practice long before he came into the King's Bench Prison; he never moved without his 'pocket-pistol,' or brandy bottle, and it was his companion in the pulpit; he has been known to smell so strong of spirits, that when christening children, the ladies have been obliged to remove back from the font, overpowered by the nauseous smell, which actually made it appear as if the holy water vase had been a bowl of punch.

To him might justly be applied the whole of Alexander Stephens's song of *Moses and the Vicar*, commencing

There was once, it is said,
When, 'tis out of my head,
And where too, yet true is my tale,
That a tun-bellied vicar,
Bepimpled with liquor,
Could stick to no text like good ale.

One of his qualifications, and which he was fond of displaying, was singing obscene and blasphemous songs, parodies on the Scripture, &c. to the most notorious tunes; he ridiculed all

religion, and spoke of it as 'a d——ned good trade;' in fact, a wild boar from the forest, let loose upon society, could not be half such a bore as this dastardly fellow. He was shunned by all in the Bench: no gentleman or decent person would speak to him; and with racket-makers and call-boys he associated, often drinking on the seats in front of the Tap till he tumbled backwards to the ground. The wags used to black his face repeatedly, stuff his pocket with oyster shells, pin dishelouts to his tail, clap a tobacco-pipe behind each ear, and in this state lead him round the yard, the scorn and disgust of all except blackguards like himself, who rejoice at the depravation of human nature. He went four times up to the Insolvent Debtor's Court, and was as often remanded, for trying to impose upon the Court and cheat his creditors, by means of a false schedule. At last he was compelled to give up 800l. per annum to pay his debts, and was turned out of the Bench, execrated by all. He still lives, and if there is a beastly villain in the pale of the church, it is the man we have thus briefly and truly painted. We hope his parishioners may see this, and for shame take some steps to get rid of one who is a disgrace to the name of man, and not fit to breathe in a Christian world.

THE HYPOCRISY, FOLLIES, AND IMPOSITIONS OF THE

REV. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S. S.

Minister of the Gospel at Providence Chapel, Gray's-inn-lane.

[Continued from page 201.]

A young brother consulted him if he should marry a reclaimed harlot: "What she has been (said Huntington) matters not; if the dear redeemer has espoused her to himself, you may take her to wife, if there be mutual affection between you. Many a Magdalen has made an affectionate wife. But take this by the way, if you marry her, you must expect now and then a taunt from some of her old acquaintances, and she may sometimes when you are with her, meet with vulgar salu-

tations from her old companions. I would have you consider beforehand whether these things would set easy upon your old man" Further on he says, "I doubt her heart is not truly humbled, if it was she would hate even the garments spotted by the flesh; why does she keep the sign out, if she has left off business? It ill becomes people who have left off trade, to mock their customers with an empty sign." It is astonishing the number who were credulous enough to apply to him in this way, and how easily he gulled those who listened to his stuff. He particularizes a Mr. and Mrs. Baker, of Oxford Street, who though sorely tried by various losses in business, bad debts and bankruptcies, supplied him with money whenever he required it. "While the chapel was building, when money was continually demanded, if there was a shilling in the house, I was sure to have it."

Friends flocked around him, who settled him in a comfortable country-house, stocked a farm and garden for him, presented him with a coach and a pair of horses, and rose a subscription to pay for the taxes, &c. on the whole. His lucky star preponderated, and having buried his wife, he preached himself into the good graces of Lady Saunderson, the widow of the late Lord Mayor, and married her! Shortly after, he received a shock—the chapel in Titchfield-street was burnt to the ground. However, he consoled himself by saying, the Temple of Solomon, and that built by Cyrus shared the same fate. He thought to leave the metropolis, and retire to Suffolk, but his crew would not hear of it. They got a spot of ground, and built another house. "God provided men to work, and money to pay them; materials to work with; and if he provided all these, Providence must be its name." The spot chosen was in Gray's-inn-lane; it was upon a much larger scale than the former. Taught by former experience, the Sinner Saved took care he should not be made responsible for any part, but when finished, he managed matters so well, that it was made over to him, as his own, before he preached in it; this being a specified condition. In his will he bequeathed it to his widow, as part of his estate, but she waved her claim. Towards his death he grew

peevish ; at one time he states, “ My breath is short ; my cruse empty ; my oil fails ; my heart is chilled ; my old man is alive, and the Devil is not idle.” He died in 1813, at Tunbridge Wells, and was buried at Lewis, adjoining the chapel of one of his associates ; desiring to have no funeral service or sermon. He indited his own Epitaph, as follows :

“ Here lies the COAL-HEAVER,
Beloved of his God, but abhorred by Men,
The Omniscient Judge.
At the Grand Assize shall testify and confirm this,
To the confusion of many thousands :
For England and its Metropolis shall know,
That there hath been a Prophet
Amongst them.”

REV. PARSON WALKER.

*Of Chichester, Pluralist ; and an Unnatural Monster ; and
a Member of the Vice Society.*

“ And Joseph left his garment and fled.”

This man for many years bore a most exemplary character—he was pious in the extreme ; the rich courted his society, and the poor almost revered him as a saint. He gave his attention to a school daily, and contributed largely from his purse to its support ; and on every occasion where good was to be done, either in purse or person, he spared neither : yet all these good qualities were merely outward shew, and his heart was corrupt within—or, as the Apostle saith, ‘ The truth was not in him.’

He drew his pen also in behalf of the rising generation, and wrote a most able treatise on the catechism, which will be admired as long as the infamy of its ungodly author is despised. The eloquence of this man in the pulpit, filled the church whenever he preached, and in domestic concerns he was a Protestant father confessor. In short, he had the appearance of possessing all the virtues, and not any of the vices or infirmities of human nature. He was pointed out by all as ‘ An Israelite without guile.’

Time, however, drew the veil from before this sanctified sinner, and shewed him in his deformity to an astonished world—who exclaimed, in the words of Shakspeare,

“ Ah! woe is me;
Seeing what I have seen,
Seeing what I see.”

He was caught in a situation with one of his own sex, which the reader may judge, but we will not shock him by describing. He had the usual indulgence which Parsons receive on these detestable occasions extended to him—time was given him to fly the country, and he is now in America, that sanctuary of crime, and hot bed of guilt. There is no accounting on rational principles for this man’s conduct; and to say that he committed the crime in a fit of temporary insanity would not be true, for then all we have recorded for the sin might plead the same excuse. Lord Courtney, now in Paris, and who narrowly escaped the gallows, was so humane and charitable, that to this day all the poor in the neighbourhood of Exeter lament his absence; and the Earl of Leicester, another fugitive, for the same horrid offence, subscribed to every charity in London. It is odd that men whose hearts appeared warmed with manly feelings, should in one particular be worse than brutes—turn their backs upon heaven, and go to hell with open eyes; but reasoning is vain; all we can do is to express our horror, and expose the villains wherever we find them.

PARSON RADFORD.

A Calvinistic Preacher, and a Public Robber.

This unworthy pretender to the faith of Rowland Hill was once a favourite preacher, and was unanimously elected by a large congregation to the Ministry of Ebenezer Chapel; he remained there several years, when it became necessary to dispose of the chapel, and he was intrusted to do so, and another was intended to be raised in a different place with the money. He received 1,500*l.* and kept it; nor could a farthing ever be got from his hands; it was also discovered, that out of the

charitable contributions, he always appropriated nearly one half to his own use.

A Mrs. Bridgeman, a most respectable lady, got up one day and taxed him, in a chapel where he was preaching, with this atrocious robbery, before all the congregation, and prayed to God that it might trouble him on his death-bed. Whether the prayer had effect we do not know, but he died shortly afterwards; and Mr. Bridgeman, when his coffin was lowered into the grave, said, ‘There is a villian and a robber of the poor.’

PARSON FREER,

A Calvinist,

Is of the same stamp as the preceding. It became necessary to sell the Chapel in Mulberry Gardens to make way for the London Docks. He received 500*l.* for it, and, defying the congregation, removed to Uxbridge, where he kept a school, and at present he has a Chapel in Cumberland Street. Many as are the iniquities of the Established Church, it certainly would not allow to remain as one of its ministers a man convicted of robbery and swindling; but all sectarians think the greater the sinner the greater the saint. We have an instance of this in the wretch Church; who still preaches, and is attended: to him may be added these two villains, whom we consign to that infamy which attends upon those who rob the poor and needy, and merit punishment here and hereafter.

NOTE.—July 10. We are this moment informed that Parson Freer has breathed his last, and was buried this day. He some time ago went mad—no doubt under a heavy impression of all the evil he had done, his conscience could not rest. When he approached the verge of old age, and had a distant view of that eternity into which he was about to be plunged, and where he was to experience boundless misery, or endless happiness—reason recoiled from her throne, and the angel of desolation assumed her place. However, though he did not repent—though he perished in mental darkness—yet so convinced are we of Almighty goodness, that wretched as this man’s life has been, we dare hope that his immortal part will find favour from the mercy of God; but if he exercises his judgment, he is in that hopeless state we tremble to think of—and cannot name.

REVEREND PARSON CRESWELL,

*Of Lenton and Radford, St. Peter's, Nottingham ; Bruiser,
Drunkard, and Mud-lark.*

“ He reeleth to and fro like a drunken man.”

This gentleman has long disgraced the two parishes he holds by his depraved conduct ; he has for years been at war with the parish, even upon the most trifling occasions, and delights to keep all in hot water around him. His manners are brutal and repulsive, and his delivery in the pulpit like that of a blacksmith at his forge, to his customers assembled over pots of ale. He preaches no particular doctrine, for he is seldom aware of what he says, being always muddle-headed with ale, which forms his

“ Dreams by night, and visions of the day.”

He always has a pot of it set by his bed-side, to apply to when he awakes, and that must be pretty often, for it cannot be supposed this man's conscience will permit him to sleep either sound or long. Unfortunately, he turns his bed to other uses than that of repose, and

“ Tir'd nature, health's restorer, balmy sleep”

Invites him to her arms in other places, most frequently in the pulpit. He had, one afternoon, to preach a sermon, it was on some particular saint's day, and as he lacked the spirit of the Holy Ghost, he filled himself with spirit of a less pure nature, that encumbered the carnal man so much, he slept and snored during the psalm preceding the sermon ; at the conclusion of it, the noise, which in country churches, whatever be the style of music or tune, always increases on the last line, awoke the slumbering parson, who joined chorus in the words of the old song,

“ Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
There is nought like a bumper of Nottingham ale.”

This produced much mirth and disorder, which was ended by permitting him to sink down in the pulpit to rest, and his curate got up and delivered the sermon. Many attempts were made to get rid of Parson Creswell, but he possessed a power of influence which counteracted all public attempts, and he braved the parishes, neglected his duty, and disgusted all moral and religious men by his daily outrages upon common decency.

He is married to a very worthy lady, whose life he has made miserable, and is sending to the grave, bending under the pressure of a broken heart.

A meeting on parish business was held in the church, and according to his general custom, he quarrelled with the churchwarden, and deliberately pulling off his coat, swore he would 'pitch into him;' he was as good as his word, and a battle royal took place, thus converting the sacred edifice into a "Fives Court," and sounds of blasphemy echoed through the house of prayer. The Parson got a sound beating, and all next week he reeled about with eyes blacker than his gown, and in that uniform of "The Fancy" he preached two sermons. His usual custom, on market-days, was to meet his friends and parishioners, and swallow what are called "cheerers" of cold rum and water; he was generally called the "walking swill-tub; one market-day the boys were, as usual, hunting and hollering after him, and he threatening them by gestures, as well as he was able, for he was then totally speechless, there had been rain, and the streets were very dirty, the boys cried out "let us make a mud-lark of him!" he was instantly thrown down into the gutter, and rolled and dragged in it for the space of forty yards; some humane persons rescued him from suffocation, and throwing him into a cart, he was conveyed home.

Every disgrace appeared to steel him more in his brutal propensities; and the more his conduct was condemned, the more he strove to merit condemnation, by still more atrocious deeds. The mind shrinks back with horror from such a brute; such a fellow would disgrace a horde of Hottentots; and we cannot

but deplore the state of that society which is obliged to tolerate such a beast, as the pastor of a Christian congregation.

PARSON WRIGHT AND HIS CLERK.

“ Let us sing with the spirit and understanding.”—PAUL.

The late Reverend Mr. Wright, who had a small living in the west of England, having, as he conceived, seen through the erroneous jumble called the Athanasian Creed, refused to read it to his congregation, though repeatedly desired to do it by many of his parishioners.

The parishioners forwarded a formal complaint to the Bishop, who ordered it to be read, and that the said parson, as a good minister of the religion established by law, do continually put his hearers in mind of this fundamental part of his creed.

Now this very curious creed is appointed to be said or sung at the discretion of the Parson, and Mr. Wright, in the true spirit to his superior, on the following Sunday, thus addressed his congregation ; “ Next follows Anathasius’s Creed, either to be said or sung, and, with heaven’s leave, I’ll sing it.” Now, Clerk, mind what you are about,” when they both struck up, and sung it, with great glee, to a fox-hunting tune, which having previously practised, was well performed, to the great happiness of many people, who were already too much inclined to mock the sacred rites of the church, which, in their opinion, are founded upon no better basis than Pagan superstition.

The parishioners again met, and remonstrated with the pastor as to the indecorum and bad effects of his conduct upon the minds of the people. The pastor conceived he had done his duty properly, and could not help it if he did bring religion into disrepute, seeing he was obliged to perform rites which in his conscience he disbelieved.

The Bishop was again consulted ; and he said the parson

had done right, for it was so ordered that the Creed might be said or sung: upon which, the people declared, that they would dispense with the Creed in future, and many of them seceded from the Church altogether; nor did Mr. Wright ever after either read or sing the said Creed.

PARSON RIGSBYE.

Of Nottingham.

And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and beheld a ram caught in a thicket by his horns.—GEN. chap. 22nd, v. 13.

If cruelty be a predominant feature in all brute creation, then is Mr. Rigsbye as great a brute as ever degraded the title of manhood. He was married to a very amiable woman, and by a daily repetition of ill usage, he broke her heart. How comes it that villains commonly succeed in ensnaring the affections of lovely and amiable women? That men, famous for their brutality, certainly are united to women of the most mild and feminine disposition? They are more skilled in deceit, and having no solid pretensions to virtue, they assume her garb, and pursue their object with an ardour proportioned to the iniquity of their hopes; they do that an honest man dare not do—impose a fictitious appearance on the unsuspecting victim of their avarice or lust, and call God to witness lies—heedless if their present views be obtained, what may be their reward hereafter.

Mr. Rigsbye was one of this stamp, and after he had obtained possession of a lovely girl, he ‘devoured her living with harlots,’ and hurried her into the grave—another victim added to the hundreds who have been deceived by false appearances. Mr. Rigsbye was a whoremonger, and few in his power failed to fall victims to his lust. He seduced a bonnet-maker, whom he soon taught to be as iniquitous as himself; she ran him into debt, and got him into scrapes with all the town; he openly acknowledged her as his strumpet, and set an example to every

one, which fortunately had no pernicious effect. The picture was so highly coloured as to become disgusting—the glare was so offensive that the eye turned away, to seek repose on a more *sombre canvas*, where the hues of Vice had not obliterated the tints laid on by the pencil of Virtue.

Upon the death of his unfortunate wife, the infatuated Parson married the companion of his debaucheries; and as tyrants sooner or later suffer a reverse of fortune, the cruelty he inflicted upon his first wife, was retaliated upon him by this second, who rules him with a rod of iron; she says to him ‘come, and he cometh; go, and he goeth;’ and it seems, with the will to do iniquity, he has lost the power.

“Your pipe has lost the power of pleasing.

Fal, lal, lal, lal, la.”

To throw his infirmities in his teeth, and expose him to the scum of the world, his amiable darling always carries a ram or he-goat with her in the carriage. Whether he considers this ram as a type of that, which, for the gratification of Father Abraham’s butchering propensity, was caught in a thicket by the horns—or, as a horned satire upon himself, history saith not, but we suppose it alludes to his venereal propensities, and is held up by his lady, to shew what manner of man this minister of God is, and what he should not be.

Often may this venerable-bearded, and horned type of lechery, be seen looking out of one window of the carriage, and the old Parson out of the other, with the young bonnet-maker in the middle, laughing at her two puppets, which she is exhibiting for the moral instruction of the spectators.

“Fry, lechery, fry.”

The writer remembers one day, that the Parson’s carriage was standing at the outside of the town, and the

“Heavenly twins,”

The *ram* and the *bull* were looking out of the side windows; ‘Which be the old lustful Parson?’ said a stupid countryman,

who was gaping at the curious scene. An arch-looking journeyman lace-maker replied with some *naïvete*, "Which lad? Why that's him; doesn't thee know him by his horns?"

Mr. Rigsbye once took more pains to raise up "horned work" for others, than ever my uncle Toby did to destroy the horned work at the siege of Dendermond; and if he is not now fortified about the "Counterscarp," thanks to his "White Serjeant" who uses him better than he merits; at any rate, his mind is not fortified by the barriers of Christianity; he has never fought the good fight of faith, and cannot say with Saint Paul, "henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory." 'Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge,' and assuredly when he descends in judgment on the wings of cherubims, the soul of the parson will melt away like wax, and his sentence be one as bad as that pronounced on Cain—for an hypocrite can never stand in the Almighty presence with the slightest hope of mercy or forgiveness; but he has time yet to be wise, and repent; his wife's presence, and her tauntings, must remind him of his bodily failings; and the sage monitor, the ram, must make his blood run cold, to think what he must have been to merit such a staring satire on his guilty ways.

We have not any more to say, but that we wish to see every sinner 'turn to repentance;' and advise him, instead of going into public with goats, to retire in private, and call upon the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, to grant him pardon and peace. At present, we tremble at his prospects, and so is the grave trembling under his feet—it is a grave subject: we advise him to consider it seriously, and beg him to be assured, that in this very short account, our only object is to save a sinner from everlasting destruction.

TO MR. BENBOW, PUBLISHER.

SIR,—I send you an account of two Clergymen, which you may insert if you please in your work, called “The Crimes of the Clergy.”

Your's, &c.

T. R. V.

Lincoln, June, 1823.

THE REV. V. P. LITTLEHALES, M. P.

Prebendary of Southwell Cathedral, Pluralist and Monster.

“The Lord shall judge thee thou whited wall, on the day thou runnest into an inner chamber.”

This miserable sinner, a Master of Arts, of the University of Cambridge, held two small livings, (to which he was presented by the noble family of Monson) called Burton and South Carlton, in the county of Lincoln, and resided at the parsonage house at Burton, which is a beautiful residence in Lord Monson's park, for a number of years, till his enormities were discovered, and he was eventually compelled to quit the kingdom. He was a man of very great learning; and, to do him justice, in exterior better than many that have entered into holy orders, and he was undoubtedly kind and charitable to the poor. He kept a small school for a very superior sort, at which the sons of several of the noblemen were educated; and a short time before the last disgraceful event, had been presented to a prebendary of Southwell Cathedral (by the influence of Mr. Percival, who was then in power) and was generally looked upon as one who was likely to rise in the church.

The affair that compelled him to leave the kingdom took place in the year 1812, at the house of a Dr. Wollaston, where he was staying on a visit. It appeared that he made a violent attempt upon the footman of his guest, who, with difficulty escaped from him, and of course refused to return to his room, although the bell was repeatedly rung with great violence. The gentleman of the house asking his servant why he did not answer Mr. Littlehales' bell, received an answer which he thought so improbable, that he dismissed the servant on the spot—an imprudent step—which irritated the servant, and released him from all necessity of keeping secret the infamous occurrence.

The reports that were now spread about the county of Lincoln were of such a serious nature, that several gentlemen of respectability entered into a determination to investigate the matter, not having a doubt but the accusations were false and scandalous. Mr. Littlehales, however, wrote them a letter, begging them to desist, ending with this sentence: “I foresee it

will be useless, as I have long known that this is the rock on which I should split." It is needless to add that he immediately left the kingdom, and, it is supposed, is now in America.

THE REV. THOMAS JEPHSON,

Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, an Unnatural Monster, who lately fled his Country.

Set thou a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at his right hand. PSALMS.

The Reverend Thomas Jephson, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, was last month found guilty of the horrible and unnatural crime which has been by no means uncommon in the church. He was a Bachelor of Divinity, and a Tutor and Lecturer of St. John's College; and what added to the extremity of his offence, had that very morning (it being Whit Sunday) assisted at the ceremony of the Lord's supper, in his College Chapel. After chapel he went out walking on the Chany-Hinton Road, from Cambridge, where he came up with a fine boy, that took his depraved fancy, and after a short conversation gave him a shilling, and told him that if he would meet him again that evening he would give him much more money. The boy promised he would, and it is probable that from his ignorance of this Reverend wretch's intention, might have become his dupe, but for an accidental circumstance that led to the complete detection of this infamous impostor; for as the child was playing with some other boys near his door, a shilling fell out of his pocket, which immediately drew the attention of his parents, as they knew that it was improbable he should have come honestly by so much money; and being questioned, he simply related the whole circumstances as they had occurred. His father suspecting the truth, told the boy to go, and to meet the gentleman according to appointment; whilst he, with some other men, would follow at a distance. According to appointment the Bachelor of Divinity appeared, and the rest of the party being out of sight, he soon pursued a line of conduct that rendered a speedy interference highly necessary. On this unexpected interruption, he begged them, in the most earnest manner, to give him his liberty again, and take his money, watch, or whatever they chose; and they accordingly took his watch, that it might be witness against him if necessary. By means of the watch and seal, they soon were enabled to discover his name, but as it took them some little time to do so, he had time to leave Cambridge, to which, however, he was again immediately summoned by his College, or threatened with immediate expulsion if he did not return and exculpate himself most satisfactorily. A deputation of the Fellows of St. John's College was sent to London for the express purpose, and to the

surprise of all that knew him, persuaded Mr. Jephson to return to meet the charge preferred against him. This dreadful criminal returned from town with some legal advisers, and to complete the enormity of his offence, swore that the boy's father had robbed him of his watch as he was walking alone, and that he knew nothing of the crime of which he was accused. It now became necessary for the other party to defend themselves, and with the assistance of a learned lawyer, a Member of the University, they most clearly and indubitably proved the truth of their own story, and covered the Reverend sinner with disgrace and confusion; indeed it was impossible for his word to be taken against that of so many witnesses, or for him to account for his sudden flight to London, with all the other improbabilities of his account of the matter. In short, it ended as might be expected; the criminal was admitted to bail, and thus allowed to escape to the Continent, where he has probably gone to join others of his double profession, and to add one item more of disgrace to the establishment already too notorious for this species of offence.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We have inserted the preceding two atrocious cases verbatim as they were sent us, knowing them to be correct. Nothing more strongly shews the necessity of a revision of our ecclesiastical laws as administered in the Universities; had Parson Jephson been a layman, he would have been had before a magistrate, and committed to prison for the vile assault, and tried in open court before a jury of his country; but as a Member of the University, they had a prior right to try him by his peers, and admitted him to bail—that is, give him leave to escape, to prevent further disgrace being attached to the College. These gentlemen have an opinion of disgrace, widely different from those outside of College walls. By law, he that attempts to conceal a crime, or the person of a criminal, is considered guilty, and shares as a participator in the criminal's offence. The College would have been honoured, had they delivered the criminal, bound hand and foot, up to justice; but they are disgraced in the eyes of honourable men, by permitting a felon to escape, of whose guilt they pronounced their belief, and whom, in their hearts, they must detest and despise.

If one considers the rank of the offender, his being a Tutor of a celebrated College, and a Bachelor of Divinity, and that he had that day administered the sacrament, and immediately after that solemn ceremony, planned this great and terrible crime, it offers as gross an instance of clerical iniquity as has been exhibited, not excepting the renowned case of the Bishop of Clogher; and as his fellow Collegians have tried to keep the whole affair as secret as such a shocking transaction can be kept, it requires a speedy and ample justification, that all true Christians may learn that the spirit of christianity and its virtues are not to be found with clergymen exclusively, however high their rank in the church, or in society in general.

THE SCOURGE
OF
IRELAND,
OR, THE
PROTESTANT HIERARCHY;
DEVELOPED FROM THE HANDWRITING OF THE
BISHOPS;
CONTAINING THE
Name and Description of every Incumbent,
WITH
THE ENORMOUS TEMPORALITIES APPENDED,
IN
1819.

“Talk of the Priestcraft of the ancient Dynasties of France and Spain; why, for oppression and cruelty like this, there is no picture bearing even a resemblance in the Cabinet of the World.”

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

WE have long accustomed ourselves to talk of the enormous incomes of the *ci-devant* French priests; of the immense ecclesiastical revenues of Spain; and to revile the people of these countries as superstitious and priest-ridden; but let us only turn our eyes to the PROTESTANT CHURCH OF IRELAND, AS AT PRESENT ESTABLISHED—look at the FACTS which I will place beyond all doubt or explanation, as recorded in Parliament, in the hand-writing of the Right Reverend the Bishops, in the course of last year; and we shall be compelled to confess there is no picture bearing a resemblance to this, in the CABINET OF THE WORLD.

In the year 1817, when the proposal of allowing the English Clergy to lease their tythes, was before Parliament, I took the trouble gratuitously of preparing for the consideration of the House of Commons, a “*simple equation of tythes*,” in which the twelve following propositions were maintained upon documentary evidence:—

- 1st. That by the original institution of Tythes for the maintenance and support of the Christian Church in England, they were to be applied, 1st, for the building of churches; 2dly, for the relief of the poor; 3dly, the expense of government by Bishops; and, 4thly, the salaries of the officiating parsons.
- 2d. The subsequent appropriation of this property by one of our Kings, (Henry VIII.) at his own will to his own use.
- 3d. The absolute and entire right of disposal of this species of property, as not merely claimed, but really exercised by Parliament, who forcibly took it from the possessors, and gave it to another set of persons, on condition of their subscribing to thirty-nine articles of faith, which had

been manufactured by twelve Episcopalians, who met for that purpose in the Savoy, and who, having kicked the twelve Presbyters out of the room, created our episcopalian religion, which was confirmed by the clergy on the 20th of December, 1661, and by a Parliament in March, 1662, constituting what is called the religion by *Law* established.

- 4th. The amount of the produce of tythes *originally*, when our population did not amount to *one tenth* of the present number, and of which only *one fourth* was appropriated to the maintenance of the parish priests, the parishes being then, as at present, 9991 in number.
- 5th. The annual value *now* claimed as rightfully belonging to the 9991 parish priests amounting, as appears by a recent publication issued under the sanction of the Bishop of Lincoln, if in money, to £27,352,835 per year, or if in land to 333½ acres out of every 1000 acres of freehold, besides glebes and other church endowments.
- 6th. That by a table inserted in that work from authentic returns made from **EVERY COUNTY IN ENGLAND**, it is *manifest* the farmers cannot afford to pay above *one fifth* of their produce in **RENT**; if therefore the clergy be entitled to *one tenth* of the whole produce, they are demonstrably entitled to half the rental of all England; if the farmers raise four rents, the tythes are eight shillings in the pound on the rental; if they only raise three rents, the tythes are six shillings in the pound.
- 7th. That this claim, thus monstrous, when clearly defined, varies in payment, not only in every County, but almost in every parish in England; for instance, taking the returns of two counties: Lord De Dunstanville says in Cornwall the rent of 100 acres is £150, Produce £779, Tythes, £15, whilst Col. Leatham for Yorkshire, says, the rent of 100 acres is £150, produce £718, tythes £66.
- 8th. That a legislature must be composed of maniacs who could believe it possible, that agriculture could permanently flourish in any country, subject to a tax varying from two to sixteen shillings in the pound upon the rent of land, and where the ratio increases exactly as capital and industry are employed.
- 9th. That the clergy having contrived to get rid of the building of churches, of the maintenance of the Poor, of paying the expenses of Bishops and Church Government out of the tythes, and having also kept their number stationary as the parishes into which the kingdom was divided

whilst the population has increased tenfold; are now actually in the receipt of *forty* times their original proportion, inasmuch as the 9991 parsons claim the WHOLE TYTHE of a produce which is grown for the support of 10 millions of people, when originally they were entitled only to one fourth of that which supported one million.

10th. That a rival capital has also sprung up, exceeding in amount the whole value of all the Lands in England, manufactured out of *paper*, by a scheme which Mr. Pitt denominated a gigantic system of swindling, and which yields an interest, without any beneficial application, either to Agriculture or Commerce, far beyond that of Landed Property.

11th. That whilst the Farmers of a rental of £25,000,000 in land are charged with £8,000,000 of Poor-rates, which ought to have been defrayed out of the produce of the Tythes, originally appropriated to that object, the income of £40,000,000 of Funded Property is exonerated from all charge in aid of the Poor.

12th. That therefore, for the permanent interest of Agriculture, it was evidently necessary, a public national investigation of the state of the tythes should take place.

The Publication was given at the time to one of the Representatives of my native County, with a request that it should be handed to the prime Minister.

I received a flattering answer, with regard to the ability with which the subject was treated, and was informed that Lord Liverpool had placed the pamphlet in the hands of a Gentleman more conversant with the subject, to report upon; in whose care, I presume, it died a *natural death*.

It is true, at that time, I had not devoted much leisure to an inquiry into the interior construction of the House of Commons; I had indulged in a theoretic calculation of the independence, power, and influence of the Landed Interest, as it was termed, in that House; and I had concluded that it was only necessary to shew the real state of the temporalities belonging to the Church, and its operation upon Agriculture, to obtain investigation, as a prelude to the correction of the system. Vain hope!—not a single Member could be found to bring the question forward.

Thus disappointed, I remained without hope of exciting the attention of Parliament, until the complaints of the incapacity of the Farmers to pay their rents, induced the House last year to go into a Committee of inquiry as to

the causes, when I applied to my County Member for an introduction to Mr. Gooch, the Chairman, that I might be allowed to tender my evidence upon this important subject.

To this application it was replied, that it was no favor to be examined before the Committee; that I had only to send my name to the Chairman, and state my wishes.

Accordingly I wrote to the Chairman, and stated my anxious wish to tender my evidence, remarking at the same time, that it would be principally confined to the operation of the funded debt; the baneful system of a paper currency not convertible into bullion; the existing system of tythes, and the mode of providing for the Poor; but the honourable Chairman had not the good manners even to answer my letter.

It may be said, having failed in prevailing upon Parliament to entertain the question upon English Tythes, what possible hope could be indulged that it would go into the consideration of Tythes in Ireland? to this I answer, that I was prevailed upon by the flattering assurance that I received, that at length a Member presented himself, who expressed the greatest anxiety to become qualified to bring the subject fully before the House. I now proceed to the developement of the state of the present Protestant Church of Ireland.

Ireland contains 11,943,100 acres of land, equal to 18,767,338 English acres, of which 909,090 acres pay nothing to the Church; 4,321,110 pay probably from endowments about one third of their tythes, and the remaining 13,537,136 are liable to pay full tythes.

It is divided in 22 Dioceses, which are appended to these preliminary remarks, in which every Incumbent throughout the kingdom is arranged in alphabetical order, for the convenience of more readily ascertaining the extent of Patronage, by a reference to family names, such as Beresford, Knox, Foster, &c. &c.

In the Parliamentary Returns from which these schedules have been carefully compiled, it will be found, that no less than 808 benefices out of 1270 have been sent without any quantities being specified, and indeed but *one* Diocese, out of *twenty-two*, contains the number of acres included in each benefice.

In this Diocese, of Elphin, the number of parishes is 91, which have been compressed into 37 benefices, or livings; of the 37 Incumbents who ought to reside, 19 are resident, and 18 absent.

The Bishop observes, that the returns of the quantity of land in each living

have been made from the Church applotment, without any of the bog or mountain land belonging to the same : from which it appears that these 37 livings contain 266,928 acres of tythable land, valued by Mr. Wakefield at the rate of 35 shillings per acre, or about 22 shillings per English acre to rent.

If the Farmer of this Diocese raise *five* times the amount of *rent* in produce, the whole tythes would amount to 233,562*l.* or 6,312*l.* for each living. *four* times the produce, 186,849*l.* or 5,050*l.* for each living. If only *three* times the rent be grown, 140,137*l.* or 3,787*l.* for each living.

The County of Roscommon, in which the Diocese is situate, contains 346,650 acres, and in 1792 the Protestant population was 215 families of 1075 persons; the Catholics 16,985 families of 84,925 persons; the Protestants in 1766 were 1,300 families of 6,500 persons; the Catholics 13,268 families of 66,340 persons.

Now then let us pause a moment on the threshold, whilst we contemplate this single column, in the stupendous National Fabric of the Irish Protestant Church.

Here we have a county of 346,650 acres of land, yielding a population of 86,000 persons, of which 266,928 acres are tythable; containing a population of 166 Protestant families only, reckoning 5 to a family, and the value of the tythes of which amount to 233,562*l.* per year, independent of glebe lands and houses, if the lands yield five rents in produce; which sum is at the *incredible ratio of one thousand four hundred and seven pounds per year for administering Church of England rites to every individual Protestant family in the whole Diocese*: but it may be said the tythes are not exacted to the utmost value in every instance, and therefore this account is overstated, let us then put it in another shape:—

The Bishop says the tythes of 266,928 acres of cultivated land are appropriated for the Protestant rites of 166 families; this therefore gives the tenth of the produce of 1,608 acres of land for each family; and is there an acre of the fruitful level corn county of Roscommon, that yields less than six pounds produce per English acre? for it must be observed, that the 1,608 acres are *Irish* measure, and equal to 2,604 English acres. Think, then, of the *whole* produce of 260 English acres of the best corn land, being appropriated for reading our church service *once* in a week to *one* individual family; or which amounts to the same thing, the whole produce of the 2,604 English acres, for religious rites to every 10 *Protestant families*! Lest this view

also of the subject should not be intelligible, let us place it in another light in the debate on the 15th of May, 1818, Lord Liverpool, after a very elaborate speech, came to a conclusion that Protestant Churches should be constructed to hold about one fourth of the population, after deducting children, old people, and those entrusted to take charge of the house, hence his Lordship thought, that a church to hold 1000 persons, would be all that was necessary in a population of 4000 Protestants.

The whole Diocese of Elphin, therefore, might be accommodated in one fifth part of a single church, as to numbers, for which service one tenth of the produce of 266,928 acres of land is annually paid, or the whole produce of 26,692 Irish acres, equal to 43,154 English acres, and which, reckoning only 3 quarters of Wheat to the acre, at the present price of 50 shillings per quarter, amounts to 323,655l. a year, for church service performed to one fifth part of an English congregation.

It is not for me to inquire into the justice or the policy of appropriating one tenth of the produce of such a county to such a purpose; for justice and policy, like religion and law, are of late become too sublime for ordinary writers; but facts may perhaps be allowed to have some weight, and if the object be to promote Protestantism by these means, then will it be confessed that the means have nearly attained its *extirpation*.

In the year 1766, in this diocese, the Protestants were 6,500 persons, and the Catholics 66,340, being about ten times the number of Protestants; in the year 1792 the Protestants were only 1075, whilst the Catholics had increased to 84,925, nearly eighty times the number!! It is a known and published fact, that the sum apportioned for administering Protestant rites to 166 families in this diocese, exceeds in amount the sums paid either in Russia, Austria or France for church service for 5,000,000 of Christians; being the whole population of Ireland; and in short, that the value of the *tenth* of the *produce* of the *County* of Roscommon *alone*, would amply pay the working Clergy for the whole Kingdom of Ireland, both Catholic and Protestant.

Let it not be said that I have singled out one diocese for the purpose of bringing its monstrous features into notice; the inspection of the other dioceses will at once confute such an assertion; I have taken Elphin because it is the *ONLY ONE* which the Bishops have returned *COMPLETE*; and I have confined myself to general calculations, because I would not be thought to cast partial reflections upon any particular diocese. The observations upon

the abuses which so flagrantly distinguish the various dioceses, will be found under their separate titles, but I will proceed to mark a few of the leading characters which distinguish them.

ELPHIN.—Here we see one Clergyman receiving the tythes of 8 parishes, containing 19,264 acres Irish; he is returned as *absent* from *all the parishes*, and indeed there is but *one* church and 14 *Protestant* families in the 8 *parishes*: this living therefore is equal to a *Freehold Estate in England* of 3,000 acres of good corn land.

Another sinecure pluralist has the tythes of 13 parishes, containing 33,855 acres; and 5 of the parishes are returned as *SINECURES without Church or duty*; the other 8 parishes contain but a proportion of 14 *Protestant* families: this living is equal to an English *Freehold Estate* of 5,000 acres of good land.

Out of the 37 benefices there are 4 *avowed sinecurists*, without any *duty* whatever; and 6 pluralists. At 5 shillings in the pound upon the rent, each Clergyman would receive upon an average 3,156*l.* a year, for church service to 4 *Protestant* families, besides glebe lands and houses.

ARMAGH contains 103 parishes, compressed into 78 livings; there are 67 *resident* parsons and 11 *absent*—the quantity about 470,000 acres, worth upon an average to rent about 25 shillings per acre: the tythes, therefore, at five shillings in the pound upon the rental would yield 1,833*l.* to each parson, besides glebes and houses, many of which in this diocese are immense. The pluralist, Knox, a relative of the Bishop of that name, has 4000 acres of glebe and a house in one living; and many others have 1,080, 900, 700, and 500 acres of good land, with houses.—*See Armagh.*

CASHEL and EMLY contain 131 parishes, but only 57 livings. The *resident* parsons are 34, the *absent* 23. The benefices returned contain 272,391 acres, averaging 5044 to each, besides houses and glebes: the value of land in this diocese makes the tythes of each benefice, at 5*s.* in the pound on the rental, amount to 2,837*l.* a year: the cost of administering church rites in this diocese is about 110*l.* a year for *each Protestant family*, under the present dispensation.

DERRY, under Bishop Knox, is an interesting diocese; the Dean has 3 glebes, containing 1,350 acres freehold, deanery house, and the tythes of 89,600 acres. The family of the Knoxes are also well provided for.—See the notes upon Armagh; here we have 38 *resident* and 16 *absent* parsons reaping the tythes of about 400,000 acres, besides houses and glebes of various extent, some 1,600 acres, others 900, 700, &c. &c.

Preface.

IN KILLALA and ACHONRY we have 52 *parishes* made into 20 *livings*, with 14 resident and 6 absent parsons, enjoying the tythes of 708,800 acres to administer church rites to 562 Protestant families. This produce would yield about 300*l.* a year for church service performed in every Protestant family, supposing the land to be worth only 19 shillings per acre in Ireland, or 12 shillings the English acre; and yet, under this ghostly management, it appears that from 1766 to 1792, the Catholics increased from 6 to 1 to the ratio of 60 to 1—that is in a tenfold proportion!!!

IN KILLALOE and KELFENORA, the 28 benefices, which have their dimensions specified, appear to contain 674,008 acres, averaging 24,071 acres each, which are valued by Wakefield at 33*s.* per acre Irish, or about 22 shillings the English acre; the tythes of each benefice at five shillings in the pound on the rent would yield 993*l.* per year each.

The population of 476,200 acres in the county of Clare in 1792 was 1,200 Protestants to 94,800 Catholics, or about 1 Protestant family of 5 persons to 1,984 acres, or 3 square miles, being less than one fourth of their number in the year 1766.

According to this calculation, then, every Protestant family in this county, allowing the tythes only to amount to one fourth of the rent, or five shillings in the pound, entails a cost of the enormous sum of 818*l.* per year.

IN KILMORE, there are 41 parishes, 33 livings, 20 resident and 13 absent Clergymen, but only the quantity of four benefices given; one of 10,000 acres, another 80,640, a third 19,800, and the fourth 20,000 acres; but the 33 benefices contain 11,026 acres of glebe lands, which is no less than a freehold estate of 367 acres to each, besides houses and the tythes, of which we have no return.

IN WATERFORD, it appears that the Catholic population has increased upon the Protestant, from the year 1766 to 1792 in the proportion from 6 to 1 to 80 to 1, and the tythes of this county, at one fourth of the rent, would be 359*l.* for each family. The Catholic population of the whole kingdom in 1766 was to the Protestant as 2 to 1. In 1792 it had grown to 6 to 1.

Such are some of the *features* of this extraordinary and unparalleled establishment; let us now take a *collective* view of the whole kingdom.

Mr. Wakefield's valuation of the whole *Landed Rental* of Ireland, as appears by one of the annexed tables, amounts to 14,110,601*l.* per year, or about 15 shillings per English acre.

If five times this amount be raised in produce, the value will be 70,553,005*l.* the tythes of which produce would be 7,055,300*l.*

I have shewn the Clergy are entitled to tythes upon 15 parts out of 19 of the whole ; the sum therefore which their proportion of tythes amount to, is 5,569,974*l.*

But if only 4 times the value of the rent be raised in produce, then the tythes of the Protestant Clergy would only be worth 4,455,979*l.* out of the whole produce.

The landed Revenue of the Bishops and Clergy are said to be *two* parts out of *eleven*, of the whole kingdom, that is, taking Mr. Wakefield's rental as the value, equal to 2,565,563*l.*

In every other part of Europe but Great Britain, the monstrous claims of the Clergy have been regulated, without any one inconvenience resulting therefrom ; and a scale has just been published in a work entitled “ Remarks on the Consumption of Public Wealth by the Clergy ;” from which the following comparison has been made :—

For religious rites to 500,000 Protestants, the whole number in

Ireland, the Clergy are paid in Russia £7,500

For the same number of Catholics 25,000

In Austria for the like number 25,000

Germany 30,000

France 17,500

North America 30,000

South America 15,000

Sweden 35,000

Denmark 35,000

Holland 40,000

Italy 20,000

Prussia 25,000

Spain and Portugal 50,000

Hungary—Protestants 25,000

..... Catholic 40,000

Switzerland 25,000

Turkey 15,000

This makes an average throughout the Christian world, of the sum of 27,000*l.* for Church service to the whole Protestant population of Ireland,

and upon a calculation of every clergyman having the charge of 300 families, would amount to about 80*l.* per year salary.

But let us take the calculation upon the most liberal scale; let us allow to each clergyman only 200 families, the number of Irish Protestant clergymen would then be 522, and let each of them be endowed with a good house, 5 acres of land, and 200*l.* per annum salary: this would amount in money to 104,400*l.* besides a landed rental of about 2,000*l.* more. Let the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Dignitaries, be even allowed 50,000*l.* the whole cost of the Irish Protestant Establishment then would be 156,400*l.* nearly *six times* as much as all the other parts of the World average, and yet even the whole of this sum, it is said, the estates of the **PRIMATE ALONE** would produce.

The Account would then stand thus:

The present annual value of the lands of the Irish Protestant Church	£2,565,563
The present annual value of one tenth of the produce appropriated to the Protestant Church	5,569,974
	<hr/>
	£8,135,537
Annual Income to be allowed to the Protestant Clergy of Ireland	£156,400
Annual Income to be allowed to the Catholic Clergy of Ireland, in the proportion of 7 to 1, as compared with the Protestants	1,094,800
	<hr/>
Total charge of the Clergy	£1,251,200
Balance saved by the Nation	6,881,337
	<hr/>
	£8,135,537

In France the allowance does not amount to one sixth of the above sum, yet all the Clergy are paid alike by the State, except that the Protestants are paid somewhat *more* than the Catholics, and all Religions are alike protected. In Russia, Austria, America, Prussia, the Netherlands, Bavaria, Wurtemburgh, Hanover, Saxony, all men of religious denominations have equal civil rights. It is in GREAT BRITAIN alone, the proud *soi-disant* Boaster of Liberty, that INTOLERANCE continues to hoist her *black* standard of bigotry and persecution, and to compel three millions of Christians to pay three hundred times as much as the rest of Europe, to a Clergy who perform no ser-

vice to them. How universally were our ears dinned with the oppressions of the Catholic Clergy in Spain and France, *before* the late arrangements, and yet they never equalled the monstrous revenues of the Irish Protestant Clergy.

Before the revolution, France had 360,000 Ecclesiastics, the whole of whose revenues did not amount to that of the 1,270 Irish Clergy !!!

Spain had 150,000 religious persons, but their revenue was far short of this handful of Irish *Protestant* Clergy.

It may be remarked, that it is vain to hope for any regulation of the tythe system in Great Britain, because it is part of the immense patronage which has been engrossed by British Ministers for the purpose of supporting their measures, by payments of the Borough-mongers and their Relatives for the last 140 years.

It is too true that such is the case, the King's Ministers nominate the 22 Bishops, the 22 Bishops present to 1,392 parishes in Ireland, the Ministers reserving 293 to themselves; so that, with the exception of a very *small* number to the Universities, Lay Lords, and those which are tythe free, the *whole of the tythes and Church Revenues of Ireland*, is disposable by what is called the Government or Ministry.

With such a Government, or such a Ministry, that has been planted in the very heart of these kingdoms, and rooting itself deeper and deeper, for such a length of time, until its ramifications have *extended themselves into, and drained every field and garden, and private abode, of every subject of the empire*, it may appear hopeless to contend; but it is a possible case, that the excessive and unnatural growth of the tree, may prove its own destruction.

That the landed interest cannot cope with it, is quite clear; the Landed Revenue is not above 25 millions; the Minister's Revenue in taxes alone is 75 millions; they have the disposal of receivers therefore for the landed estate of more than *three* Kingdoms.

The landed Revenue of 25 millions has a poor-rate of 8 millions tacked to it; but the loan supporters of the Ministers, who have created a property of 40 millions out of *paper*, pay not a shilling to the poor. The landed Revenue of 25 millions has a Church to support, which claims *half* its rental, and this too principally at the disposal of the ministers; whilst the Fundholder laughs at the Landholder and the Parson too.

The landed Revenue *once* had an intrinsic golden value attached to it, which Pitt, by the magic wand of a Demon, converted into rotten rags.

The landed Interest foolishly thought that a show of a few million pieces of gold was proof demonstrable that the paper-makers could command gold enough for a circulating medium; whereas to enable the country to pay 75 millions a year of gold in taxes, the Bullion of the **WHOLE WORLD** would not suffice.

Since writing the above, the Irish Secretary Goulburn has given notice of a bill to **PERPETUATE** this **MONSTROUS SYSTEM**; in one word, to give for ever, to the **IRISH PROTESTANT CLERGY**, the **FULL VALUE** of the **WHOLE** produce of 1,353,713 acres of land, English measure, to be raised by the **CAPITAL** and **LABOUR** and **COST** of the population of Ireland.

No Commissioners will value this produce at less than from four to ten pounds per acre, constituting a revenue from *five to thirteen millions* per annum; besides a rental, reckoned at one pound per acre, upon two elevenths of the kingdom, as episcopal and glebe lands amounting to 3,412,334*l.* additional.

And this is the scheme, brought into a British House of Commons, to give a perpetuity to a revenue amounting at least to **TEN MILLIONS** per year, which is upwards of **TWO THIRDS** of the rental of all the lands in the kingdom, for the performance of Protestant rites to **ONE SEVENTH** of the population.

Reckoning only 200 families to each Christian Protestant Pastor, this would average *twenty thousand* a year to every Bishop, Dean, Rector, and Curate too.

Now to these figures there is no reply: as long as two and two shall be equal to four; so long will *one tenth* of the produce of 13,537,130 acres be equal to the *whole produce* of 1,353,713 acres; and mind, it is the **PRODUCE**, including *Rent, Tithes, Rates, Seed, Labour, Manure, Team, Interest upon Capital, Taxes, Skill*, which is equal to *five times* the rent, and which Parliament has, after long investigation, so determined it to be.

One word in Peel's ear—when you denied the right of Parliament to appropriate these revenues, did it not occur to you, the Catholics of Ireland might say—"If title be so sacred, then does this property belong of *right* to us: the present holders have no pretensions but to a *Parliamentary Title*, and as the Ministers assert Parliament has not the *power*, what hinders us to claim, aye, and to seize our *pristine rights*? We have held them 1000 years—the Protestants by Parliamentary grant 160 years."

EXPLANATION OF THE FIGURES, REFERENCES, &c.



In each diocese the Incumbents are alphabetically arranged for the convenience of reference to their respective names, as relatives to the Bishops, Nobility, &c. The numbers immediately following, refer to the diocesan returns to Parliament, as printed 26th May, 1820, by which the correctness of each may be instantly ascertained: the letters *Rr*, are Rector resident; *Ra*, Rector absent; *Vr* and *Va*, Vicars resident or absent; *Cr* and *Ca*, Curates resident or absent.

The subsequent columns explain themselves; where *H* is added to the quantity of Glebe, it signifies there is a house attached.

When *C* is placed before the number of tythable acres, it signifies computation; for instance, the Bishops in some returns say "a Benefice contains 12 square miles," each square mile then being equal to 640 acres, they have been reduced to acres, until a more accurate return shall be made.

If proof be asked for the assertion that originally the parochial Clergy were entitled to only one fourth of the tythes, these returns give it most incontestibly: the Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh, (pages 128, 129, and 139,) and the Bishop of Kildare, (page 200,) are now in receipt of their portion; the former says, "in my diocese is retained the OLD EPISCOPAL establishment of the QUARTA PARS; that is, a PORTION of the PAROCHIAL TYTHES out of EVERY PARISH, payable to the Bishop: and in Kilmacduagh such is its import in EVERY PARISH WITHOUT EXCEPTION.

The Bishop then proceeds (page 139,) "many new arrangements, indeed, highly productive of comfort to the Clergymen, and conducive to the *firmer establishment of the Protestant Religion*, might be made in my diocese, were the GOVERNMENT to extend to it the SAME POLICY under which, at DIFFERENT PERIODS, it has been pleased to regulate, I believe, EVERY DIOCESE of Ireland, namely, by granting him a COMPENSATION to enable the BISHOP to RESTORE the QUARTA PARS, now allotted to the Sec, to the official *parochial Incumbents*."

And, in short, there is scarcely one return of this monstrous establishment, in which the Bishops do not call upon Parliament, for MORE REVENUE: to go into the detail, would freeze the blood in our veins.

Numerous also are the instances of livings returned as TOO SMALL to afford COMFORT to the Incumbent; but how they become so, not a word is said: let us look at a few.

In the diocese of Cork and Ross, (page 195, No. 12,) the Vicarages of Kilmacabeba and Kilfaughnabeg, are returned as of a value *too small* to afford comfort to the Incumbent, but this arises from the *rectorial tythes* of these parishes being appropriated to the *archdeaconry*, consisting of a sinecure of four entire rectories. In like manner the vicarage of Aghadown, (No. 16,) in the same diocese, is classed as *too small*, of which the *rectorial tythes* also belong to the *archdeacon*.

In page 246, No. 13, Temple Michael, alias Temple Mihil, and Kilcooken vicarages are returned as too small, of which the rectorial tythes are attached as a *Sinecure* to a prebend in page 252.

On the same page, Mr. Lymberry, (No. 19) has the vicarage of Kilbarrymeadon, returned as too small, the great tythes of which are appropriated to the *Dean of Cashel*, who is *Precentor of Waterford* also. Mr. Lymberry is, therefore, permitted to serve a curacy for the next incumbent, there being no church on his vicarage of Kilbarrymeadon, and this adjoining vicarage having also its great tythes appropriated to another sinecure. (See Kilrosanty, page 252.)

Modeligo Kilgobinet, Kilmolash, in the same page, are similarly circumstanced.

Dysert is also similar, and Ballybacon, (No. 28,) though united with Tullibrid, containing together upwards of 10,000 acres, is also so classed, because the *Archdeacon* has the rectorial tythes of the *one*, and the *Dean* of the *other*.

In the diocese of Cloyne, (No. 25) there are three entire rectories and vicarages returned as too small, being part of an union of five rectories, held in commendam with the *SEE OF CLOYNE*, which union comprises together 19,200 acres.

In the diocese of Killaloe, Dysert, (No. 14,) and many other vicarages are returned as benefices, although they are mere portions of the 3 *immense sinecures* entered in pages 288 and 289, of which *no return* is given.

In page 286, (No. 2,) consisting of a Rectory and two Vicarages, extending over 4960 acres, is returned as *too small*, although there is *no* church, and the whole of the duties are performed by a substitute for *5l. 13s. 9d.* per annum.

In Limerick, (No. 46) the Vicar of Crecora is allowed to have his duties gratuitously discharged by a neighbouring Curate, because the Vicar serves the important Cure of Rathkeale, belonging to the Chancellor, which consists of 4 Rectories and Vicarages; and as a further compensation, the Vicar is endowed with the *sinecure Rectory* of Brosna, page 310.

SCHEDULE of the IRISH BENEFICES, from the Diocesan Returns to Parliament, 1819.

DIOCESES.	Benefices with Cure of Souls.	Number of Parishes constituting Benefices.	Churches.	Benefices without Churches.	Unions.	Glebe Houses.	Benefices without Glebe Houses.	Benefices without Glebe Lands.	Incumbents resident.	Incumbents absent.
1. Armagh	73	103	81	1	11	74	4	4	67	11
2. Cashell and Emly	57	131	40	17	31	34	23	15	34	23
3. Clogher	44	46	51	4	2	31	13	3	25	19
4. Clonfert and Kilmacduagh	14	61	15	1	14	8	6	0	9	5
5. Cloyne	78	123	59	20	27	22	55	33	33	45
6. Cork and Ross	77	107	65	14	18	30	47	28	31	46
7. Derry	54	57	54	2	2	44	10	3	38	16
8. Down and Connor	79	123	81	5	26	45	34	28	54	25
9. Dromore	23	26	25	0	1	16	7	4	15	8
10. Dublin	87	151	83	11	28	41	46	38	49	38
11. Elphin	37	91	30	7	17	16	6	15	19	18
12. Kildare	48	72	28	19	19	12	31	20	18	25
13. Killala and Achonry	20	52	20	0	12	15	4	1	14	6
14. Killaloe and Kilfenora	51	129	50	5	36	39	12	9	36	15
15. Kilmore	33	41	36	0	6	23	10	0	20	13
16. Leighlin and Ferns	92	182	95	6	45	39	53	38	69	23
17. Limerick, Ardfer, and Aghadoe	105	165	69	35	39	37	68	51	50	55
18. Meath	101	211	94	11	42	83	18	6	76	25
19. Ossory	59	135	47	13	22	35	24	13	33	26
20. Raphoe	26	31	32	0	1	23	8	2	20	6
21. Tuam and Ardagh	49	124	47	3	27	33	15	6	31	18
22. Waterford and Lismore	63	98	38	18	27	17	35	26	22	41
	1270	2259	1140	192	453	717	529	343	763	507

Population of Ireland, in 1792, according to Dr. Beaufort.		3,783,326
Population in 1766;	{ Protestants	544,865
	{ Catholics	1,326,960
		<hr/> 1,871,825

	Benefices 1880.	Returns, with Quantity omitted	From Dr. Beaufort's Memoir.					Improprate, without Churches or Incumbents,
			Patronage of Bishops,	Patronage of Crown,	Others.			
					Lay.	Uni- versity		
1. Armagh	78	69	60	13	22	5		
2. Cashell and Emly..	57	3						
3. Clogher.....	44	43	34	1	2	4		
4. Clonfert & Kilmac- duagh.....	14	2	43	3	14			
5. Cloyne	78	52	107	10	9		11	
6. Cork and Ross....	77	70	94	8				
7. Derry	54	53	33	3	9	3		
8. Down and Connor .	79	62	53	12	36		10	
9. Dromore.....	23	23	23		2			
10. Dublin	87	73	144	15	16			
11. Elphin	37	none	72	2	1			
12. Kildare	43	24	30	27	24			
13. Killala and Achonry	20	5	48	4				
14. Killaloe & Kilfenora	51	19	131	10	36		17	
15. Kilmore	33	29	33	3	2	1		
16. Leighlin and Ferns.	92	51	171	18	19	1	13 30 ret.	
17. Limerick, Ardferf & Aghadoe	105	75	34	27	65			
18. Meath	101	56	69	81	37		35 13 ret.	
19. Ossory	59	5	76	26	30			
20. Raphoe	26	26	15	6	3	7		
21. Tuam and Ardagh .	49	25	79		10			
22. Waterford&Lismore	63	43	43	24	30		9	
	1270	808	1392	293	367	21	95	
							1392	
							293	
							367	
							21	

By Dr. Beaufort's Memoir 2168

Wakefield says, (vol.ii. p. 472,) the livings in the gift of the Archbishop of Cashell are worth 35,000*l. per annum*; those of the Bishop of Clonfert, not so much; of Cloyne, 50,000*l.*; of Cork, 30,000*l.* of Ferns, 30,000*l.* Killaloe has many benefices worth 1500*l. per annum*.

In page 490, Wakefield says, there are 118 wholly inappropriate parishes, and 562 inappropriate rectories with vicarial endowments.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Alexander, Charles..	12 C r.	..	no return.	20 H.	
Alley, Jerom	55 R a.	..	do.		
Armstrong, W. I....	56 R r.	3	5,435	20 H.	Qu. if he has 3 Cashels
Ashe, Henry	16 C r.	..	no return.	20 H.	
Ashe, Isaac	49 R r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Atkinson, Charles...	10 R r.	..	do.	400 H.	
Ball, Ward	53 V r.	..	do.	II.	
Ball, William	36 R a.	..	do.	405 H.	
Barker, William	20 R r.	..	do.	36 H.	
Beaufort, Dr. A....	57 R r.	3	3,000	32 H.	
Beresford, Charles ..	31 R r.	..	no return.	4000 H.	Pluralist; see 28
Bissett, William	8 R r.	..	do.	700 H.	Kilmore.
Blacker, Samuel	18 R r.	..	do.	157 H.	
Blacker, Stewart ...	26 R r.	..	do.	46 H.	
Boyd, Henry	7 C r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Buck, John	39 R r.	..	do.	186 H.	
Campbell, James....	25 R r.	..	do.	98 H.	
Carpendale, Thomas.	29 R r.	..	do.	226 H.	
Carter, Thomas.....	15 R r.	..	do.	520 H.	
Cleland, John	6 R a.	..	do.	300 H.	
Clerke, James	14 C r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Ebrington, H.	76 V r.	..	do.	3½ H.	
Ellis, A.....	54 C r.	..	do.	18 H.	
Evans, George.....	51 C r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Filgate, Townley	68 R r.	4	5,291	20 H.	
Finlay, Jervais	74 R r.	..	no return.	none.	
Fosbury, Mr.	78 C r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Foster, Sir Thomas ,	73 R r.	3	4,670	17 H.	Plur. 68 Dublin.
Gerrard, Samuel....	63 R r.	..	no return.	17 H.	
Graham, James .. {	33 R a.	..	do.	219 H.	} Pluralist.
	35 R r.	..	do.	118 H.	
Gore, Francis	40 R r.	..	do.	260 H.	
Griffith, Val.....	61 V a.	3	1,769	20 H.	
Hall, Francis.....	45 R r.	..	no return.	212 H.	
Hewitt, John	5 C r.	..	do.	38 H.	
Jackson, Edward....	3 C r.	..	do.	37 H.	

ARMAGH—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Jephson, John	13 R r.	..	no return.	1082 H.	
Jervais, Francis	27 R a.	..	do.	40 H.	Plur. probably 44
Kidd, A.	23 R r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Knox, Hon. Charles .	11 R r.	2	do.	530 H.	Plur. 59 <i>Dublin</i> . [2 Knox's in <i>Derry</i>]
Lake, John	9 C r.	..	no return.	20 H.	
Lambert, George.. {	60 R a.	} 5	{ do.	12 H.	} Pluralist.
	64 R r.		{ 6,571	148 H.	
Lifford, Visct. (Dean)	1 R r.	..	no return.	297 H.	Plur. 20 <i>Clogher</i> ,
Lindsay, A.	62 R r.	3	2,032	12½ H.	with 388 acres more.
Little, George	59 R r.	6	8,451	28 H.	
Little, Samuel	58 R r.	..	no return.	40 H.	
Lowry, James	30 R r.	..	do.	946 H.	only 9 acres bog.
Martin, Thomas	47 R r.	..	do.	170 H.	
Mauleverer, William.	43 R r.	..	do.	48 H.	
Mee, John	19 C r.	..	do.	36 H.	
Nameless	44 R r.	..	do.	130 H.	probably F. Jervais.
Nicholson, Mr.	77 C r.	..	do.	13 H.	
Oliver, Silver	17 R r.	..	do.	139 H.	
Olphert, Richard ...	4 C r.	..	do.	63 H.	
Ormsby, Arthur	75 C r.	..	do.	2½ H.	
Parkinson, Thomas..	65 R r.	2	do.	6 H.	
Paul, I.	48 R r.	..	do.	329 H.	
Pratt, Joseph	72 R r.	2	4,051	20 H.	
Richardson, Arthur..	52 C r.	..	no return.		
Richardson, William.	28 R r.	..	do.	550 H.	
Smith, Nathaniel.. {	21 R r.	..	do.	245 H.	} Pluralist.
	38 R a.	..	do.	150 H.	
Smith, William	41 R r.	..	do.	72 H.	
Staples, Alexander..	34 R r.	..	do.	428 H.	17 acres only bog
Staples, John	46 R r.	..	do.	57 H.	
Stewart, George	37 R r.	..	do.	237 H.	
Stewart, Henry	22 R r.	..	do.	40 H.	Plur. 22 <i>Water-</i>
Stewart, Dr.	24 R r.	..	do.	515 H.	<i>ford & Lismore</i>
Stewart, Richard . .	42 R a.	..	do.	527 H.	Pluralist.
					[<i>Qu.</i> Where is his other benefice?
Thackray, Elias	71 V r.	..	do.	19 H.	
Tisdale, James	2 C r.	..	do.	64 H.	

ARMAGH—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Vesey, George.....	69 R r.	..	no return.	3	
Vesey, Thomas.....	50 R r.	..	do.	238 H.	
Wright, Joseph ... {	67 R a.	..	do.	none.	} Pluralist,
	70 R r.	..	do.	15 H.	
Wolseley, W.....	66 R a.	2	do.	19 H.	
Rectors ...resident	47		absent	10	
Vicars	3		1	
Curates.....	16		0	
Nameless (No. 44) .	1		0	
	67			11	Total 78.

Pluralists, 11.

Sir Thomas Foster has three other livings in Dublin; he has also the mastership of Carysfort School, a perfect sinecure: in Armagh, 4670 acres, with 17 acres of glebe, and a house; in Dublin, 12,800 acres, with 30 of glebe, and a house.

Charles Beresford has an entire rectory, but there is *no return of quantity*; he has, however, 4000 acres of glebe, 477 in an improved state. He has also an entire rectory in Kilmore, *no quantity returned*, with 1300 acres of glebe.

James Graham has two entire rectories, but no quantity returned; to which are appended 337 acres, 2 houses, besides 84 acres of mountain tract.

The Honourable Charles Knox has two livings, *without any description whatever*, with 529 acres of glebe, and a house. He holds also four other parishes in Dublin, containing 9600 acres, with 24 acres of glebe, and a house.

The Rev. William Knox, in Derry, has two rectories and vicarages, with 84 acres of glebe, and two houses. See *Derry*.

Rev. Spencer Knox has two rectories and vicarages, with 428 acres of glebe and two houses. These two gentlemen are on the continent, with their wives, by permission of their relation, the Bishop of Derry.

The Hon. Edmund Knox, Dean of Down, has tithes of 5 parishes, 20,035 acres.

John Russel Knox has a vicarage, without any quantity returned, in Kilmore, with 541 acres of glebe, and a house.

For Viscount Lifford, Dean of Armagh, see *LIFFORD, Clogher*.

Nathaniel Smith has two entire rectories, with 395 acres of glebe, and two houses.

Henry Stewart, probably a relative of the Archbishop, has one entire rectory, with 40 acres of glebe, and a house. He has also (*episcopally united* in 1810) three other parishes, containing 19,200 acres, in Lismore, 150 miles distant.

Richard Stewart has an entire rectory, without quantity returned, and 527 acres of glebe, and a house. He has also another benefice, but not stated where.

Other glebes are very large:—John Jephson, 1082 acres, house, and entire rectory. James Lowry, 946 acres, of which only 9 are unimproved, with an entire rectory, and house. William Bissett, 700 acres, house, and a rectory. Dr. Stewart, 515 acres, house, and a rectory.

The extent of Armagh, by Dr. Beaufort's Map of Ireland, appears to be about 470,000 acres, which would yield an average of 6000 acres to each benefice, one tenth of the produce of which cannot be taken at less than £3000, exclusive of glebes and houses.

No. II. CASHELL AND EMLY.

Hon. D. C. BRODRICK, *Archbishop.*

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Alexander, Robert ..	14 R a.	2	1,413	none.	Plur. 2 other liv- ings in <i>Ossory</i> , and 6 in <i>Down</i> .
Aldwell, John	8 R r.	..	2,245	17 H.	
Armstrong, Anthony ..	45 V r.	..	5,046	10 H.	Plur. 56 <i>Ossory</i> .
Armstrong, R. C.	16 R r.	4	5,868	20 H.	
Armstrong, Robert ..	33 V r.	..	6,103	15 H.	Plur. <i>Dean of</i> <i>Clogher</i> .
Armstrong, William ..	3 V a.	3	7,895	19	
Bagnall, Wm. H.	56 C r.	..	2,454	10 H.	Plur. <i>Dean of</i> <i>Clogher</i> .
Bagwell, Richard } (<i>Chantor</i>)	2 R a.	3	8,217	9 H.	
Bernard, Hon. R. B. ..	27 V r.	..	6,260	11 H.	
Butler, James	17 R r.	2	5,484	40 H.	Plur. 20 <i>Kilmore</i> .
Coote, Charles P.	42 R r.	..	4,500	21 H.	
Cox, Richard	47 V r.	3	5,586	9 H.	
Dunleavie, T. B.	34 R a.	..	734	none.	Plur. 16 <i>Leighlin</i> .
Edwards, Anthony ..	55 C r.	..	no return.	none.	
Fitzgerald, Patrick ..	54 V r.	2	1,354	8 H.	
Fitzgerald, Henry V. } (<i>Dean of Emlý</i>) ..	38 R a.	2	unknown.	110	Plur. 16 <i>Leighlin</i> .
Forsayeth, Robert ..	29 R r.	3	3,322	19 H.	
Foster, James W.	20 R r.	2	4,030	none.	
Foster, George	11 R r.	2	6,189	37 H.	Plur. 16 <i>Leighlin</i> .
Galway, William	5 R a	4	8,055	$\frac{1}{2}$	
Going, John	26 R r	..	3,342	40 H.	
Gough, T. B.	49 R a.	3	7,162	13 H.	Plur. 16 <i>Leighlin</i> .
Grady, Thomas	4 R r.	4	5,569	30 H.	
Graves, H. M.	25 R r.	4	9,937	20 H.	
Hackett, Edward ...	19 R a.	..	617	none.	Substitute for A. Lord, in 2 rectories. See No. 9.
Hunt, John	57 C r.	..	843	none.	
Jebb, John	46 R r.	2	6,349	20 H.	
Jillett, Morgan	6 R a.	..	1,647	16	Substitute for A. Lord, in 2 rectories. See No. 9.
Kennedy, Patrick ...	37 V a.	..	3,618	none.	
Labarte, Edward ...	30 R r.	..	5,060	6 H.	
Lloyd, W. E.	32 C r.	..	1,456	20 H.	

CASHELL AND EMLY—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice.	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Lockwood, Thomas {	21 V a.	..	205	none.	
	22 C a.	..	370	none.	
Lord, Arthur	9 R a.	2	4,029	13 H.	See <i>Kennedy</i> .
Madder, George	39 R r.	5	4,343	11 H.	
Massy, William	48 R r.	..	2,801	18 H.	
Mauleverer, Richard.	23 V r.	..	7,489	17 H.	
Mayne, Charles	31 R a.	..	2,500	none.	
Niligan, Frederick...	50 R r.	2	5,777	4	
Palmer, Joseph, } <i>Dean of Cashell.</i> }	1 R a.	3	7,965	111	Plur. 3 rectories in <i>Killaloe</i> .
Pennefather, John...	28 R r.	4	11,478	8 H.	
Poole, Jonas	35 V a.	..	4,183	none.	
Preston, John	52 V r.	7	11,779	10 H.	
Preston, Joseph	41 R r.	4	10,238	26 H.	
Riall, Samuel	18 R r.	6	10,240	25 H.	
St. Leger, James	13 R a.	4	8,835	11 H.	Plur. 73 <i>Cloyne</i> .
St. George, George..	24 R r.	2	7,289	23 H.	This Rector, with 7 rectories and vicar- ages, resides in Bath.
Seymour, John ... {	43 R a.	6	8,721	5	
	44 V a.	..	no return.	35	Pluralist.
Seymour, John Crosby	51 V a.	..	1,000	9	
Swayne, John	36 V a.	..	1,644	none.	
Thompson, Mungo N.	7 R a.	..	2,913	25	
Torrens, John	15 R r.	..	3,215	13 H.	
Wall, Garrett {	40 R a.	3	2,076	31	
	53 R r.	2	4,449	40 H.	} Pluralist.
Whitty, Irwine	10 R r.	4	7,000	20 H.	
Woodward, Henry ..	12 R r.	6	10,987	22 H.	
			272,391	997½ acres	
				34 houses	

Total, 272,391 acres to 54 benefices (three not returned), with 997½ acres of glebe, and 34 houses, and 34 resident incumbents. This averages 5044 acres of tithes and 18 glebe to each benefice.

The average value of land in this diocese is estimated by Wakefield at 45s. per acre; the tithes may, therefore, be estimated at the total produce of 504 acres, worth, at 4 rents, £4536 per annum, besides glebes, &c. to each incumbent.

Rectors ...resident	23	absent	15
Vicars	7	7
Curates	4	1

34

23 Total 57.

Pluralists, 9.

 CASHELL AND EMLY—(continued.)

The Pluralist, R. C. Armstrong, has rectorial and vicarial tithes of four parishes, containing 5868 acres, a glebe of 20 acres, and a house. He has also 3840 acres of vicarial tithes in Ossory.

Richard Bagwell has rectorial and vicarial tithes of two parishes, containing 4678 acres, vicarial tithes 3539, making a total of 8217 acres as CHANTOR OF CASHELL, with 9 acres of glebe, and a house. He has (quantity unknown) also, as DEAN OF CLOGHER, a *rectory entire*, and 500 acres of glebe, and a *Deanery-house*.

H. V. Fitzgerald has two entire rectories, with 110 acres of glebe, besides an entire rectory and vicarage in Kilmore, with 350 acres of glebe, and a house.

T. B. Gough has the rectorial and vicarial tithes of three parishes, containing 7162 acres, 13 acres of glebe, and a house; besides an *entire rectory* in Leighlin and Ferns.

Joseph Palmer, *Dean of Cashell*, has the rectorial and vicarial tithes of three parishes, containing 7965 acres, with 111 acres of glebe, and three rectories in Killaloe (a sinecure without cure of souls, see page 288 in the *Diocesan Returns*) containing about 12,288 acres. He has two other sinecure rectories, page 242, *Waterford*.

James St. Leger has four entire rectories, containing 8835 acres, with 11 acres of glebe, and a house. He has also three entire rectories, containing 7680 acres in Cloyne, and *resides*, on account of the *gout*, in *Bath*.

John Seymour has three entire rectories, and three vicarages, containing 8721 acres, with only one church. He has also another vicarage, with no return of quantity, held by faculty, *without any church*. He is returned as performing all the duties of the *seven parishes*, without any curate.

No. III.

CLOGHER.

Hon. Dr. P. JOCELYN, *Bishop*, (formerly of *Leighlin & Ferns*.)

N.B. Dr. Porter was the Bishop of Clogher. (See below.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Annesley, William ..	22 R r.	..	no return.	none..	Plur. 3 <i>Down</i> .
Athill, William ... }	25 R a.	..	do.	400 H.	Plur.
	35 R r.	..	do.	no retrn,	but 3 glebes.
Auchinleck, Alexand.	38 R r.	..	do.	no retrn,	but 2 glebes.
Babbington, Richard	41 R a.	..	do.	136 H.	
Bagwell, Rev. Dean..	1 R r.	..	do.	500 H.	Plur. 3 rectories
Brinkley, John	12 R a.	..	do.	80 H.	in <i>Cashell</i> .
Burgh, J. H.	42 R r.	..	do.	42 H.	
Clarke, T. B.	28 R a.	..	do.	no retrn,	though several
Cochrane, James....	7 R a.	..	do.	490 H.	estates.
Crookshank, C. H. ...	40 R r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Cumming, Patrick...	33 V r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Fiddes, James.....	43 V a.	..	do.	22	
Hackett, Thomas ...	37 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Harris, George	14 R a.	..	do.	40	
Hastings, James	21 R a.	..	do.	154	
Hobart, Benjamin...	27 V r.	..	do.	43 H.	
Hurst, Alexander ...	2 R r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Irvine, John.....	34 R r.	..	do.	300	
Lifford, Viscount ...	20 R a.	..	do.	388	Plur. <i>Dean of</i>
Lees, Sir Harcourt ..	29 R r.	..	do.	120 H.	<i>Armagh</i> .
Miller, George	15 R a.	..	do.	492 H.	
Moffatt, William....	13 R r.	2	17,920	none.	
Montgomery, Robert	36 R r.	..	do.	36 H.	
Owens, William	8 R a.	..	do.	90	
Pinching, William...	9 V r.	..	do.	112 H.	
Porter, John Grey }	18 V a.	..	do.	no retrn,	but lands adjoin the H.
	32 R a.	..	do.	1115 H.	Plur. a relative of
Pratt, Wm. Henry...	17 V r.	..	do.	40 H.	the late Bp. Porter.
Richardson, Thomas.	16 R a.	..	do.	no retrn,	but lands.
Roper, Henry }	5 R a.	..	do.	46 H.	} Plur.
	11 R r.	..	do.	770 H.	
Russel, Robert	3 R a.	..	do.	no retrn,	but lands in 2 estates.

CLOGHER—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
St. George, Howard.	39 R a.	..	no return.	40 H.	contiguous, pro- bably others.
St. George, H.L. ...	6 R r.	..	do.	14 H.	
Savage, W. B.	4 R r.	..	do.	43 H.	
Schomberg, G. H. ...	31 R r.	..	do.	44 H.	
Smith, Thomas.	23 R a.	..	do.	no retrn.	but 5 glebes & H.
Stirling, J. B.	27 R r.	..	do.	43 H.	
Sweeney, John.	10 R r.	..	do.	H. no ret	urn, but 4 glebes,
Story, J. B.	26 R a.	..	do.	56 H.	
Tuthill, Hugh.	19 R r.	..	do.	172	besides bog.
Wriht, John.	30 R r.	..	do.	120 H.	
Rectors ...resident	18		absent	19	
Vicars	6		0	
Curates	1		0	
		25		19	Total 44.

Pluralists, 6.

William Atthill, Pluralist, has two rectories, and two vicarages; one containing 400 acres of glebe, and a house; the other, three glebes and a house; of which no account is given: nor are the quantities of either rectory stated.

The *Dean of Clogher* has three other rectories in Cashell. See *Cashell*.

Viscount Lifford has a rectory, and vicarage of Dromore in Clogher, with 388 acres of glebe, (quantity not returned). He is also DEAN OF ARMAGH, with the entire rectory of Armagh, a *Deanery House*, and 297 acres of glebe.

John Grey Porter has a rectory and vicarage (no quantity returned), but with a house and glebe of 1115 acres (Kilskeery rectory). He has also Donaighmoigne vicarage (no quantity returned), and with an estate of glebe adjoining the house, of which also there is NO RETURN.

Henry Roper (archdeacon) has two rectories and vicarages (no quantity returned), but 770 acres of glebe in one benefice, and a house, with 46 acres of glebe round the second house.

No. IV. CLONFERT AND KILMACDUAGH.

Dr. C. BUTSON, *Bishop.*

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Armstrong, John	6 R r.	3	34,000	19½ H.	
Burke, John	14 V r.	11	16,000	26	
Butson, Jas. Strange {	1 R r.	3	11,000*	40 H.	} *no return to 1 rec- tory. Plur. What re- lation to Bishop?
	5 R a.	2	12,000	95 H.	
Dillon, Ralph	7 R a.	5	24,000	48	Plur. To these 5 rectories this Plur. adds 1, No. 35 Kil- dare,
Dwyer, George	13 R r.	2	5,400	12 H.	
Eyre Richard	2 V r.	7	12,400	3½	
Foster, William	11 R r.	3	no return.	5 H.	
Hartigan, Edward . . .	3 R r.	3	9,000	11 H.	
Jones, Christopher . .	10 R a.	4	9,000	12	
M'Caulay, Alexander	9 R a.	4	10,000	6	
Marsh, Robert	12 R r.	7	no return.	19 H.	
Trench, Charles Le { Poer	4 R r.	3	8,000	6	
Vincent, R. B.	8 R a.	4	13,000	20 H.	Plur. of five pa- rishes more, No. 57, Meath. This man absents himself from both Unions in spite of monitions and mandates. See p. 86.
		61 parishes.			
Rectors . . . resident		7	absent	5	
Vicars		2	0	
		9		5	Total 14.
Pluralists, 3.					

This district contains 710 Protestant families, 2769 Catholic. The tithes, according to Wakefield's valuation, reckoned at only four rents, would amount to £88,000 per annum, or £6,300 for each Incumbent.

No. V.

CLOYNE.

Dr. C. M. WARBURTON, *Bishop*, (late *Limerick, A. & A.*)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Arbuthnot, Alexander (<i>Dean</i>)	1 R a.	..	c. 6,400	24 H.	Plur. 7 <i>Tuam</i> .
Atterbury, Francis {	2 R a.	4	c. 11,520*	10	} [ted in return. * 3 Benefices omit- Pluralist.
Austen, Robert	3 R r.	2	c. 6,400	18 H.	
Beresford, G. De {	5 R a.	5	c. 46,800	46 H.	
La Poer	9 R r.	2	c. 26,880	49 H.	
Berkeley, Joshua	53 R a.	..	no return.	none.	[curate.
Bishop, the Lord.. {	25 B a.	5	c. 19,200	114 H.	1 church, and 1
<i>Bishop's Mensals</i> .. {	71 B a.	..	no return.	none.	[and sinecure.
Blackwood, John Hon.	77 B a.	..	do.	no ret.	a small vicarage
Brereton, George ...	78 B a.	..	do.	do.	a small rectory
Brook, Michael	37 R a.	..	do.	31 H.	and sinecure.
Butler, William	68 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Burnet, John	64 R r.	..	do.	no ret. H.	
Campion, Thomas	8 R a.	2	c. 19,200	2	
Chatterton, William	4 R a.	3	no return.	6½	
Chester, John	39 V r.	..	c. 13,440	3	
Collis, Z. C.	59 R a.	..	no return.	15	
Cotter, J. R.	30 V r.	2	do.	½	
Cotter, George	6 R r.	2	c. 7,680	6	
Creagh, J. B.	32 V r.	..	no return.	no ret. H.	
Davies, Simon	44 R a.	4	c. 22,400	23	
Dean and Chapter ..	69 V a.	..	no return.	none.	
Disney, Robert	50 R r.	..	no return.	6 H.	
Dunn, William	72 C r.	..	do.	H.	Benef. of <i>Cloyne</i> .
French, John	10 R r.	..	do.	H.	
Grant, Alexander	47 R a.	..	do.	3	
Greene, William	65 R a.	2	c. 11,520	2	
Grier, Richard	60 V a.	..	no return.		
Hamilton, James	45 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Hamilton, Sackville {	54 V a.	..	do.	9	
Harvey, William	29 V r.	4	c. 12,800	none.	
Herbert, Arthur	48 R a.	..	no return.	3	} Pluralist.
	74 V r.	2	c. 51,200	4	
	63 R a.	..	no return.	none.	Plur. 13 <i>Cork</i> .
	41 R r.	..	do.	5	

CLOYNE—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Hingston, Dr. James {	20 R a.	..	no return.	none.	} Pluralist of 3.
	21 R a.	..	do.	none.	
	22 R a.	..	do.	30	
Hingston, Jas. jun. {	76 R r.	..	do.	37 H.	} Plur. of 2, pro- bably son of the last man.
	14 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Hingston, Wm. Hales	17 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Johnson, Burton .. {	23 R a.	..	do.	none.	} Plur. without residence.
	24 R a.	2	c. 51,200	none.	
Johnson, Henry... {	57 V a.	2	c. 9,600	12	} Pluralist.
	75 R r.	2	c. 7,680	69 H.	
Jones, Francis.....	63 C r.	2	no return.	none.	
Kerney, Thomas....	7 R a.	..	c. 46,080	20 H.	
King, Thomas.....	52 R r.	2	no return.	none.	
Kirchoffer, Robert ..	26 R r.	..	c. 30,720	78	
Lombard, John ... {	18 R a.	..	no return.		} Pluralist.
	19 R r.	..	do.	4	
Longfield, Robert...	27 V a.	..	do.	10 H.	} Plur. 3 other liv- ings, 9 Meath.
Lyster, John	35 R a.	..	do.	32	
Mockler, James.....	42 V r.	..	do.	5	
Newenham, Thomas.	58 V a.	3	c. 19,200	12	} Plur. with 2 other rectories; see 21, Meath.
Nixon, Brinsley.....	36 R a.	..	no return.	5	
Orpen, Basil	31 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Orpin, John	28 C r.	..	do.	H.	
Purcell, Matthew. {	46 R a.	..	do.	10	} Pluralist,
	61 R r.	..	do.	12	
Rogers, Richard	34 R r.	..	do.	H.	
St. Leger, Hon. James	73 R a.	3	c. 7,680	none.	} Plur. lives at Bath
	12 R a.	..	c. 1,920	none.	
Sandiford, James . {	55 R r.	..	no return.	* H.	} Pluralist. [* Qu. Glebe.
	56 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Sandiford, Henry . {	15 V a.	..	do.	1	} Pluralist. * 1 church, 1 curate
	16 R r.	* 4	c. 69,120	7	
Smith, George	11 R r.	3	c. 6,400	22 H.	
Stanistreet, Thomas.	62 R a.	..	no return.	none.	
Stawell, Francis	49 R r.	2	do.	none.	
Stopford, William...	33 R r.	2	do.	31 H.	

CLOYNE—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Tonson, Ludlow, { Hon..... {	40 R r. 51 R a.	2 2	c. 17,920 c. 5,120	none. none.	} Pluralist.
Townsend, Philip ...	70 R a.	..	no return.	12	
Wallis, Christopher .	67 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Woodward, Richard .	13 R r.	4	c. 15,360	6 H.	
Wrixon, Nicholas ...	43 R r.	..	no return.	none.	[Limerick,
Wybrants, Gustavus.	38 R a.	..	do.	22	Plur. 2 others, 27

Rectors ...resident	23	absent	33
Vicars	7	8
Curates	3	0
Bishop's Benefices .	4	0

33

45

Total 78.

Pluralists, 17.

The Bishop, the late Dr. Bennet, had five rectories and vicarages united, upon which no church till lately was built. The union extended over 19,200 acres, and only one curate. This union is held in *commendam* with the see of Cloyne; see his other numbers.

No. VI.

CORK AND ROSS.

HON. DR. T. ST. LAWRENCE, *Bishop.*

CORK.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Alcock, Mason.....	23 V a.	2	c. 11,520	56	
Baldwin, G. S.....	{ 41 R r. 53 R a.	{	{ no return. do.	{ 32 H. 242 H.	{ Pluralist.
Barry, Thomas	11 R r.	2	c. 6,400	27 H.	
Beamish, Samuel....	25 V r.	..	no return.	H.	
Beamish, Thomas ...	57 C r.	..	do.	none.	
Beaufort, W. L.	{ 15 R a. 51 R r.	{ 3 2	{ c. 2,820 c. 7,680	{ 21 39	{ Pluralist.
Boston, Richard	56 C r.	..	no return.	24 H.	
Bowen, Nicholas C...	26 V a.	..	do.	6	
Browne, Chalton....	46 V a.	..	do.	quantity not given	
Carleton, Edward M.	12 R a.	..	do.	60 H.	
Chapman, Joseph ...	30 R a.	..	do.	5	
Connor, R. L.	34 V r.	..	do.	no ret.	
Cotter, John	31 R a.	..	do.	19	
Courcey, Thomas De	27 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Daly, Robert	16*		no return.		Sinecure. [* omitted to be numbered
Dean of Cork	{ 1 R r. 2 R a. 3 R a.	{ .. 2 ..	{ do. do. do.	{ 6 H. 16 H.	{ Pluralist.
Donavan, Morgan ...	28 R a.	..	do.	24	
Fortescue, John.....	5 R a.	..	Suburbs of Cork.	none.	
Greaves, Thomas ...	39 R r.	2	no return.	3	
Hamilton, Abram ...	52 V a.	..	do.	47	Plur. 15 <i>Raphoe</i> .
Harvey, William	13 R r.	..	do.	60 H.	Plur. 66 <i>Cloyne</i> .
Hickey, Ambrose ...	32 R a.	..	do.	37 H.	Plur. 44 <i>Ferns</i> , 2 others.
Hoare, Robert.....	47 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Hodder, T. H.	49 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Jervois, Joseph	33 V a.	..	do.	9	
Langford, Francis ...	43 R a.	..	do.	7	
Lefanu, Thomas P. ...	50 R a.	..	do.	40	Plur. 21 <i>Dublin</i> , and a chapel, No. 7.
Lloyd, Richard	55 C r.	..	do.	6 H.	
Longfield, Mountifort	35 V r.	..	do.	73 H.	

CORK—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
M'Clintock, Alexand.	36 R a.	..	no return.	5	Plur. 32 <i>Ferns</i> .
Meade, Robert ... {	24 R a.	..	do.	* H.	} * Why was this H. Plur. [built?
	54 R r.	..	do.	43 H.	
Meade, Thomas.....	37 R r.	..	do.	$\frac{1}{2}$	
Meade, William.....	18 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Meara, James	38 V a.	..	do.	* no H.	Pluralist, with 8 others in <i>Ossory</i> . — [* Nothing said of glebe.
Newman, Horatio T..	9 R r.	2	do.	34 H.	
Pratt, James.....	19 R r.	2	c. 7,680	19 H.	
Quarry, John.....	29 R r.	..	no return	none.	
Sandiford, Henry ...	4 R a.	3	2,560 in part.	22	[2 others.
St. Eloy, Henry.....	17 R a.	..	no return.	3	Plur. 10 <i>Ferns</i> ,
St. Lawrence, Edward	45 V a.	..	do.	23	Plur. 12 <i>Ross</i> .
St. Lawrence, Thomas	20 R a.	..	c. 7,680 in part.	85	
Smith, Charles.....	40 V r.	..	no return.	32 H.	
Stewart, James.....	6 R r.	4	c. 6,400 in part.	5 H.	See Bishop's note
Stopford, James	10 R r.	4	c. 14,400 in part.	10	
Thompson, William {	7 R r.	6	no return.		[6 other livings,
	8 R a.	..	do.		
Townsend, Horatio..	44 R a.	..	do.	11	Plur. 3 <i>Ross</i> , for
Trail, Anthony	42 R a.	..	do.	63 H.	Plur. 6 <i>Conner</i> ,
Tuckey, Thomas, ...	14 R a.	..	do.	none.	[5 other rectories.
Waller, William	16 V a.	..	do.	none.	Plur. 29 <i>Leighlin</i>
Warren, Robert.....	48 R r.	2	c. 25,600	55 H.	& <i>Ferns</i> .
Webb, Richard F. {	21 R a.	..	no return.	none.	} Plur.
	22 R a.	..	do.		
Rectors ... resident	16		absent	27	
Vicars	3		8	
Curates	3		0	

22

35

Total 57.

Pluralists, 16.

ROSS.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Armstrong, George..	18 V a.	..	no return.	none.	
Burton, James E. ...	5 R a.	..	do.	do.	
Dean and Chapter...	1 R a.	..	do.	do.	
Harris, Henry	7 R r.	3	do.	73	
Hodnett, Thomas ...	11 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Hughes, William	9 R a.	..	do.	16 H.	
Johnson, Alexander..	2 R r.	..	do.	5 H.	
Jones, Henry.....	6 R r.	2	do.	42 H.	
Kenney, Edward....	17 R r.	..	do.	26 H.	
Lovett, Verney.....	20 R a.	..	do.	none.	Plur. 1 <i>Lismore</i> .
Morritt, Robert.....	10 R a.	..	do.	12	
St. Lawrence, Thomas	19 R a.	..	do.	11	[No. 20 <i>Cork</i> . Plur. for 3 others.
St. Lawrence, Edward	12 R a.	3	do.	8	Plur. 45 <i>Cork</i> .
Sealy, Armiger	15 V r.	..	do.	1	
Stopford, Edward...	8 R a.	..	do.	10 H.	Plur. 20 <i>Raphoe</i> .
Sullivan, William ...	4 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Townsend, Horatio ..	3 R a.	6	c. 26,880	15	Plur. 44 <i>Cork</i> .
Townsend, R.B.	13 V r.	..	no return.	none.	
Walker, Thomas	14 R r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Wright, Joseph	16 V r.	3	c. 16,000 in part.	70 H.	

Rectors ...resident 5 absent 10

Vicars 4 1

9

11

Total 20.

Pluralists, 5.

No. VII.

DERRY.

Hon. Dr. W. KNOX, *Bishop*,

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Aveling, J. J.	30 R a.	..	no return.	388 H.	
Baburgh, Richard ...	22 R r.	..	do.	106 H.	
Balfour, Harrison ...	23 R r.	..	do.	212 H.	
Balfour, John	33 R r.	..	do.	338 H.	
Brownlow, Francis ..	40 R r.	..	do.	120 H.	
Bruen, Sir Henry ...	46 R r.	..	do.	197 H.	
Burrows, Dr.	28 R a.	..	do.	550 H.	
Chichester, Edward {	15 R a.	..	do.	67 H.	} Pluralist.
	16 R r.	..	do.	no ret.	
Collis, C.	52 C r.	..	do.	15 H.	
Colthurst Charles ...	32 R r.	..	do.	305 H.	
Daniel, A.	20 R r.	..	do.	106 H.	
Dobbs, A.	17 R r.	..	do.	no ret.	
Fanning, Audley	49 R r.	..	do.	287 H.	
Gouldsbury, F.	21 R r.	..	do.	1,130 H.	
Hamilton, Archibald.	10 R r.	..	do.	98 H.	
Hamilton, A.	53 C r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Hamilton, Andrew ..	27 R r.	..	do.	no ret.	
Hamilton, Stewart ...	18 R r.	..	do.	350	
Harvey, John	11 R r.	..	do.	68 H.	
Hawkshaw, R.	45 R a.	..	do.	20 H.	
Hazylet, R.	35 R r.	..	do.	30 H.	
Jones, James	50 R r.	..	do.	none.	
King, Gilbert	42 R r.	..	do.	1,610 H.	
Knox, Spencer.... {	38 R a.	..	do.	108 H.	} Plural. 2 other glebes omitted.
	39 R a.	..	do.	320 H.	
Knox, William.... {	34 R a.	..	do.	60 H.	} Pluralist.
	47 R a.	..	do.	24 H.	
Landor, Hume	37 R r.	..	do.	164 H.	
Leighton, Sir Thomas	26 R r.	..	do.	750 H.	
M'Causland, O.	31 R r.	..	do.	301 H.	
Magee, William	19 R a.	..	do.	930 H.	
Manwell, P.	24 R a.	..	do.	200	no H.

DERRY—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Marshall, W.....	25 R r.	..	no return.	162	
Monk	54 C a.	..	do.	none.	
Monseil, Thomas	51 C r.	..	do.	do.	
Montgomery, Samuel	44 R r.	..	do.	do.	
Napper, William	48 R a.	..	do.	365 H.	
Nash, Dr.....	5 R r.	..	do.	710 H.	
Paul, G.	7 R r.	..	do.	318 H.	
Pilkington, R.	41 R r.	..	do.	32 H.	
Roberts, I.	9 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Robinson, W.	6 R r.	..	do.	25 H.	
Ross, Alexander	12 R r.	2	c. 17,280	{ 68 H 400 H	
Saurin, James, (<i>Dean</i>)	1	6	c. 89,600 for three.	1,350 H.	no return for 3 parishes.
Slack, Richard	8 R a.	..	no return.	no ret.	
Spotswood, Thomas .	13 R r.	..	do.	63 H.	
Staples, John	43 R a.	..	do.	70 H.	
Thackray, Charles ..	29 R a.	..	do.	84 H.	
Waddy, John.....	36 R r.	..	do.	355 H.	

Rectors ...resident 32. absent 15

Curates 6 1

38

16

Total 54.

Pluralists, 3.

James Saurin, *Dean*, has an union, made by patent in the reign of James I. of three parishes, which contain 89,600 acres, near the city of Londonderry. There are also three perpetual curacies, but no return by which they can be estimated. This benefice contains also three glebes; one of 600 acres, within a mile of the church; another, of 600, within three miles of Londonderry church; and a third, of 150 acres, within a mile. Here, then, are 1350 acres of glebe, Deanery house, and tithes of 89,600 acres, which at 5s. in the pound, would be worth 20,000*l.* per annum.

For the Bishop's relatives, and pluralists, the Knox's, residing in France, see *Armagh*. There are many immense glebes added to large benefices:—The *absent* Dr. Burrowes has 550 acres, and a house. Gilbert King, 1610 acres. The *absent* rector, William Magee, 930 acres, and a house. Dr. Nash, 710 acres.

The extent of the bishopric is not less than 400,000 acres, which would average 8000 acres to 50 rectories; the present number is 47.

Protestants, in 1792, 41,666, Catholics 83,334, in Derry county; which, with the exception of Antrim and Down, is the largest Protestant population of any Irish county. In 1766, the Protestants were 66,000, Catholics 47,000.

No. VIII. DOWN AND CONNOR.

Dr. N. ALEXANDER, *Bishop.*

DOWN.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Annesley, Wm.	3 C r.	..	3,930	none.	<i>Qu. Plur. Clog-her 22.</i>
Alexander, James ...	15 R a.	..	1,370	none.	
Alexander, Robert ..	6 R r.	..	11,391	252 H.	<i>Qu. if this arch-deacon have 2 other livings in Ossory, 1 in Cashell, and if he be the OLD R.?</i>
Archbold, Charles ..	16 V r.	..	no return.	5 H.	
Benson, Hill	30 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Birch, George	25 C r.	..	do.	11 H.	
Boyd, Wm.	27 V r.	3	7,519	30 H.	
Burdy, Samuel	8 C r.	..	1,391	H.	
Carleton, Peter	20 R r.	..	no return.	14 H.	
Cassidy, Mr.	24 C r.	..	do.	20½ H.	<i>Plu. 3 Kilfenora.</i>
Cave, Mr.	32 C r.	..	do.	none.	
Crane, George	10 C r.	..	600	H.	
Crerry, Leslie	31 V r.	..	no return.	16 H.	
Custis, Edward	5 C r.	..	3,125	H.	
Dillon, Mr.	28 R r.	..	no return.	15 H.	<i>} Qu. the same. Pluralist.</i>
Dillon, Henry	14 C r.	..	3,500	H.	
Falloon, Marcus	7 C r.	..	5,000	H.	
Gwynne, J.	29 V a.	..	no return.	none.	<i>Plur. 8 Connor.</i>
Hamilton, Charles...	19 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Hewitson, James	21 R a.	..	do.	no ret.	
Holmes, Mr.	33 C r.	..	do.	12 H.	
Knox, Hon. Edmund	1 R r.	..	20,035	no ret.	<i>} Pluralist. See Knox's in Dublin, Derry, Armagh, Kilmore.</i>
	2	..			
	3	..			
	4	..			
	5	..			
Lascelles, J. D.	23 V r.	..	no return.	14 H.	
Lindsay, Mr.	8 V r.	..	1,000	none.	
Maffitt, J.	34 V r.	..	no return.	no ret.	
Milligan, William ...	17 C r.	..	do.	4 H.	
Morgan, Hamilton ..	9 R r.	..	3,000	15 H.	<i>Plur. 3 other livings, 5, Leighton.</i>
Pratt, Mervyn	26 R a.	..	4,800	12½ H.	

DOWN—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.
Trail, Robert.....	13 R a.	3	6,800	none.
Vacant.....	22 C a.	..	no return.	12 H.
Waring, Lucas	12 R r.	3	43,000	30 H.
Waring, Thomas....	4 C r.	..	3,679	H.
Wolseley, Charles...	2 C r.	..	3,050	H.
Wolseley, Henry....	18 V r.	..	no return.	H.
Wolseley, Richard...	11 R a.	..	do.	none.

Rectors	...resident	6	absent	5
Vicars	7	37
Curates	12	0
Vacant			1

25

9

Total 34.

Pluralists, 5.

For Knox's, see *Armagh*. This deanery, in 1810, let for £3700 a year.

CONNOR.

Babington, Richard..	16 V r.	..	no return.	H.
Babington, Thomas..	15 V r.	..	do.	20 H.
Blakely, Thomas....	1 R a.	5	19,466	none.
Conolly, Wm.	45 C r.	..	no return.	none.
Connor, John	38 V a.	..	do.	none.
Cupples, Snowden ..	35 R r.	..	do.	H.
Cupples, Edward ...	37 V r.	3	do.	$\frac{1}{2}$ H.
Dickson, Stephen ...	11 R a.	3	do.	20
Dickson, William ...	9 R r.	3	do.	23 H.
Duncan, David	5 R r.	2	do.	20 H.
Fea, Mr.	43 C r.	..	do.	
Fletcher, Philip.....	36 V r.	..	do.	
Greer, James.....	10 C r.	..	do.	8 H.
Gwynne, J.	8 R r.	3	do.	no ret.
Gwynne, Stephen ...	2 C r.	..	do.	none.
Harvey, Edward	23 R r.	..	do.	45
Hawkey, William ...	19 V a.	2	do.	40

Plur. 29, Down.

CONNOR—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Heatley, Mr.	32 V r.	..	no return.		
Hill, Charles	20 V r.	2	do.	25 H.	
Hodges, John	21 V r.	2	do.	27 H.	
Hunter, Stephen	17 V r.	2	do.	23 H.	
Johnson, Mr.....	18 V a.	2	do.	none.	
Johnson, Philip.....	39 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Lindsay, William....	44 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Lindsay, Mr.....	27 R a.	..	do.	4	Pluralist.
Leslie, Henry	13 R r.	..	do.	138 H.	
Macartney, George {	24 V a.	3	do.	none.	
	25 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Macartney, William {	31 R a.	2	do.	none.	
George	33 V r.	..	do.	10	
Macartney, William..	26 ..r.	..	do.	none.	
May, George	42 V a.	..	do.	H.	
Moore, James	29 R r	..	do.	H.	
Moorhead, James ...	41 ..r.	..	do.	none.	Bishops Mensil.
Ould, Fielding.... {	7 R a.	3	do.	30 H.	} Pluralist.
	14 C r.	..	do.		
Patten, Francis	40 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Russell, Richard	30 R r.	..	do.	25 H.	
Smith, Samuel	34 V r.	3	do.	50 H.	
Stewart, Charles	22 V r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Symes, Richard.....	3 R a.	2	do.	H.	
Trail, Robert.....	28 R r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Trail, Anthony	6 R a.	5	do.	no ret.	Plur. 42, Cork.
Trail, William	4 R a.	6	do.		
Ward, Mr.....	12 C r.	..	do.	H.	

Rectors ...resident	9	absent	8
Vicars	15	5
Curates.....	6	0
Nondescript	2	0

32

13 .. Total 45.

Pluralists, 11.

No. IX.

DROMORE.

Dr. JAMES SAURIN, *Bishop.*

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Beatty, Thomas.....	23 V r.	..	no return.	40 H.	
Blacker, Stewart....	11 V r.	..	do.	500 H.	
Blake, Dominic.....	6 V a.	..	do.	70 H.	
Boyd, Charles	22 V r.	..	do.	43 H.	
Boyd, Hannington...	5 R r.	2	do.	20 H.	
Burrows, Francis ...	7 V a.	..	do.	70 H.	
Davies, John	2 R r.	..	do.	190 H.	
Dolling, William....	1 R r.	..	do.	66 H.	
Dubourdieu, John...	19 V r.	..	do.	13 H.	
Evans, Edward	21 V r.	..	do.	7½	
Fletcher, Philip	16 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Ford, William	15 R r.	..	do.	60 H.	Plur. 29 <i>Ferns.</i>
Hamilton, Charles...	13 V a.	..	do.	75	
Johnson, Hunt. H. ..	10 V a.	..	do.	15 H.	
Leslie, Edward	3 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Mahon, James, (<i>Dean</i>)		5	do.		[cure. See p. 66. an immense sine-
Mead, Pierse	4 R a.	..	do.	none.	} Pluralist.
	14 R a.	..	do.	125 H.	
Mountgarvet, John ..	20 V r.	..	do.	35 H.	
Radcliffe, Thomas ..	12 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Sampson, William...	3 V r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Tighe, Thomas	9 V r.	2	do.	20	
Waring, Holt.....	17	..	do.	170 H.	} Pluralist.
	18	..	do.	20 H.	

Rectors ...resident 5 absent 2

Vicars 10 6

15

8

Total 23.

Pluralists, 3.

No. X.

DUBLIN.

Lord J. G. BERESFORD, *Archbishop*, (late of *Raphoe*.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Adamson, A. S.	26 C a.	..	no return.	none.	
Agar, Hon. James...	74 R a.	..	do.	20 H.	Plur. 24 <i>Kilmore</i> .
Allott, Rev. Dean...	D	..	do.	none.	Plur. 1 <i>Raphoe</i> .
Archer, William	68 V r.	..	do.	2 H.	
Austin, Gilbert	57 V r.	..	do.	6 H.	
Baggott, John	87 R r.	..	do.	15 H.	
Baker, Thomas	36 V r.	3	c. 6,400	5½	
Baker, Francis	38 V r.	..	no return.	29 H.	
Barlow, William	48 C a.	..	do.	none.	
Bayly, H. L.	69 R r.	6	c. 13,440	¼	
Bayly, John	84 V a.	..	no return.	18	Plur. Treasurer-
Benson, Hill	71 R r.	2	c. 10,240	37 H.	ship of <i>Kilmore</i> , and
Berwick, Edward ...	55 V r.	5	c. 7,680	28 H.	Dean of <i>Killaloe</i> .
Blundell, William ...	41 V a.	..	no return.	4	
Bourne, William	14 V a.	..	do.	none.	Plur. 21 <i>Kildare</i> .
Brownrigg, Thomas .	C	..	do.		
Burrowes, Kildare...	79 C a.	..	do.	20	
Bushe, William	7 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Cleaver, William	60 R r.	3	c. 12,800	3 H.	
Coddington, La- } tham	16 C a.	2	no return.	none.	} Plur.
	17 V r.	11	c. 6,720	12 H.	
Connor, George	43 V r.	3	c. 9,600	19 H.	
Craddock, Thomas..	1 C r.	..	no return.	20 guineas	as worth of mean
Craddock, Thomas R.	11 C a.	..	do.	none.	tenements.
Daly, Robert	63 V r.	..	no return.	3 H.	
Dealtry, R. B. }	64 R a.	3	c. 15,360	40	
	65 R a.	..	no return.	20 H.	
Dickson, J. Lowry ..	73 V a.	2	c. 3,200	none.	Plur. 31 <i>Kilmore</i> .
Dobbin, William.. }	4 R a.	..	no return.	none.	
	5 V a.	..	do.	15 H.	
Doyle, Charles	32 V r.	..	do.	32 H.	
Druitt, Joseph	81 R a.	..	do.	78	Surrogate of <i>Kil-</i>
Fenton, Galbraith...	39 C r.	..	do.	none.	more, and therefore
Forde, Roger	53 C r.	..	do.	1 H.	exempt from resi-
Foster, Sir Thomas..	68 R a.	3	c. 12,800	30 H.	Plur. 3 other liv-
Fox, Francis	46 R r.	..	no return.	33 H.	ings, 73 <i>Armagh</i> .
French, John (Dean of <i>Elphin</i> .) }	82 R a.	3	c. 23,040	9	Plur. <i>Dean of El-</i>
					phin, with 2 other
					livings.

DUBLIN—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Galbraith, John	72 V a.	4	c. 7,680	none.	
Goff, Thomas	52 C r.	3	c. 16,000	16 H.	
Graves, Richard	2 C r.	..	no return.	none.	
Green, R. G.	54 C r.	..	do.	4 H.	
Guinness, Hosea .. {	12 C r.	..	do.	unknown.	
	13 R a.	3	c. 1,920	none.	
Hamilton, William ..	30 V r.	2	c. 1,920	2 H.	
Hayden, Thomas ...	51 V r.	..	no return.	9 H.	
Hepenstall, L. W.	67 C r.	..	do.	60 H.	
Johnson, Wm. Henry	42 C a.	..	do.	none.	
Irvine, Henry	K	..	do.		
Irvine, Crinus. {	M	..	do.		} Plur. & No. 9 Kilmore.
	15 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Kearney, Henry	20 C r.	..	do.	14 H.	
Kingsbury, Thomas .	83 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Knox, Hon. Charles .	59 R a.	4	c. 9,600	24 H.	Plur. 11 Armagh.
		..			
Langrishe, James ...	49 V r.	..	no return.	16 H.	
Lefanu, Peter	21 C r.	..	do.	10perches	Plur. 50 Cork.
Lewis, John	34 V a.	2	c. 2,560	none.	
Lindsay, Right Hon. }	A	..	no return.	no ret.	} Bishop of Kil- dare.
Dr. (Dean.) ... }					
Lindsay, Charles	61 C r.	6	c. 8,960	14 H.	Plur. 1 Kildare,
Lodge, William	70 R a.		no return.	none.	26 Kildare.
Lyster, William	29 R r.	..	do.	4 H.	
M'Guire, Arthur	6 R r.	..	do.	none.	Plur. 29 Kildare, and 2 others.
Macklin, Rosenigreve	37 V r.	..	do.	22 H.	
Matthews, James ...	31 C a.	..	do.	none.	
Molloy, Charles	47 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Moore, Henry	45 V r.	..	do.	17 H.	
Morgan, Moore	77 R r.	2	c. 7,680	20 H.	
O'Connor, William ..	18 C r.	..	no return.	12perches	of land.
Percival, William ...	27 C r.	..	do.	9 H.	
Pomeroy, Hon. John {	22 V r.	..	do.	none.	} Pluralist.
	23 V a.	6	c. 15,360	30	
Ponsonby, Rd. (Dean)	F	..	no return.	H.	Plur. 11 Lismore,
Powell, Richard	66 R r.	..	do.	11½ H.	2 livings.
Radcliffe, Thomas. {	8 R a.	..	no return.	none.	
	9 C r.	5	c. 19,200	19 H.	

DUBLIN—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Read, John	50 V r.	..	no return.	17 H.	
Robinson, John.....	B	..	do.	none.	
Robinson, Christopr.	40 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Rowley, John	3 R r.	..	do.	none.	Plur. 19 <i>Kilmore</i> ,
Ryan, Philip	44 C a.	..	do.	none.	2 livings.
Sandes, Patrick	56 V r.	2	c. 12,800	48 H.	Plur. 13 <i>Kildare</i> ,
Savage, Henry	58 V a.	..	no return.	none.	2 livings.
Smith, Thomas	10 C r.	..	do.	none.	
Smith, Thomas	33 V a.	..	do.	1	
Smyth, Thomas.....	H	..	do.		
Tisdale, Thomas	N	..	do.		
Torrens, John	E	..	do.	} no H.	but 2 glebes.
	19 V r.	5	c. 8,960		
Trench, Stewart	86 V a.	..	no return.	} 12 H.	} Bishop's relatives
	35 V r.	4	c. 3,840		
Trench, Frederick E.	85 V a.	..	no return.	21 H.	Plur. 19
Truell, Robert.....	L	..	do.		<i>Leightin</i> .
Tucker, Thomas ..	75 V a.	2	c. 12,800	12 H.	} Plur. & 6 cha- peltries.
	76 V r.	2	c. 17,920	none.	
<i>Vacant</i>	28 V a.	..	no return.	32 H.	[1 Curate to perform the whole duties.
	80 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Walsh, Henry Lomax	I	..	no return.		
Walsh, John Ravell .	78 C a.	2	c. 3,200	none.	
Waters, James	25 V r.	..	no return.	none.	
Whitelaw, William ..	24 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Wynne, Richard	G	..	do.		
Rectors ...resident		11	absent	12	
Vicars		23	15	
Curates		15	9	
<i>Vacant</i>				2	

Pluralists, 19.

49

38

Total 87.

On pages 152 and 154, are THIRTY-ONE deaneries, chancellorships, treasurerships, archdeaconries, chanterhips, prebends, *without any return whatever*, even the *demesne* of the DEAN (who is the Bishop of Kildare) is not returned, though within eight miles of Dublin; and, in place of a detailed return, is a loose note, saying, "It is apprehended, there are glebes belonging to many of these dignitaries and prebendaries not having *cure of souls*," (in plain language, to these *Sinecurists*); "but there are no documents in the registry, by which they can with accuracy be ascertained or set forth."

It is high time for Parliament to make some inquiries into the *title and possessions* of these *sinecurists*, who may otherwise *dispose* of their *unknown* possessions.

Dr. C. Lindsay is the Bishop, but C. Lindsay must be a relation only: he holds here *six curacies*; he is *Archdeacon* in Kildare, and *Prebendary* and *Rector* in the same diocese. See pages 200 and 208,

No. XI.

ELPHIN.

Dr. JOHN LESLIE, *Bishop*, (late of *Dromore*.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Adams, Samuel	10 R. a.	..	3,434	none.	Sinecure.
Ayres, E. B.	9 R. a.	..	2,341	16 H.	
Barton, John	19 .. a.	2	6,347	none.	
Blakeney, Thomas ..	23 .. r.	3	15,788	none.	
Blundell, Dr	4 .. r.	3	13,805	14 H.	
Bond, Wensley	34 .. a.	4	11,485	1	
Brilliane, George ...	17 .. r.	3	7,177	13 H.	
Brinkley, Dr	5 .. a.	4	10,410	none.	Sinecure.
Browne, Peter	18 .. r.	..	5,457	25 H.	Pluralist. <i>Dean of Ferns.</i>
Carey, Oliver	8 .. a.	7	17,373	none.	} This Pluralist, though absent, performs all the duties of 8 parishes himself, in 1 church !!!
	15 .. a.	..	1,891	none.	
Conyngham, William.	12 .. a.	5	10,216	none.	
Crawford, James	27 .. r.	3	12,011	43 H.	
Crofton, Hon. Henry	24 .. r.	3	7,644	none.	
Digby, William	2 .. r.	..	2,171	13 H.	
French, John, (<i>Dean</i>)	1 .. r.	2	8,534	242 H.	Plur. 32 <i>Dublin</i> .
Gallagher, Owen ...	22 .. r.	5	12,300	11½	} Pluralist.
Goulsbury, J. H. ...	6 .. a.	..	9,193	20 H.	
	14 .. a.	..	5,760	20 H.	
Griffin, Michael	31 .. a.	3	6,722	18	
Gunning, Alexander.	25 .. r.	..	4,174	82 H.	
Hackett, Thomas .	11 .. a.	5	12,000	none.	} Sinecure.
	16 .. r.	8	21,855	40 H.	
Little, James	20 .. a.	2	4,740	none.	Plur. 5 more parishes, 7 <i>Killala</i> .
Lyster, Stephen	36 .. a.	..	1,940	16	
Mahon, Arthur	32 .. r.	2	3,774	10	
Mahon, Edward	28 .. r.	3	7,590	10 H.	
Mansergh, Henry ...	29 .. r.	..	5,034	5 H.	
Seymour, Charles ...	33 .. a.	..	969	none.	
Smith, William	37 .. a.	..	2,847	none.	
Strean, An.	26 .. r.	..	2,277	6 H.	
Thompson, William .	30 .. a.	..	3,630	none.	

ELPHIN—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
<i>Vacant</i>	7....	..	9,193	20 H.	
West, Charles	35 ..r.	..	4,927	none.	
Wynne, Richard	3 ..a.	5	11,919	63	Sinecure.
			266,928	688 acres.	
				15 houses.	

[No denomination of rectory, vicarage, or curacy, in this Return.]

Incumbents, *resident* 19 *absent* 17

Vacant 1

19

18

Total 37.

Pluralists, 6.

Sinecurists, 4.

In this return, page 150, the Bishop says, the extent of the parishes is taken from the church applotment; and in *no* instance includes *bog or mountain*.

This diocese contains 266,928 acres, of *actual returns* of improved land; which, divided by 37 benefices, averages 7214 acres to each, which, at 35s. per acre, is £12,624.

Mr. Wakefield estimates the *average* value of the whole land in this diocese at 35s. per acre. The tithe at four rents may be estimated; therefore, at 14s. per acre, which would yield an average of £5049 per annum for these 37 benefices.

The Catholic population throughout this diocese, by the return to the House of Lords in 1766, was 13,268 Catholic *families* to 1300 Protestants; and, by Dr. Beaufort's return in 1792: 84,925 Catholic population to 1075 Protestants.

Here, then, we have an established clergy entitled to the tithes of 266,928 acres of *improved* land, as returned by the *Bishop*, (exclusive of 80,000 acres of unimproved land included in the diocese), which, calculated at 35s. per acre (the value placed upon the *whole county* by Wakefield), amounts to £467,124 rental, besides bog and mountain. The tithes, at 5s. in the pound only, would yield £116,781 sterling per year, for ministering religious rites to 1075 Protestants, exclusive of the *expence* of bishop, economy of churches, &c. &c. &c.

Thomas Hackett's sinecure, as Prebend of Killmacallane, consisting of five parishes, 12,000 acres, without *any church*, or *any duties*, ADDED to his *eight* other parishes of 21,855 acres, is really monstrous!

Dr. Brinkley and Richard Wynne have also immense sinecures.

Samuel Adams also has a considerable sinecure.

The two chief Pluralists are the Very Rev. DEANS of *Elphin* and *Ferns*.

In July 1813, the population of the parish of Fuerty was 112 Protestants, to 4137 Catholics. In Killukin, also, in this diocese, the Protestants were 120, Catholics 1670; but, then, all the Protestants are Methodists, so that the tithes become perfect sinecures.

No. XII.

KILDARE.

Hon. Dr. C. LINDSAY, *Bishop.*

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Baldwin, John.....	31 V a.	..	1,500	none.	
Baldwin, John jun...	41 C r.	..	3,153	do.	
Bayly, John.....	3 V a.	..	no return.	do.	[<i>lalee</i> , & 84 <i>Dublin</i> .
Bourne, William....	21 R r.	..	do.	29 H.	Plu. <i>Dean of Kil-</i>
Boyd, Henry.....	12 V a.	..	do.	8½	Plur. 14 <i>Dublin</i> .
Chamberlain, William	36 R r.	..	do.	3 H.	
Cox, William.....	27 R a.	3	2,647	none.	Plural. as <i>Canon</i> <i>Residentiary</i> .
D'Arcy, Joshua.....	23 R r.	2	4,807	18	
Digby, John.....	39 R r.	..	do.	81 H.	
Digby, Simon.....	14 R a.	3	4,960	none.	[A <i>Dillon</i> in <i>Down</i> .
Dillon, Ralph.....	35 R a.	..	no return.	none.	Plur. in <i>Clonsfert</i> ,
Douglass, Archi- {	5 V a.	3	8,239	12½	} Pluralist.
bald..... {	20 V r.	..	no return.	10 H.	
Eustace, Charles....	17 R a.	2	2,982	none.	
French, Thos. (<i>Dean</i>)	1 R a.	..	no return.	none.	
Gregory, James... {	2 V a.	..	do.	10	} Pluralist.
	42 V r.	..	do.	25	
Hamilton, Edward...	37 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Houston, George...	16 R a.	..	do.	6	
Joly, H. E.....	34 R a.	2	8,362	none.	
Jones, Anthony.....	18 V r.	3	5,418	none.	
Jones, John..... {	30 V r.	..	no return.	none.	} Pluralist.
	32 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Lindsay, Charles.. {	1*	..	no return.		} Plu. 61 <i>Dublin</i> , which see, for this <i>Curate</i> in <i>Dublin</i> , <i>Archdeacon</i> , <i>Pre-</i> <i>bendary</i> , & <i>Rector</i> , in <i>Kildare</i> .
	26 R a.	..	do.		
M'Guire, Arthur....	19 R a.	2	2,808	none.	Plur. 6 <i>Dublin</i> .
Moore, Charles... {	24 C r.	..	no return.	none.	} Pluralist.
	25 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Palmer, Charles....	4 V r.	..	no return.		but 9 glebes.
Pigott, Thomas.....	40 V r.	4	11,582	503 H.	[<i>Limrick</i> .
Preston, Arthur....	15 R a.	3	5,765	28 H.	Plural. <i>Dean of</i>

KILDARE—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Sandes, Patrick.....	13 R a.	2	no return.	22	Plu. 561 <i>Dublin</i> .
Slater, James.....	10 V r.	..	do.	33 H.	} Pluralist.
	11 V a.	2	565	none.	
Tew, William	28 R a.	..	no return.	19½	Sinecure, N, <i>Dub-</i> <i>lin</i> .
Tisdall, Thomas	22 R a.	3	1,285	¾	
<i>Vacant</i>	6		no return.	14	
	8		7,090	29 H.	
Vicars, Robert	43 R r.	2	9,999	26 H.	
Wakely, William	33 R r.	2	2,390	none.	
Warburton, John....	9 R r.	2	2,900	16 H.	
Webb, John.....	38 V r.	..	no return.	7 H.	
Whitelaw, Newcomen	7 R a.	2	3,269	none.	
Wilson, Joseph	29 R r.	2	3,898	none.	
Rectors ... <i>resident</i>		8	<i>absent</i>	15	
Vicars		8	8	
Curates		2	0	
<i>Vacant</i>				2	
		18		25	Total 43.

Pluralists, 12.

But one resident out of the whole Chapter. See Observations on page 199 of the Diocesan Returns, for the remaining seven Sinecureists.

The Treasurer, John Bayly, is Dean of Killaloe, Vicar-Choral of the two cathedrals, Christ Church, and St. Patrick's, Dublin.

In this diocese are two appropriations (page 200) without any return; one belonging to the Bishop, appears to be very extensive, and yields him tithes of TWENTY different townships or places: they probably contain 40,000 or 50,000 acres, and place this bishopric in a similar situation to that of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh.

Protestant population in the county of Kildare, in 1792, was estimated at 1866 persons, Catholics 54,134.

Henry Bayly (probably the son of the Dean), who on page 201 is entered as Curate to John Bayly's vicarage, and said to perform the duties (without any specific salary) of *Knavenstow*, exhibits a striking instance, of what an *active man* with a good horse can perform, in the *Irish church*, in the county of Kildare, which contains three Protestants to one square mile. He is also Resident Curate for Wm. Bourne, at Rothangan (page 288), at a salary of £75 per year. He performs the duties of three rectories, at a salary of £13. 13s. for an absent Prebendary and Rector, Tisdale (whose residence the Bishop returns as unknown, who holds also a Prebendal sinecure of Maynooth, in Dublin. Mr. Bayly, *fourthly*, discharges the duties for the rectory of Feighcullen (page 207) for the sum of £12 per year. No wonder, that in the four rectories the churches are all in ruins! What with the deficiency of *Rectors to preach*, and Protestants to *hear*, even Mr. Bayly's six parish cures will at length become a sinecure. There is also a *Henry Bayly*, Rector, in Killaloe: but it cannot surely be the same man!

No. XIII. KILLALA AND ACHONRY.

Dr. JAMES VERSCHOYLE, *Bishop.*

KILLALA.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Benton, John.....	11 .r.	..	no return.	11 H.	
Burrows, James	5 .r.	2	c. 17,920	33 H.	
Gore, Hon. George .	1 .a.	..	no return	to this	Deanery.
Grove, William.....	10 .r.	2	c. 25,600	9 H.	
Little, James	7 .r.	5	c. 35,200	48 H.	
Scarlett, Robert	8 .r.	2	c. 192,000	40 H.	part mountain & bog.
Shiell, Thomas	6 .r.	..	no return.	10½ H.	
Stock, Edwin.....	3 .r.	4	c. 86,400	35 H.	
Stokes, Gabriel.....	9 .r.	..	c. 7,840	20 H.	
Verschoyle, J. jun...	2 .r.	6	c. 46,080	29 H.	1 glebe not return
Verschoyle, Joseph..	4 .r.	2	c. 30,720	29 H.	Plur. See below.
			441,760	264 acres	} for 8 benef. 10 houses } returned. [3 benefices not returned.

ACHONRY.

Borrowes, Joseph...	9 .r.	3	c. 44,800	13 H.	
Garrett, John	3 .r.	5	c. 46,080	20 H.	
Kenney, A. H.	1 .a.	2	c. 44,800	20 H.	
Kingsbury, Thomas .	5 .a.	..	no return.	20	
Niligan, James	2 .r.	..	do.	40 H.	
O'Rorke, John	8 .a.	5	c. 44,800	none.	
Seymour, Joseph ...	7 .r.	3	c. 41,600	20 H.	
Simpson, Veatch....	6 .a.	3	c. 25,600	3½	
Verschoyle, Joseph .	4 .a.	2	c. 19,360	50 H.	Plur. See above.
			267,040	186 acres	} for 7 benef. 6 houses } returned. [3 benefices not returned.

Incumbents, *resident* 14 *absent* 6 Total 20.
 Pluralist, 1.

 KILLALA & ACHONRY—(continued.)

Here are *fifteen* benefices, out of *twenty*, consisting solely of unions, and averaging 47,253 acres each, with 20 acres of glebe, and 16 houses, for 14 residents. The counties of Sligo and Mayo, in which this diocese is situate, contain 1,037,750 acres, valued at 19s. per acre. The tithes, reckoned at only 3s. per acre, would yield an average of £7087 per year for each benefice.

The Catholic population in 1792 was stated in Mayo as 138,250, Protestants 1750; in Sligo, Catholics 58,000, and Protestants 2000.

So that we have here the tithes of 708,800 acres, to administer religious rites to 3750 persons, with a population of 196,250 Catholics whilst Catholicism continues to increase, and Protestantism to decrease; for in 1766, the returns of families in this diocese were, Catholics 12481, Protestants 1987. Taking these at five each, the proportion will be 62,405 to 9935; so that from *six to one* in 1766, the Catholics increased to *sixty to one* in 1792.

No. XIV. KILLALOE AND KILFENORA.

Dr. RICHARD MANT, *Bishop*.

KILLALOE.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Bayly, John, (<i>Dean</i>)	1 R a.	4	no return.	22&2H	} Plur. Treasurership of <i>Kildare</i> , and 84 <i>Dublin</i> . [<i>Kildare</i> . with 2 curacies, 3 & 16 1 church in 4 parishes, containing 78,080 acres.
	2 V a.	..	do.		
	3 V a.	..	do.		
Bayly, Henry	43 R r.	2	c. 9,600	18 H.	
Blood, Frederick....	13 R r.	5	c. 97,920	26 H.	
Butler, John	23 V r.	5	c. 15,360	20 H.	
Conolly, John	39 V r.	2	c. 7,680	13 H.	
Crampton, Josiah...	26 R r.	2	c. 6,400	2 ..	
Davoren, Andrew ...	27 V r.	2	no return.	8 H.	
Downes, Abraham ..	29 R r.	2	c. 19,200	29 H.	
Everard, James.....	28 R r.	..	no return.	15 H.	
Fitzgerald, Michael..	19 V r.	5	c. 20,480	10 ..	
Gabbitt, Robert	6 V r.	3	c. 7,640	13 H.	
Gale, Anthony	36 R a.	..	no return.	none.	} Plu. and Lunatic, p. 289 for Sinecure. Sinecure, p. 288, [omitted to be numbered.]
Grace, Oliver	14 C r.	..	do.	H.	
Grady, Standish	omitted	9	do.	..	
Hadlock, William ...	21 V r.	2	c. 3,840	12 H.	
Hawkins, Thomas...	34 R r.	4	c. 11,520	87 H.	
Holmes, Rev. (<i>Dean</i>)	40 R r.	3	c. 17,920	16 H.	} Plural. <i>Dean of Ardfer</i> , with two more rectories.
Jones, John	35 R r.	2	c. 7,680	11 H.	
Jordan, Edmund	41 R r.	..	no return.	none.	
Kennedy, Kennedy..	32 V r.	2	c. 7,680	7 H.	
Kennedy, Richard...	12 V r.	..	no return.	3 H.	
Killaloe Cathedral ..	9 C r.	6	do.	none.	
Langrishe, Hercules .	11 R r.	2	c. 6,400	6 H.	} Sinecure, p. 288.
L'Estrange, Thomas.	45 R r.	4	c. 26,880	49 H.	
Macartney, George..	omitted	} Sinecure, p. 288. ditto.
Mangin, Edward....	omitted	
Martin, James	17 V r.	3	c. 7,680	12 H.	} Pluralist.
	31 R a.	3	c. 9,600	33 H.	
Martin, Richard	18 V r.	..	no return.	10 H.	

KILLALOE—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Maude, Hon. Charles	44 R r.	3	c. 10,240	41 H.	
Maude, Hon. Robert	33 R r.	3	c. 15,360	75 H.	
Miller, William	22 V r.	10	c. 140,800	17 H.	1 Vicar, 1 Curate, and 10 parishes, 8 of which have no church
Olway, Samuel	4 R a.	2	no return.	3	Pl. Sinec. p. 288. no church, curate's salary, £5.
Palmer, Joseph	omitted	..	c. 12,288		
Palmer Edwin	38 R r.	2	c. 12,800	15 H.	Plural. Dean of Cashel. Sinecure, p. 288.
Parker, John	30 R a.	3	c. 12,800	8 H.	
Parsons, William ...	42 R a.	2	c. 10,240	8 H.	
Price, Edward	7 R r.	4	c. 19,200	26 H.	Plur. 28 Ossory.
Read, William	10 R r.	..	no return.	12 H.	
Saunderson, Robert .	37 R a.	..	do.	11 H.	
Studdert, Richard...	25 V a.	3	c. 9,600	15 H.	
Travers, J.	8 C r.	..	no return.	H.	
Vesey, Hon. Arthur .	5 R a.	5	c. 19,200	15 H.	
Welsh, Richard	24 V a.	..	no return.	10 H.	
Whitty, John	15 R r.	..	do.	2 H.	1 Vicar, 2 church.
Whitty, Irwine	16 V r.	5	c. 128,000	9 H.	5 parishes of 128,000 acres, 1 Curate who does not reside.
Young, A.	omitted	Sinecure, p. 289.
Young, William	20 C r.	..	no return.	none.	

Rectors ...resident 17 absent 8

Vicars 12 4

Curates 4 0

33

12

Total 45.

Pluralists, 6.

Sinecurists, 8.

KILFENORA.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Cassidy, Mark.....	3 R a.	3	c. 6,400	18	Plur. 24 Down.
Davoren, William ...	6 V r.	2	c. 5,760	9 H.	
Holland, Simon	2 R a.	2	c. 5,120	28	
Kenny, James	5 R r.	5	c. 31,360	45 H.	
Stevenson, George ..	1 R a.	3	c. 12,800	230 H.	
Westropp, John	4 R r.	4	c. 22,400	none.	
			83,840	328 acres 3 houses	} for 6 benefs.
Rectors ...resident	2	absent	3		
Vicar	1	0		
		3	3	Total 6.	

Pluralist, 1.

Killaloe is included in the counties of Clare, Tipperary, and King's County. The county of Clare contains 476,200 acres, valued at 28s. per acre; Tipperary, 554,950 acres, at 45s.; and King's County, 282,200 acres, at 27s.: the average value may therefore be taken at 33s. per acre.

By the return, 28 benefices yield 674,008 acres, averaging 24,071 acres to each benefice. The average value by Wakefield is 33s. per acre. Taking the tithe, therefore, at 8s. 3d. per acre, these benefices would average 9929l. 5s. 9d. per year each.

The eight Sinecurists, who hold 32 parishes without even the cure of *one soul*, (pages 288 & 299 of Diocesan Returns) are sad specimens of the application of church revenue in the county of Clare; where, in 1792, the Catholics were 94,800 to 1200 Protestants.

No. XV.

KILMORE.

Dr. G. BERESFORD DE LA POER, *Bishop*.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Agar, James Hon....	24 V r.	..	no return.	590 H.	Plur. 74 <i>Dublin</i> .
Beresford, C. Cobbe.	28 R a.	..	do.	1,300	no H. Plur. 31
Bushe, William	25 R r.	2	do.	309 H.	<i>Armagh</i> , 4000 acres more.
Clarke, John	29 V r.	..	do.	39	
Craddock, Thomas..	11 V a.	2	10,000	630 H.	Plur. 1 <i>Dublin</i> .
Dickson, J. Lowry ..	31 V r.	..	no return.	312	no H. Plur. 73
Druitt, Joseph.....	17 V r.	..	do.	151 H.	<i>Dublin</i> .
Fitzgerald, H. Vesey.	20 R a.	..	do.	350 H.	Plur. 38 <i>Emly</i> .
Fitzpatrick, Frederick	13 V r.	..	do.	296 H.	
Gore, George	3 R r.	..	do.	195 H.	
Gumley, John	14 R r.	..	do.	171 H.	
Hales, William	23 R r.	..	do.	500 H.	
Hamilton, James....	8 R r.	..	do.	343	no H.
Herbert, Nicholas ..	32 V a.	..	do.	577	no H.
Irwine, Crinus.....	9 V a.	..	do.	285 H.	Pluralist.
Keatley, Thomas ...	5 C r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Knox, John Russell..	22 V r.	..	do.	541 H.	
Langrishe, James ...	27 R a.	..	do.		
Leatry, John	30 V a.	3	13,268*	450	* besides 67,372 of mountain and bog.
Magennis, William {	1 V r.	3	c. 19,800	120 H.	besides other glebes.
	6 V a.	..	no return.		Pluralist.
Meara, William... {	16 V a.	..	do.	357 H.	} Pluralist.
	21 R r.	..	do.	339 H.	
Percy, Francis.....	26 V r.	..	do.	420 H.	
Rowley, John	19 R a.	2	do.	601 H.	Plur. 3 <i>Dublin</i> .
Saunderson, Francis.	15 R r.	..	do.	188 H.	
Skelton, Thomas....	12 V r.	..	do.	420 H.	
Sneyde, Thomas	18 V a.	..	do.	no retrn.	

KILMORE—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Stephens, John	33 V r.	..	no return.	288 H.	
Story, Joseph	7 R r.	..	do.	400 H.	
Welsh, Joseph	10 C r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Wynne, Richard .. {	2 V a.	2	20,000	549	} no H. } Pluralist.
	4 R r.	..	no return.	400 H.	

Rectors ...resident 10 absent 4

Vicars 9 9

Curates 1 0

20

13

Total 33.

Pluralists, 10.

This diocese consists of 30 benefices, the GLEBES alone of which amount to 11,026 acres, averaging 367 acres of freehold each, exclusive of tithes, worth £540 a year. Surely these freeholds are quite ample, without any tithes whatever, for reading the Protestant service to a fifth of the population; but if, in addition to the £540 a year freehold, besides houses, demesnes, &c. each possess (as the Pluralist Wynne) 30,000 acres of tithes, what a picture!

No. XVI. LEIGHLIN AND FERNS.

Lord R. T. LOFTUS, *Bishop*, (late of Killaloe & Kilfenora.)

LEIGHLIN.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Alcock, George.....	6 R r.	2	4,584	30 H.	
Anderson, J.	28 R r.	2	2,486	2	
Baggott, John	40 V a.	..	no return.	none.	
Blake, Edward	22 V r.	2	9,535	20 H.	
Brooke, Thomas	43 R r.	3	3,040	none.	
Butler, Richard.....	18 R r.	..	no return.	none.	
Cassan, Joseph... {	37 R r.	..	do.	none.	Pluralist.
	45 R a.	4	10,000	none.	No church, and 1 rector, <i>absent</i> .
Davis, Thomas	20 R r.	..	no return.	H.	no return of glebe
Dawson, Richard ...	11 V r.	3	do.	none.	
Dean and Chapter ..	2 C r.	..	do.	no ret.	
Downing, Samuel ...	33 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Elgee, John	7 R a	..	do.	* H.	Plur. 17 <i>Ferns</i> . ["no return of glebe.
Falkiner, Dr.....	46 R r.	2	4,619	3½	
Fairlough, Josiah ...	3 R a.	..	no return.	½	
Gore, William.....	47 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Gough, Thomas	16 R r.	..	do.	none.	Plur. 49 <i>Cashell</i> .
Grogan, Edward .. {	25 R r.	..	do.	none.	} Pluralist.
	26 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Holmes, William	30 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Latta, William	15 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Lyster, Mark.....	42 C r.	..	do.	H.	glebe, but no ret.
McGhie, James	9 R a.	4	10,254	H.	glebe, but no ret.
McGrath, James	13 R r.	..	no return.	none.	
Marsh, Jeremiah....	39 R r.	2	3,900	none.	
Maunsel, Geo. (<i>Dean</i>)	1 R r.	..	no return	to the	Deanery.
Molony, Weldon	35 V r.	2	4,998	10 H.	
Morgan, Hamilton ..	5 V a.	3	4,900	7 H.	Plur. Chancellorship of <i>Down</i> .
Pasley, William.....	12 V r.	2	no return.	none.	
Pepper, Edward	21 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Poe, James	24 R r.	2	31,800	H.	glebe, but no ret.

LEIGHLIN--(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Reid, John.....	4 R r.	..	no return.	none.	
St. George, Arthur..	0 R r.	3	3,135 in part.	H. glebe, but no ret.	
St. George, Henry ...	23 R r.	4	2,840	none.	
Scott (<i>Dean of Lis-</i> <i>more</i> }	36 R a.	2	13,800	none.	Plu. See Deanery
Stewart, John	38 R r.	..	no return.	none.	
Stubber, Sewell.....	32 R r.	..	do.	30 H.	
Thomas, Bartholomew	8 R r.	4	do.	H. but no return.	
Thomas, Francis....	17 V r.		do.	none.	Tithies returned at £800 per year.
Trench, Frederick...	19 R r.	..	do.	* H.	Plur. 85 <i>Dublin</i> . [*glebe, but no return
Vesey, Hon. A.....	31 V r.	..	do.	H.	no return.
Vigors, Thomas.....	14 R a.	..	do.	H.	ditto.
Waller, William	29 R r.	3	6,903	1	Plur. 16 <i>Cork</i> .
Walsh, Hunt	44 V r.	2	no return.	none.	
Weldon, Arthur	41 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Whitty, John.....	27 R r.	5	6,116 in part.	12	
Wingfield, Hon. Edw.	34 R r.	..	no return.	none.	

Rectors ...resident 26 absent 8

Vicars 9 2

Curates..... 2 0

37

10

Total 47.

Pluralists, 8.

FERNs.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Alcock, A.	9 V a.	..	no return.	2	
Arehdall, William...	41 C r.	3	10,000	none.	
Barton, Edward	6 R r.	2	9,000	13 H.	
Bayly, Edward	33 V r.	..	no return.	20 H.	
Bevan, Richard.....	27 R r.	..	do.	9 H.	
Bond, Winsley.....	5 R r.	4	7,900	*16 H.	Plur. 34 <i>Elphin</i> ,
Boyd, Ralph	43 R r.	2	4,300	18 H.	4 parishes more.
Browne, J.	21 R r.	..	no return.	none.	[* 3 glebes not ret.
Browne, P. (<i>Dean</i>) ..	1 R a.	4	10,000 in part.	20	Plur. 18 <i>Elphin</i> , [no H. to this Deanery]
Chartres, Mark.....	14 R r.	3	12,000	50 H.	
Cowan, John	24 R r.	..	no return.	22 H.	
Cranfield, Mr.	45 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Cumine, Ralph	39 V r.	2	1,020	H.	
Draffin, F.	23 R r.	9	9,513	60 H.	5 churches gone to ruin in this union.
Eastwood, William ..	4 R r.	6	7,243	15 H.	
Elgee, John	17 R r.	9	7,193	8 H.	Plur. 7 <i>Leighlin</i> .
Forde, William	29 R a.	..	no return.	9 H.	Plu. 15 <i>Dromore</i> .
Glascott, William ...	36 R r.	4	7,262	none.	
Gordon, James	40 V r.	4	no return.	none.	[ruins.
Gore, Thomas..... {	25 R r.	4	5,100	34 H.	Churches gone to
	26 R a.	3	4,050	26	Churches gone to ruins.
Handcock, Thomas..	15 R r.	2	4,828	12 H.	glebe, but no ret.
Hickey, Ambrose ..	44 R a.	2	5,400	3½	Plur. 32 <i>Cork</i> .
Hinson, Mr.	19 R r.	..	no return.	10 H.	
Hoare, Walter.....	12 R r.	..	do.	none.	
Hughes, William....	28 R r.	2	4,506	7½	
Hutchinson, Lorenzo.	7 R a.	..	no return.	6 H.	
Little, Simon.....	11 R a.	2	do.	¾	
M'Clintock, A.	32 R a.	..	do.	11 H.	Plur. 36 <i>Cork</i> .
Miller, Joseph.....	8 R a.	..	do.	1½	
Montgomery, E.	20 R a.	2	4,630	none.	
Moore, Olwell.....	35 R r.	6	6,968	none.	
Morgan, James	18 V r.	2	10,065	no H.	5 glebes, no retn.

FERNS—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Owen, Roger.....	13 R a.	3	6,300	34	[rate to 3 rectories. No H. 1 church, 1 cu- Pluralist.
	42 R r.	..	no return.	30	
Parke, Jemmet	38 V r.	3	do.	1	
Pentland, James	34 R r.	..	do.	12 H.	
Ponsonby, Hon. Rich.	37 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Radcliffe, Richard ..	31 R a.	5	15,000	43 H.	
St. Eloy, H.....	10 R r.	2	3,000	20 H.	Plur. 17 Cork.
Stevenson, A.	30 V r.	4	11,000	72 H.	Old church, in
Strong, Charles.....	22 R r.		no return.	27 H.	ruins.
Symes, Henry	16 R r.	3	12,117	none.	
Walker, William	3 C r.	..	no return.	25 H.	
Wynne, Henry.....	2 R a.	..	do.		

Rectors ...resident 24 .. absent 12

Vicars 6 1

Curates 2 0

32

13 ... Total 45.

Pluralists, 8.

Forty-three other parishes in this diocese are not returned, because the tithes are in the hands of Lay Impropriators.

No. XVII.

LIMERICK, ARDFERT AND AGHADOE.

Dr. THOMAS ELRINGTON, *Bishop.*

LIMERICK.

INCUMBENTS.	Number. Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Ashe, Edward	32 V r.	..	4,022	none.	
Ashe, William	11 R a.	..	3,200	none.	
Bateman, Henry	31 V r.	..	1,704	none.	
Bevan, Henry	17 V r.	..	1,183	7 H.	
Bishop, the Lord ...	54 R a.	..	no return.	none.	
Cousins, John	51 R a.	..	do.	5	
Croker, Edward	19 R r.	2	5,000	13 H.	
Croker, Richard	20 R r.	2	10,000	12 H.	
Dean and Chapter ..	12 C r.	4	8,000	85	
Dickson, Richards ..	15 R r.	..	no return.	43 H.	
Duddell, John	6 R r.	2	do.	H. and garden.	
Dunlevy, Stephen...	41 V a.	..	1,000	none.	
Ellard, James	48 R a.	..	1,000	6	
Fitzgerald, John	35 C r.	..	no return.	5	
Fitzgerald, M.	44 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Franklin, George ...	34 C r.	..	2,909	7 H.	Plur. 39 Ardfert.
Franklin, Thomas ...	13 R r.	..	no return	11 H.	
Garstin, Norman....	7 R r.	2	1,777	10 H.	
Geraghty, Edward ..	9 R r.	..	6,040	H. glebe, but no ret.	
Graves, J.	40 V a.	..	no return.	none.	£5 paid by Lord
Greves, John.....	25 V r.	5	6,500	6 H.	Southwell.
			in part.		
Gubbins, H.	39 R a.	..	440	3	
Hart, John.....	8 R r.		802	45 H.	
Hart, George	30 R a.		2,192	2	Plur. 6 other pa-
Heacocke, George ..	53 V r.	..	no return.	none.	rishes, 18 Tuam.
Hoare, W. D. }	43 R a.		1,160	none.	} Pluralist.
	52 R a.		no return.	12	
Ingram, H. J.	14 R r.	2	4,500	11 H.	
Johnson, Joseph	33 C r.	..	2,878	6 H.	
Jones, Joseph	46 V a.	..	no return.	6 H.	Plu. Chancellor's
Jones, Samuel	10 R r.	..	1,761	32 H.	Curate, 3 Limerick, and Sinécure, 37 Ardfert.

LIMERICK—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Langford, Francis ..	18 R r.	..	3,384	61 H.	
Lewis, William ... {	28 V r.	..	no return.	none.	} Pluralist.
	50 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Lefroy, Henry	47 R a.	..	do.	none.	[dared to be built.
Locke, Thomas ... {	23 R r.	2	7,524	90	no H. but one or-
	24 R a.	..	5,308	22	no H. Pluralist.
M'Cullough, A.	22 R r.	2	no return.	none.	
Massy, William	49 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Maunsell, Thomas...	38 R a.	..	1,321	none.	Plur. 31 Ossory.
Maunsell, William...	5 R r.	2	no return.	*H.	Plur. 18 Ardferf.
Morony, West	36 V r.	..	do.	none.	[*H. in ruins. (Arch- deaconry.)
Neville, Richard	21 R r.	..	857	16 H.	
Odell, William	29 V r.	..	no return.	none.	
Osborne, Charles ...	37 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Preston, A. T. (Dean)	1 R r.	6	do.	37 H.	Plur. 3 other pa- rishes, 15 Kildare.
Preston, Nath.	45 V a.	..	do.	6	
Quin, Thomas	4 R a.	3	do.	none.	
Stewart, H. W.	42 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Vincent, George	26 V r.	..	2,119	10 H.	
Warburton, John....	2 R a.	6	no return.	none.	
Warburton, Charles .	3 R r.	5	do.	47 H.	Plur. 17 Ardferf.
Westropp, Thomas ..	16 V r.	2	4,500	31 H.	
Wybrants, Gnslavus .	27 V r.	2	3,000	17	Plur. 38 Cloyne.
Rectors ...resident	17		absent	15	
Vicars	11		7	
Curates	4		0	
		32		22	Total 54.

Pluralists, 9.

ARDFERT AND AGHADOE.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
<i>Bishop, the Lord</i> ...	42 V a.	..	no return.	none.	
Bishop, George.....	7 R a.	..	do.	11	
Bond, James	38 R a	..	do.	none.	
Brandon, Lord Willm.	9 R a	4	37,000	27 H.	
Conyers, Edward ...	20 R r.	..	no return.	none.	
Cork, Earl of.....	48 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Day, Edward	22 R r.	..	do.	11 H.	
<i>Dean and Chapter</i> ..	1 C r.	..	do.	37	no Deanery H.
Denny, Barry {	10 V r.	3	do.	H.	no ret. of glebe.
	15 R a	3	do.	105 H.	
Denny, Edward	31 R r.	..	do.	11 H.	
Dunn, William	23 V a	..	do.	14	
Fitzgerald, W. M....	5 R a.	..	do.	41	[to be unknown no H. Extent said
Franklin, George ...	39 R a	..	do.	6	Plu. 34 <i>Limerick</i>
George, Lucius	27 R r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Glendore, Heirs of ..	46 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Godfrey, William . {	13 R r	2	do.	20 H.	besides mountain glebe
	45 V a.	..	do.	none.	Pluralist.
Goodman, J. {	32 C r.	..	do.	none.	} Pluralist.
	50 V a.	2	do.	none.	
Goold, P.	44 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Grace, Thomas.....	6 R a.	..	do.	13	
Graves, Thomas	8 R a.	..	do.	14	
Graves, Richard	43 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Herbert, Bastard....	26 V r	2	do.	21 H.	
Hewson, Robert .. {	34 C r.	..	do.	35 H.	} Pluralist.
	36 V a.	..	do.	none.	
Hickson, Robert.. {	28 V r.	..	do.	none.	} Pluralist.
	29 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Holmes, Gilbert, <i>Dean</i>	2 R a.	..	do.	8	Plur. 40 <i>Killaloe</i>
Hyde, Arthur	30 V r.	2	do.	46 H.	
Jones, Joseph	37 R a.	..	do.	3	Plu. 46 <i>Limerick</i> .
Jones, Francis.....	4 R a.	2	do.	glebe	not ascertained.
Kerin, John	25 R r.	..	do.	none.	} Pluralist.
	41 R a.	..	do.	none.	

ARDFERT & AGHADOE—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice:	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Longfield, M.	14 R a.	2	no return.	*20 H.	Plur. 35 <i>Cork</i> .
Lucas, Daniel	11 R a.	2	do,	none.	[* besides mountain glebe.]
Martin, Austin	40 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Maunsel, Wray, Wm.	18 V a.	3	do.	none.	Plur. 5 <i>Limerick</i> .
Moore, John	49 R a.	..	do.	5	
Morris, John	51 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Mullins, Hon. F.	33 R a.	..	do.	18	supposed to be.
Murphy, John	19 R r.	3	do.	19 H.	
O'Neil, Connolly ...	21 R r.	..	do.	10	
Russel, Francis	24 V r.	3	do.	none.	
Staughton, Anthony .	12 V a.	10	do.	$\frac{3}{4}$	Intended to be
Staughton, Thomas..	47 R a.	..	do.	none.	made 3 livings.
Thomas, Edwin	16 V r.	7	do.	14 H.	ought to be dis- solved.
<i>Vacant</i>	3 V a.	..	do.	10	
Warburton, Charles .	17 V a.	2	do.	30 H.	Plur. 3 <i>Limerick</i> .
Warburton, John....	35 R r.	..	do.	35 H.	

Rectors ...resident	9	absent	22
Vicars	6	10
Curates	3	0
<i>Vacant</i>	1

18

33

Total 51.

Pluralists, 10.

No. XVIII.

MEATH.

Hon. Dr. T. L. O'BIERNE, *Bishop.*

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Adams, Anthony....	16 V a	..	no return.	1	
Ardagh, Arthur.....	35 V r	..	do.	4 H.	
Alexander, John....	94 C r.	..	do.	10 H.	
Alley, George.....	45 R r.	..	do.	10 H.	
Barry, Philip.....	49 R r.	3	5,278.	10	2 churches in ruins.
Benning, Conway...	51 V r.	..	no return.	35 H.	
Brabazon, George }	18 V a.	..	do.	none.	} Pluralist.
	59 V r.	2	6,588	40 H.	
Browne, Chaworth..	53 V a.	8	18,398	31 H.	no church to 8
Bryan, Richard.....	86 R r.	..	no return.	15 H.	parishes.
Burdett, John.... }	25 R a.	..	do.	2	} near the scite of the old
	101 R r.	2	6,398	233 H.	
Burgh, John..... }	67 R a.	2	2,000	5	} Pluralist.
	91 C r.	..	no return.	20 H.	
Butler, Richard....	43 R r.	5	9,861	185 H.	
Conyngham, Lancelot	37 V r.	5	8,754	6 H.	
Crawford, Charles...	19 V r.	..	no return.	1 H.	
Dawson, Henry.....	17 R r.	..	do.	7	
De Courcy, Michael.	64 R r.	3	4,457	36 H.	
De Lacy, Thomas. }	1 R r.	4	8,900	882 H.	& all necessary offices,
	5 R a.	..	no return.	22 H.	
Dennis, Meade.....	71 R r.	3	4,721	20 H.	Pluralist.
Digby, John.....	60 C r.	..	no return.	none.	
Disney, Brabazon. }	8 R a.	..	do.	5 H.	and other glebes.
	10 R r.	5	6,989	58 H.	
Donovan, Edward...	84 C r.	..	no return.	30 H.	Pluralist.
Drought, Robert....	61 R a.	..	do.	10 H.	
Ellis, James.....	12 C r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Emmis, Francis.....	80 C r.	..	do.	10 H.	
Fairtlough, Thomas..	26 R r.	2	2,015	43 H.	
Fetherstone, Cuthbert	78 C r.	..	no return.	23 H.	
Fitzgerald, Henry...	70 V r.	..	do.	14 H.	
Fitzgerald, John....	92 V r.	..	do.	50 H.	
Fitzgerald, Hugh....	100 C r.	..	do.	21 H.	
Forde, Roger.....	89 R a.	3	5,939 in part.	24 H.	1 church in ruins.
Foster, Thomas.....	4 V r.	..	no return.	none.	
Fox, John James....	69 C r.	..	do.	4 H.	

MEATH—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Gorman, William ...	33 R r.	..	no return.	12 H.	
Gouldsbury, Pop- sonby	34 R a.	5	5,478	$\frac{1}{2}$	No H. 1 church, and 1 curate, to 5 parish. Pluralist.
	68 R a.	3	4,465	40 H.	
	81 C r.	..	no return.	5 H.	
Greene, Joseph	48 C r.	..	do.	no H.	but 1 building,
Gregson, George L. .	56 R r.	2	7,858	16 H.	
Gregson, Skelton ...	77 C r.	..	no return.	10 H.	
Hales, John	74 C a.	2	3,380	16	
Hall, Bond	68 R r.	3	Joint Incumbent with P. Gouldsbury; see above.
Hamilton, James....	88 R a.	2	2,378	14 H.	
Hamilton, F. Dancey.	50 V a.	..	no return.	none.	
Hamilton, Richard ..	42 V r.	..	do.	16 H.	
Hardman, George...	15 R r.	3	3,264	21 H.	
Hunt, Henry	66 V a.	..	no return.	24 H.	
Ingham, David	29 V r.	2	2,480	12 H.	
Ironson, Robert....	47 R r.	5	14,351	4 H.	
Irvine, Wm. Henry ..	30 ..r.	3	4,330	63 H.	
Irvine, G. L.	39 V r.	2	4,463	23	
Irvine, Blaney....	46 V r.	..	no return.	21 H.	
	97 C a.	..	do.	none.	
Kellett, William	2 R r.	..	do.	13 H.	
Kellett, John	36 R r.	..	do.	13 H.	
Kemmis, Thomas ...	79 V r.	7	26,047	2142 H.	
Knipe, Thomas G. .	55 R r.	2	7,858	16 H.	
Lambert, George....	11 R a.	..	no return.	40 H.	a perfect <i>Sinecure</i>
Liddiard, William ...	31 R r.	3	5,004	29 H.	no cure of souls.
Longfield, Robert ...	9 R r.	3	3,980	44 H.	Plur. 27 <i>Cloyne</i> ,
Low, John	32 V r.	..	no return.	8 H.	
Lucas, Samuel	72 R r.	..	do.	22 H.	
M'Causland, John ...	14 C r.	..	do.	none.	
Mahon, Henry	98 R r.	2	6,211	376 H.	
	99 R a.	..	no return.	72 H.	
Marshall, William ...	75 C r.	..	do.	21 H.	
Matthews, James....	40 V r.	..	do.	6 H.	
Moffatt, James	85 C r.	..	do.	none.	
Nixon, Brinsley	21 R r.	2	3,837	23 H.	Plur. 36 <i>Cloyne</i> , another entire Rec- tory.
O'Bierne, Charles ...	63 C r.	..	no return.		
O'Connor, George ..	6 R a.	2	4,203	24 H.	

MEATH—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
O'Rourke, Thomas ..	58 C r.	..	no return.	20 H.	
Pakenham, Henry...	52 R r.	6	7,828	37 H.	
Peacocke, William ..	93 R r.	2	10,990	30 H.	
Potter, Frederick ...	87 R r.	..	no return.	22 H.	
Preston, Skeffington.	41 R r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Pratt, William	13 C r.	..	do.	35 H.	
Radcliffe, Stephen. {	27 R r.	6	6,928	24 H.	and other glebe.
	89	Joint Incumbent
Roberts, John	44 V r.	..	no return.	48 H.	with Roger Forde.
Robinson, Thomas {	65 V r.	..	do.	1 H.	} Pluralist.
	83 R a.	..	do.	20 H.	
Rochfort, Henry	82 R r.	..	do.	40 H.	
Rolleston, Arthur ...	95 R r.	..	do.	86	and money grant- ed for purchasing a house.
Shanley, Robert	24 V r.	4	9,101	31 H.	
Shields, Hugh	20 V a.	2	3,250	10 H.	
Shields, Wentworth..	3 R r.	4	3,619	16 H.	
Sterling, James	96 R r.	..	no return.	8 H.	
Sutton, Thomas	7 R r.	2	1,625	28 H.	
Toler, John	22 R r.	3	2,882	9 H.	
Turner, Joseph	23 V r.	5	15,899	40	no H. no church, and 1 Vicar.
<i>Vacant</i>	38	2	3,717	6 H.	
Vavasour, Richard ..	54 C r.	..	no return.	3 H.	
Vincent, R. B.....	57 R a.	5	12,331	47 H.	
Usher, Hemsworth {	73 R r.	2	2,847	20 H.	
	76 V a.	5	18,376	205 H.	
Wainwright, Mark...	28 R a.	4	3,439	15	
Ward, Daniel.....	90 C r.	5	8,741	22 H.	
Wynne, Henry.....	62 R r.	..	no return.	40 H.	

Rectors ...resident 37 absent 14

Vicars 19 7

Curates 20 2

Nameless, No. 30. 1

Vacant 1

76

25

Total 101.

Pluralists, 9.

There are, besides, 13 impropriate parishes in this diocese, in which no stipend is paid for cure of souls.

No. XIX.

OSSORY.

Dr. ROBERT FOWLER, *Bishop.*

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Alcock, Alexander ..	40 R a.	2	c. 3,200	none.	Pluralist.
Alexander, Robert. }	22 V a.	2	c. 1,920	none.	
	24 R a.	..	c. 160	none.	
Armstrong, Robert C.	56 V a.	..	c. 3,840	none.	Plur. 16 <i>Cashell</i> .
Austin, Gilbert	43 V a.	5	c. 20,480 in part.	16	Plur. No house, 1 old church, 1 cu- rate for 5 parishes.
Ball, Stearne	44 R a.	4	c. 7,680	20 H.	No church, 1 cu- rate, at £10 per ann.
Beaufort, Daniel A...	27 R a.	..	c. 480	80	
Bourke, Joseph (Dean)	4 R a.	..	c. 480	none.	Plur. see. p. 354. (<i>Sinecure.</i>)
	7 R a.	..	c. 42,880 and 8,960 of mountain.	200 of 50 of	good land } no H. boggy } one be- gun must remain unfinished.
	58 R r.	..	c. 1,440	20	Deanery - House. The land let on building leases in <i>Kilkenny</i> .
Butler, Richard	23 R r.	8	doubtful	20 H.	Qu. 14,080, or 156,140 acres.
and other numbers,		7	return.		
Caulfield, Hans	16 R r.	..	c. 7,680	201 H.	No H. or church. Residence dispensed with on account of <i>smallness</i> of parish.
Carr, Thomas	6 V a.	..	c. 15,360	185 H.	
Crowley, Matthew...	13 V a.	..	c. 1,920	6	
Dawson, Henry R. ..	46 V r.	3	c. 2,900 in part.	22 H.	18 H.
Dealtry, George	30 V r.	..	c. 3,200		
Ellison, Thomas	51 R a.	..	c. 5,120	8 H.	
Gregory, William ...	1 R r.	..	c. 1,600	none.	
Hamilton, Alexander.	12 R r.	3	560	18 H.	[&c. Qu. return: In Thomas town, This return must be erroneous as to the quantity of the parish.
Hamilton, George ...	29 R r.	..	320	303 H.	
Hamilton, Hans.....	14 R r.	8	36,400 and 2,000 of barren ld.	40 H.	
Helsham, Paul.....	10 R r.	3	c. 1,600	46 H.	
Jackson, Thomas....	5 V r.	..	c. 3,200	12 H.	
Kearney, John.... }	39 R a.	..	c. 9,600	none.	1 curate, and 1 church.
	55 R r.	3	c. 3,840	40 H.	Pluralist. [acres.
Kearney, Thomas ...	3 R r.	4	doubtful.	140 H.	Qu. probably 12,800

OSSORY—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Kemmis, Thomas....	25 R a.	7	c. 9,600	54 H.	
Kere, James A.	37 R r.	..	c. 2,880	9 H.	
King, Henry	15 C r.	..	no return	5	
Lodge, Francis ... {	21 R a.	..	c. 320	113 H.	Qu. return.
	48 V a.	..	c. 2,240	none.	
Lowry, John	9 R r.	..	c. 690	193 H.	Qu. return.
M'Causland, Gustavus	35 R r.	..	c. 320	11 H.	
Marcus, Monk	26 R r.	3	c. 4,800	268 H.	[merick.
Maunsell, Thomas...	31 R r.	..	c. 320	16 H.	Pluralist, 38 Li-
Meara, James	2 R r.	8	c. 35,840	61 H.	1 ch. Plur. Vicar of Christ-ch. 38 Cork.
Newport, Francis ...	41 V a.	3	c. 9,600	3 H.	Pluralist.
Ormsby, James W. ...	47 R r.	..	c. 12,800	12 H.	Plur. see 12 Tuam.
Orr, John	32 R a.	..	c. 160	2½	
Pack, Anthony	50 R a.	..	c. 1,920	8	Pluralist.
Price, Edward	28 V a.	3	c. 4,480	37	Plural. Holds 4
Prior, Thomas M.	36 R a.	..	c. 160	1	other rectories and vicarages as Arch- deacon of Kiltalee, No. 8, p. 276.
Renny, Patrick	33 V r.	4	c. 7,680	41 H.	
Ridge, John B. ... {	52 R r.	..	c. 7,680	15 H.	
	57 R a.	..	c. 1,280	14 H.	[curate to 3 parishes.
Roberts, Samuel T. ...	49 R a.	3	c. 9,600	34 H.	Plur. 1 church, 1
Roe, Peter	11 V a.	..	c. 3,200	15 H.	} Pluralist.
	54 C r.	..	no return.	H.	
Sandys, Joseph	17 R r.	5	c. 12,800	48 H.	Old churches, in
Saunderson, Robert..	19 R r.	..	c. 2,880	none.	ruins.
Shaw, Robert	53 V r.	..	c. 6,080	15	
Staples, Alexander ..	8 V a.	..	c. 3,840	190	No house, on ac-
Stevenson, George ..	20 R r.	6	c. 19,200	32	count of the insol-
	42 V a.	..	480	none.	veny of the former
Vicars, Choral. {	45 V a.	..	320	none.	Incumbent, who
	59 V r.	..	no return.	none.	misspent the money
Wallis, Thomas	38 V r.	6	c. 13,440	21 H.	granted.
Walters, George	18 R r.	..	c. 1920	none.	
Rectors ...resident		24	absent	14	
Vicars		7	12	
Curates		2	0	

33

26

Total 59.

Pluralist, 13; besides 8 Sinecures (p. 354, 355) omitted.

No. XX.

RAPHOE.

Dr. WILLIAM MAGEE, *Bishop*.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Allott, Richard (<i>Dean</i>)	1 R <i>a</i> .	6	80,640 in part.	279 & 4 Houses.	Plur. D. <i>Dublin</i> . Of the two largest glebes, no return; and two parishes, no return.
Ball, Robert	14 R <i>r</i> .	..	no return.	530 H.	
Barrett, John	21 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	40 H.	
Bowen, Edward	26 R <i>a</i> .	..	do.	290 H.	
Crawford, John	C <i>r</i> .	..	do.	Chapel of Ease.
Ellison, John	11 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	1,804 H.	
Ewing, John	23 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	40 H.	
Ewing, William	25 C <i>r</i> .	..	do.	none.	
Hamilton, Abraham .	15 V <i>r</i> .	..	do.	36 H.	Plur. 52 <i>Cork</i> :
Hamilton, James	22 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	840 H.	
Hastings, Anthony...	10 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	119 H.	
Homan, George	5 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	300 H.	
Homan, Richard	13 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	25 H.	
Jenkins, Evans	12 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	40	
Irwin, John	19 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	200 H.	
Law, Samuel	3 R <i>a</i> .	..	do.	26 H.	
Major, Henry	16 V <i>r</i> .	..	do.	308 H.	
Maturin, Henry	8 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	185 H.	
Montgomery, Alex. {	18 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	210 H.	} Pluralist.
	24 R <i>a</i> .	..	do.	500 H.	
Russel, Christopher..	9 R <i>a</i> .	..	do.	no ret.	
Smith, William	17 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	450 H.	
Stopford, Edward ...	20 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	2900	No house, no cur- rate, an old church, and the parson a Plur. 8 <i>Ross</i> .
Stopford, Joseph	4 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	868 H.	
Usher, Cornelius H. {	6 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	960	No house. } Plur.
	7 R <i>a</i> .	..	do.	434	
Usher, John	2 R <i>r</i> .	..	do.	440 H.	

Rectors ... *resident* 17 *absent* 6

Vicars 2 0

Curates 2 0

21

6

Total 27.

Pluralists, 5.

H

No. XXI. TUAM AND ARDAGH.

Hon. Dr. P. TRENCH LE POER, *Archbishop*, (late *Bishop of Elphin*.)

TUAM.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Arbuthnot, Dean....	7 ..a.	3	no return.	28	Plur. as Dean of
Armstrong, Marcus ..	9 ..r.	4	do.	12 H.	<i>Cloyne</i> .
Beresford, Hon. Wm.	8 ..r.	6	c. 30,720 in part.	43 H.	Plur. 19 <i>Ardagh</i> .
Crampton, Cecil	4 ..r.	..	no return.	25 H.	1 church, 1 parson, and 1 curate.
Cromie, John.....	6 ..a.	2	do.	10 H.	
Daly, James.....	24 ..r.	8	c. 261,120	16 H.	1 church, and 1
Dennis, John.....	13 ..r.	3	c. 92,160	40 H.	resident parson.
Falkiner, Richard ...	14 ..r.	6	c. 144,000	none.	
Gorges, John.....	3 ..a.	..	no return.	8 H.	
Grace, Thomas	15 ..r.	5	c. 256,000	28 H.	
Hart, George Vaughan	18 ..a.	6	c. 76,800	4	No house. Plur.
Mahon, Maurice	21 ..a.	..	320	none.	Only 1 church and 1
Mahon, Thomas	17 ..r.	3	c. 49,920	51 H.	curate; another rec-
Marley, Richard	11 ..r.	3	c. 25,600 in part.	20 H.	tory and vicarage, 30 <i>Limerick</i> , but no
Maxwell, William ...	5 ..a.	..	no return.		duty performed by
Meara, John	22 ..r.	7	c. 40,960	20 H.	any one.
Orr, John.....	12 ..r.	..	c. 107,520	11 H.	1 church, 1 par-
Pasley, Henry	16 ..a.	3	c. 20,480 in part.	none.	son, 1 curate.
Russel, Charles	23 ..r.	10	no return.	40 H.	Plur. 32 <i>Ossory</i> .
Rutlege, Francis	1 ..r.	3	c. 12,800	8 H.	No church, no
St. George, George ..	19 ..r.	2	c. 20,480	none.	curate, one parson, extent no doubt ex-
Trench, Hon. Chas. L.	20 ..a.	..	c. 57,600	none.	cessive.
Vacant	10 ...	2	c. 31,360	40 H.	
Wilson, Andrew	2 ..a.	3	no return.	8 H.	

Incumbents, resident 14 absent 9

Vacant 1

14

10

Total 24.

Pluralists, 4.

ARDAGH.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Beatty, Robert ... {	8 .r.	2	c. 9,600	H.	but <i>glebe</i> not re- turned.
	9 .a.	..	no return.	none.	
Beresford, Hon. Will.	19 .a.	..	do.	523 H.	Plur. See 3 <i>Tuam</i> . No H. Pluralist.
Beresford, Hon. Geo.	20 .a.	..	do.	708	
Berwick, Edward ...	4 .a.	..	do.	40 H.	
Boland, Michael	24 .r.	2	c. 20,480	521 H.	
Booker, John	11 .r.	..	no return.	38 H.	
Bowles, William	10 .r.	..	do.	5 H.	
Cobbe, William	6 .r.	2	c. 9,600	34 H.	
Curry, David R.	7 .r.	2	c. 7,680	37	
Farrell, James	16 .r.	..	no return.	30	
Gouldsbury, Robert .	13 .r.	2	c. 5,120	16 H.	
Graves, Richard	1 .a.	..	no return.	435	No. H.
Hyde, Arthur	21 .a.	..	do.	400	House building.
Jessop, R. F.	12 .r.	3	c. 11,520	89 H.	
Jones, Thomas	22 .r.	..	no return.	200 H.	
Keeting, George	5 .r.	..	do.	20 H.	
Little, John	25 .r.	..	do.	30 H.	
M'Guire, Fr.	14 .r.	..	do.	33 H.	
Maxwell, Henry	2 .a.	2	c. 40,960	100 H.	[turned. 8 glebes not re-
Robinson, Christopher	3 .r.	4	c. 76,800	220	No House.
Sinclair, R. H.	17 .r.	..	no return.	35 H.	
Smyth, Thomas	18 .r.	..	do.	[to return! Glebe <i>too large</i>
Stewart, J. F.	23 .a.	..	do.	no ret.	Pluralist.
Webb, Henry Lesac..	15 .r.	..	do.	8 H.	

Incumbents, *resident* 17 *absent* 8 Total 25.
Pluralists, 3.

No. XXII. WATERFORD AND LISMORE.

Hon. Dr. R. BOURKE, *Bishop*.

WATERFORD.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Archdall, Henry	4 V r.	2	no return.	14 H.	Pluralist, No. 12 <i>Lismore</i> .
Bourke, Hon. James.	13 R a.	3	do.	35 H.	Sinecures.
Cooke, John	7 R r.	5	15,116	10 H.	
Fleury, George	3 R r.	4	no return.	none.	
Fleury, Henry	10 R a.	..	1,600	3	No H. or church.
Fleury, Richard	9 V a.	2	3,850	6	No H. or church.
Fox, George, Esq. . .	6 R a.	..	no return.	none.	No H. or church.
Frazer, William	11 R a.	3	do.	10	No H. or church.
Hughes, John	2 R a.	..	900	5 H.	No church.
Lee, Usher (<i>Dean</i>) . .	1 R a.	6	no return.	393 H.	Plur. See 23 <i>Lismore</i> .
Palmer, Joseph. . . .	12 R a.	2	do.	17 H.	Plur. as Dean of <i>Cashell</i> , with three rectories, sinecures; these 2 others, page 242, sinecures; and 5 others, page 258, sinecures.
Richardson, Richard	8 R r.	2	3,000	22	
Vacant	5 R a.	2	2,600	3	
Rectors . . . resident	3	absent	7		
Vicars	1	1		
Vacant	1		

4

9

Total 13.

Pluralists, 3.

LISMORE.

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Averell, John	9 R a.	..	no return.	none.	
Archdall, Henry	12 V a.	..	do.	none.	Plu. 4 <i>Waterford</i> .
Bell, Robert.....	40 R a.	..	do.	H. and garden.	
Beresford, H. John ..	46 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Bermingham, Richard	7 R a.	..	do.	do.	
Bourke, George ... }	36 R a.	3	2,748	20 H.	Pluralist.
	49 R a.	..	no return.	none.	Sinecure.
Browne, Chaworth ..	32 V a.	4	do.	12	
Bush, William	47 R a.	..	do.	$\frac{1}{2}$	
Carew, Ponsonby	4 R r.	..	do.	71 H.	Said to be of
Carey, Richard	8 R a.	..	do.	13 H.	great extent, un-
Cleland, John	43 R a.	..	do.	none.	known.
Crawford, Thomas ...	39 V a.	..	do.	16	Plur. one of the Vicars Choral, p. 244.
Decies, Willm. Barron	44 R a.	..	do.	none.	
Devereux, John	21 V r.	3	8,320	2	
Dickson, Stephen ...	16 V r.	..	no return.	6	
Franquefort, A.	48 R a.	..	do.	$\frac{1}{2}$	
French, William	33 R a.	..	do.	15	
Grady, Standish	26 V r.	3	do.	16 H.	of great extent.
Herbert, Nicholas...	45 R a.	2	do.	7	
Hewitson, James....	18 V r.	..	do.	none.	
Hill, James	38 V a.	..	2,400	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Hobson, Richard....	20 V a.	..	no return.	16 H.	
Lee, Usher	23 V a.	3	c. 9,600	6	Plu. 1 <i>Waterford</i> .
Lymberry, John	19 V a.	..	no return.	none.	
Maunsell, Richard ..	35 R r.	2	do.	none.	
Miles, George	37 R a.	..	900	10	
Monck, Thomas S. ...	25 R a.	2	no return.	none.	
Palmer, Henry	28 V r.	2	10,211	31 H.	
Ponsonby, Hon. Rich.	11 R a.	2	c. 5,760	2	Plur. Dean of St.
Power, William	10 V a.	2	no return.	$\frac{1}{2}$	Patrick's, <i>Dublin</i> .
Roche, G. T.	13 V r.	2	do.	1	
Ryan, Philip	6 R r.	3	do.	40 H.	Plur. to these 3 rectories the arch- deacon adds a curacy 44 <i>Dublin</i> .

LISMORE—(continued.)

INCUMBENTS.	Number, Title, and Residence.	Parishes in each Benefice	Extent in Acres of each Benefice.	Acres of Glebe, and Houses.	
Sandiford, Thomas {	15 V a.	4	no return.	2	Pluralist.
	41 C r.	..	do.	H.	and garden.
Scott, John	42 R a.	..	7,215	498	No Deanery-H.
[omitted to be numbered.]					(sinecure), Pluralist.
Smith, Percy	14 V r.	2	no return.	10	2 rectories, 13,800
					acres, 36 Leighlin.
Smith James..... {	24 V r.	2	1,920	4 H.	Pluralist.
	50 R a.	..	no return.	none.	Sinecure.
Stephenson, William.	29 V a.	..	do.	$\frac{3}{4}$	
Stewart, Henry	22 V a.	3	19,200	2 H.	Plur. 22 Armagh.
Sullivan, Daniel	30 V a.	..	no return.	none.	
Tuckey, Charles .. {	5 R a.	2	no return.	79 H.	} Pluralist.
	27 V r.	2	9,780	3	
Vicars, Choral, Five {	1 V r.	}	no return.	none.	
	2 V r.				
	3 V r.				
Wall, Daniel H.	31 R r.	..	do.	no ret.	
Wallace, John	34 V r.	2	8,238	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ H.	
Wogan, George.....	17 V a.	..	no return.	$\frac{1}{2}$	

Rectors ...resident	4	absent	19
Vicars	13	13
Curates	1	0

18 32 Total 50.

Pluralists, 11.

Sinecures, 3.

The Pluralist, John Scott, (probably from Scotland) has a sinecure, as Dean, (see pages 244 & 250) of the tithes of 7,215 acres, worth £12,000 to rent, and 498 acres of glebe, worth £800. He has two rectories in Leighlin and Ferns, with the tithes of 13,800 acres, worth to rent, £20,000 *per annum*.

The Catholics, in 1792, in Waterford, were 108,625; Protestants, 1375. In 1766, the Catholic families were 16,519; Protestants, 2,879. The Catholics during that interval, therefore, increased from 6 to 1 to 80 to 1.

In the county of Waterford alone, according to Wakefield's calculation, the tithes of land worth £394,200 per year, is appropriated to administer religious rites to 1375 persons out of 108,625.

GENERAL REMARKS.

It will be expected, that some reason should be assigned for all the deficiencies in the Diocesan Returns. It appears, then, that Parliament directed the four following Queries, amongst others, to be answered by each Bishop: *viz.*

1. What is the number, and what are the denominations, of the Benefices in your Diocese?
2. How many Parishes are comprehended in each Benefice, and what are the denominations?
3. Are the Parishes contiguous to, or how far distant from each other?
4. What is the estimated extent of such as are contiguous?

Now, with the exception of the Bishop of Elphin, who has returned all the quantities, but no denominations; all the Bishops have construed these Queries, as requiring only the quantities where *more Parishes than one* constitute the Benefice. Hence they have not returned any quantities, where the Benefice consists of *one Parish*.

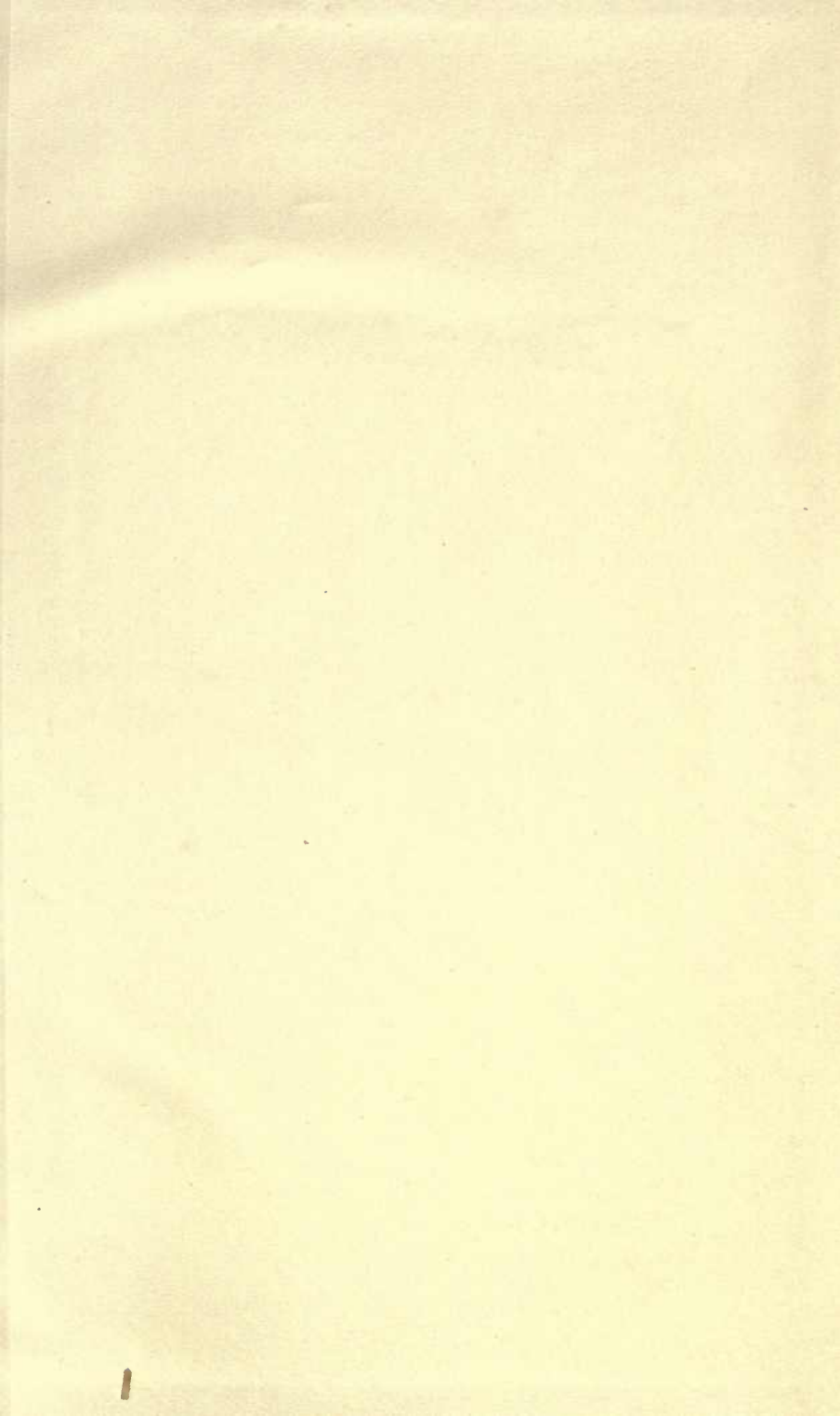
It remains, therefore, for Parliament to direct all these Returns to be completed, which may be done in a month; and we shall then have correct *data* to form our calculations upon, as in the case of Elphin.

It is due also to the Bishops to say, that they unreservedly profess their regret at not having it in their power to dissolve some of the very shameful Sinécures attached to mere titles, where incomes of *many thousands* a year are enjoyed, without the *vestige of a church*, or the *cure of a single soul*: but the statute of the 21 Geo. II. ch. 8. prohibits the alteration of these dignities, without the substitution of an equivalent income.

What the future Historian may hereafter record upon the subject, is matter of conjecture. The present finds ample justification for the French Revolution, in the rapacity of their Clergy and

Noblesse; although it never entered the imagination of any Priesthood, but Irish Protestants, to claim one tenth of the produce of a kingdom containing six millions of inhabitants, for the families of a thousand Ecclesiastics, or, in other words, the provision necessary for the support of **SIX THOUSAND PERSONS** for the family of every **SINGLE PARSON!!!**

THE END.



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